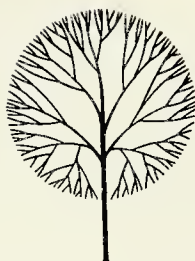


JAMES GARRISON
AND HIS
DESCENDANTS

0119408



Donated to the Genealogical Society Library by

Nancy Garrison Shacklett

P.O. Box 1125

2878 South Grade Road

Murphys, Ca. 95247

Alpine, Ca. 92001

Form 0790 3/80 15C 165f Printed in USA



Permission to Microfilm

The Genealogical Society of Utah would like permission to preserve your material on microfilm and make it available to our branch libraries. If you agree, please complete this card and return it to us.

I hereby grant permission to the Genealogical Society of Utah to microfilm and make available to patrons of the Genealogical Society the materials described below. In giving this permission, I warrant that I am fully authorized to do so.

Title

JAMES GARRISON and his DESCENDANTS

Signature

Nancy Garrison Shacklett

Date

6/15/82


Street address

2878 SOUTH GRADE ROAD

City, state, zip code

ALPINE, CA 92001

Form 0567 5-79 6C 120e Printed in USA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Corporation of the Presiding Bishop, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

JAMES GARRISON

and his

DESCENDANTS

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

DATE MICROFICHED	
<u>Oct. 6, 1982</u>	
PROJECT and FICHE #	G. S. CALL #
<u>ZLIB 7-108</u> #849	<u>6017349</u>

Nancy Garrison Shacklett

CCF 146981

4519 .

Copyright Nancy Shacklett 1981



Christina and Nancy
Miami Beach, 1979

To Christina, with love and appreciation—

Some of life's most treasured associations are marked not by their length, but by their joyous quality. Such has been my recent encounter with my second cousin, Christina Haderup Flisser. Without her interest, and the information which she has generously shared with me, much of this book would remain unwritten.

In addition to Christina Flisser, I am indebted to Rosanne Garrison Anderson for information which she has shared, and for financial assistance in this endeavor, and to my brother, John Garrison, for access to books and other material at San Diego State University. I would like to thank also friends and relatives, near and far, who have sent pictures and information, and who have written narratives about their families. They have contributed much to this undertaking. In the process I have made many new friends, and I thank you all.

Alpine, California
October, 1981

PREFACE

The history of James Garrison and his descendants must be viewed in two ways. First, it is an accumulation of the dates and events concerning the family that we know at this time. These have been obtained in part from census data, newspapers, books, and oral family history. Second, it can be considered as a reference and starting point for a later history of the family after some of the present questions and unknowns are answered by further study. For a family genealogist it is important to have this knowledge written down in an organized way so that it will not be lost to future generations.

I have been somewhat handicapped in writing the history of the Garrison family by having access only infrequently to a big city library or a university library, and by living many miles from the locale of most of the events in the story. Nevertheless I have felt compelled to write down the information that I have acquired thus far. In searching for the facts I have experienced many hours of pleasure. The study has transformed the names on my family tree into real people. The ancestors in the fading pictures are now friends, and I feel that I am holding hands with them in an unbroken line through the generations. I am a link in that chain, and with this book I extend my hand to those who will come after me.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface and Acknowledgements	
Early History of Garrison Families	
James Garrison's birth and early history,	
Families of Mary Garrison Jenkins and	
David Garrison _ _ _ _ _	1
George Washington Garrison _ _ _ _ _	19
Descendants of George Washington Garrison	
1. Caroline Garrison Judd and Related Families _ _ _ _ _	34
2. James Garrison, Jerusha and Earl	
James Garrison's Civil War Diary _ _ _ _ _	37
3. Aaron Garrison and Related Families _ _ _ _ _	64
4. Morgan Garrison and Related Families _ _ _ _ _	127
5. Monroe Garrison and Related Families _ _ _ _ _	135
6. Julia Garrison Brown and Related Families _ _ _ _ _	139
7. Henry Garrison _ _ _ _ _	152
8. Mehettable Garrison Cole, Loren and Pearl _ _ _ _ _	152
9. Mary Ann Garrison Keator _ _ _ _ _	153
List of References _ _ _ _ _	155
Index _ _ _ _ _	158

Early History of Garrison Families
James Garrison's birth and history
Families of Mary Garrison Jenkins
and David Garrison

There are many conflicting reports and much data concerning the Garrison family in Europe and later in America, and there are many individuals carrying that name. Because of the lack of a verified history of our branch before James Garrison, however, much of the information available prior to about 1820 must be supposition or hypothesis. However, when one reads of the large number of Garrisons immigrating to America from Britain, France, and the Netherlands, it would seem that our ancestors must have been noted in passenger lists of vessels arriving in America, or in the vital records, land and probate records, or military records of the time. And it is probable that some of the records of Garrison families in Europe are those of the ancestors of James Garrison.

The name of Garrison is generally believed to have its origin in the baptismal name of Garret. Garretson, therefore, would be a son of Garret or George, Garret being the Dutch name for George. The name could have developed from Garret Corneliusson. Translated from the Patronymic system of names used in many parts of the world until the 19th century, it would be Cornelius Garret, son of Garret Corneliusson, for instance (or any other surname). It may be that the name is a corruption of the place name of Garriston, a town in Yorkshire, England, and that it was taken as a surname by a family living there. It is found in old European and early American records in many forms: Garriston, Garretson, Garritson, Garrettson, Garrittson, Garredson, Garred-sone, Garresone, Garreson, Garisen, Garrisen, Garryson, Garyson, Garrisone, Garrisson, Garrison, and others. The last spelling is most generally used today.

Families having this name were found in early dates in Yorkshire and Westminster, England, in Languedoc and other parts of France, and in Germany and the Netherlands. According to some sources, [1] these families were largely of the landed classes of Europe.

The earliest known records of the family are those of John Garredsone and Andrew Garretson, who lived in England in the

15th century. It is believed that they went into England from the Netherlands in the 13th or 14th century. The Westminster England branch of the family may have descended from these two men. In 1639, Ruth Garrison, of the Westminster family, was married to a William Farrington, but there is little information concerning this line. One branch of Garrisons lived in France during the reign of Henry IV, about 1598. Being Huguenots, they were forced to go to Holland to obtain more civil and religious freedom, as that country was a haven for the persecuted of other lands. They emigrated from Holland to America. Knighthood was conferred in one branch of the family in its French home by Henry of Navarre. This record begins with Isaac Garrison, born in France, who married Catherine de Romagnac, of Montaban, France. The name "Garrison" signified "little oaks," and the coat of arms displays a fruited oak tree [2]. Some of the family lived in England during the days of the religious persecutions of Mary Tudor, and also being Protestants were compelled to flee to Holland. They too came to America from Holland.

The Garrisons were among the first immigrants to the New World, but from which branch of the family in Europe they descended is not known with certainty. A Cornelius Garretson Van Dyne supposedly came from Holland as early as 1624, according to genealogist Penny Feike. One of the earliest of the name was an Amos Garryson or Garrison who came to America about 1654. He is believed to have come from England. He settled in Northampton County, Virginia. Whether he had a family there is not known, as his records are not complete. Most of the Englishmen who arrived before 1699 were men of families, and they settled in Virginia and Boston and vicinity, with some going to New Amsterdam. In the James Garrison family there is the tradition that the family came from England about 1652. This information was cited in the private record book of Nellie Garrison Strickler, a great-granddaughter of James Garrison.

In 1658 Gerrit Gerretson came from the Netherlands, age about 25, in the ship "Gilded Beaver." He appears to have returned to Holland soon and to have come back again in December, 1659, with Jan Gerretson. He is variously recorded as being from Gelthuys



Garrison

and from Wageningen, in the Netherlands, and resided for a time at Bergen, New Jersey. He married Anna Hermansse and is said to have had nine sons, but the name of only one, Garret or Gerrit, is given. The first Gerrit died at Staten Island in 1725. Descendants of Gerrit and Jan Anglicized their names to Garrison [3].

In the early records of the State of New York, a Jan Gerretson, Albert Gerretsen, and Barent Gerretsen were taken prisoner in a massacre by Indians in 1663 at Esopus. (Present day Esopus is located about ten miles south of Kingston, New York, the county seat of Ulster County.) Jan was at "Volkert's brewery, and houses were burned at Wildwyck [4]. In 1676, Harmon Gerritson and Arson Garreson were among those signing a "Petition of the Inhabitants of Esopus for a Minister of the Gospel, to the Rt. Honorable Sr. Edmund Andros, Rt. Signor of the Saucamares, Lt. and Governor General under His Royal Highness James, Duke of York and Albany and Dependents" [5]. In the early records (1660-1696) of the city and county of Albany many Dutch names are listed: Annetie Gerrits, Barentie Gerrits, Jannetie Gerrets, Adriaen Gerritsen, Albert Gerritsen, Barent Gerritsen, Goosen Gerritsen, Hendrick Gerritsen, Jacob Gerritsen, Jan Gerritsen, Lucas Gerritsen, Marten Gerritsen, Reyer Gerritsen, Rolloff Gerritsen, and Wynant Gerretsen [6].

An intriguing piece of information is that on September 1, 1689, in Ulster County, Cornelius Gerrits, Anthony Crispell, and Peter Crispell took the oath of allegiance. Ulster County encompassed parts of Greene and Delaware Counties at that time, placing these Gerrits very close to our ancestors of the early 19th century. Also, the Crispell name appears again in the Upper Redkill (Bedell) cemetery in Roxbury Township, Delaware County. Since this is a small family cemetery with descendants and relatives of James Garrison (1784) buried there, one wonders about a possible connection between Cornelius Gerrits, and later possibly sons of Gerrits (Gerritson-Garrison) and the Crispells. Solomon Crispell, born in Ulster County in 1792, is buried at Upper Redkill, as is John J. Crispell, born in 1819.

The American ancestor of a Huguenot line of Garrisons was Isaac Garrison. He came from Montauban, France, about the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and was naturalized in

New York in 1705. He was the son of Isaac Garrison and Catherine de Romagnac. His wife was Jeame Ragner. The family lived in the Highlands of the Hudson, first appearing in what is now Putnam County in 1686. The village of Garrison in that county, opposite West Point, is situated on the ancestral lands of the family [7].

The Garrisons also penetrated into Orange County, New York in early days. A "Hendrik Geritssen, Mary his wife, and three male children, and Isaac Garrison, Mary his wife and one male child, and a Johannis Gerissen, Cathrin, his wife, six male children, two gerlls," are listed as inhabitants there in 1702 [8].

According to D.H.P. Garrison,* historian for the Garrison-Meaders family of Georgia, there is a tradition of five brothers emigrating from Scotland around 1700-1715, landing on the shores of Delaware and later obtaining a grant of land from King George III on the border of Maryland. They established homes, and one married an Indian girl, a relative of Pochahontas. Hostile Indians destroyed their homes and drove them out of Maryland, where they drifted into different states and their progeny became lost from one another [9].

In 1699 ninety per cent of the population of the American colonies were persons of English birth or parentage. By the time of the Revolution about half of New York's population was of English origin. This was not the result of mass migration, but rather the servants, soldiers, and government officials who drifted across the Atlantic over the years. It is known, too, that by the time of the Revolution New England had contributed as many settlers to New York as had England, France, and Holland. In the 17th and 18th centuries the tide of migration was from Massachusetts to Maine, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, from Connecticut to Long Island, and thence to Staten Island and to New Jersey. Others of the Connecticut population moved to New York and settled in that section from Westchester to Albany.

* D.H.P. Garrison, son of Freeman A., son of Levi B., son of David, son of Jedadiah, son of Christoper Garrison, one of five brothers who emigrated from Scotland. (Some of this information conflicts with history and seems somewhat inaccurate.)

Almost no immigrants came from Europe to New York State at the end of the Revolution. So perhaps it might be well to consider the records of these states for help in finding James Garrison's forebears.

It would appear that James had brothers Aaron, Lewis, David, and possibly John, Joseph, or Abraham. He may have had sisters, but their records are more difficult to locate. All of these names are found in close association with each other in the areas in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and Greene and Delaware Counties in New York, where James lived. They are found in land records and census reports, and in the case of Lewis, a tradition that he or a later Lewis was related to the James Garrison family. The first Garrison in the Halcott Valley, Greene County, was Aaron Garrison. He arrived in 1817.* In 1820 a John and Lewis Garrison are counted in the census, in addition to James. In Middletown, Delaware County, adjacent to the area where James and his son George settled, a Joseph and Aaron Garrison resided. Also, it would seem more than coincidence that George's second son was named Aaron. The first Aaron's wife, and presumably Aaron, is buried in the Upper Redkill cemetery, making a relationship likely. Be that as it may, and enticing as such research appears, we must of necessity dismiss such things for the present and begin with our known ancestor, James Garrison.

At the time of James's birth in 1784, most New Yorkers lived either in the southeast corner of the province or within a few miles of the Hudson River, Long Island Sound, or the Atlantic Ocean. The Catskill area, where James eventually settled, was largely wilderness. There were many Dutch in Albany and in the farming communities of the Hudson Valley. Ulster County, where it seems James might have been born, included English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Swiss, and French, as well as Dutch, with a considerable blending among the nationalities. Dutch Reformed, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians were the major religions, Presbyterians being dominant in Ulster County. Freehold farmers, some

* By 1816-1817 the footpath of the early squatters had reached the turnpike at Griffins Corners, and was made passable for carts and sleds.

landholders, and tenant farmers comprised eighty percent of the population.

Illiteracy had increased during the Revolution and continued during the depression that followed the war. There were no public schools, and private schooling was disrupted during the war. For this reason it would seem that James's opportunities for schooling were limited. Immediately following the Revolution there was an increase in crime, disorder, and economic distress. Much of the state had suffered from the British occupation. Prices were high, and hundreds of people were in debt. 1786 was the most difficult year. Newspapers of the times were full of bankruptcy notices. Many farms and lands were forfeited and auctioned off by the sheriffs. Prosperity did not return until crop shortages in France favored American commerce.

This, then, was the world into which James Garrison was born on August 11, 1784.* We must imagine him as a child, for we know nothing of his life, circumstances, or whereabouts until 1820, when he was 36 years old, married to Ella Thier, and with a family.

In the 1820 census of Greene County, New York, he is counted among the inhabitants of the town of Lexington in the Catskills, part of which town became Halcott Center in 1851. This enumeration still must be a presumption, of course, but a relatively sound one. We know from old land maps that the family located here in early days, and the count matches the members of the family at that time. His family included "one male, 26-44 (James), one male, under 10, (George Washington, born in 1811), four females under 10, (Mary, born in 1813, Mahettable, Amy, and Rachel), one female 26-44, (Ella)." James is listed as "in agriculture."

Some time after 1822 James apparently moved his family to South Eaton or Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania. The reasons for his move could have been economic, or possibly he selected that area because other family members or former neighbors lived there. David Garrison, with his two sons Hezekiah and Isaac, moved to Luzerne County from Greene County after 1822 also. A member of the Crispell family, mentioned earlier, moved to South Eaton in its very early settlement. In addition, in the 1830 census of

From Christina Flisser's records.

Tunkhannock and Eaton Township, Abraham Garrison, as well as a Mary Garrison, are to be found as heads of families. On October 18, 1830, David and Rachel Garrison sold to Isaac Garrison land in Eaton for \$130. Signatures on the document: "In the presence of Abraham Garrison and George W. Garrison." Land in Eaton was also sold by David to Jacob Garrison in 1829 "in the presence of Abraham Garrison and George W. Garrison." This coupling of Garrison names seems more than coincidence. It would seem that they were related in some way.

The listing of James and his family in Eaton Township in 1830 agrees with family records as to locale and ages of children, with one exception. There is an extra female child between the ages of five and fifteen: "one male under 5 (Ezekiel, born in Pennsylvania, according to family records), one male 5-10 (David, born in 1822), one male 15-20 (George, born in New York in 1811), one male 40-50 (James), two females 5-10, two females 10-15, one female 15-20 (Mary, born in 1813), and one female 30-40 (Ella). Of the daughters Rachel, Mehettable, and Amy, one could be counted in the 5-10 age group, and the other two in the 10-15 group. The only record of the family of this time that we have was compiled in 1929 by Rutherford Brown, a great grandson of James Garrison. One hundred years after the fact, and frequent errors and omissions on the part of census takers gives it some credibility at least. Perhaps there was another daughter born after 1820, but who died before the family went back to New York, and therefore was not recalled in the 1929 account, or perhaps there was a relative living with the family. This was a common custom in those days.

The history of the James Garrison family in Pennsylvania has been very much hampered by the lack of records in Luzerne County. Cemetery, church, and probate records do not go back before 1842 in the area of Eaton, and other records, almost without exception, were destroyed in the 1972 flood of the Susquehanna River at Wilkes-Barre. There are some Indexes to Deeds undamaged, and work is going on at this time in compiling a list of the remaining records. According to Florence Clint [10], a report is due "soon" from the Luzerne County Genealogical Society.

Settlement of Wyoming County*, in which Eaton is located, was slow before the Revolutionary War, because of the six Indian nations located in the area. With the disappearance of the Indians following the Revolution, settlement of the Susquehanna River Valley region of the county increased. Many of the original settlers were from Connecticut. The valley is lyrically described in the book Wyoming County History, by George Peck: "Among the mountains which lift up their heads in countless numbers and in all shapes, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, on the banks of the winding Susquehanna, lies the classic vale of Wyoming. It is not so much distinguished for its magnitude as for its beauty, its mineral wealth, and its historical incidents." The writer goes on to say, "The valley of Wyoming lies northeast and southwest, is twenty-one miles in length, and an average of three miles in breadth. The face of the country is considerably diversified. The bottom lands along the river overflow at high water. The plains are in some places perfectly level, and in others, rolling. The soil is exceedingly productive, being suited to all sorts of grain and grass."

"Two ranges of mountains hem in the valley, the eastern range being an average height of 1000 feet, and the western about 800 feet. The eastern range is precipitious and generally barren but is strikingly diversified with clefts, ravines, and forest, and presents a most picturesque view."

In 1799, Isaac Weed, Jr. published a description which included these words: "At every bend (in the river) the prospect varies, and there is scarcely a spot between Lochartzburg (now Athens) and Wilkes-Barre where the painter would not find subjects."

South Eaton was originally part of Tunkhannock, one of three original townships surveyed by Connecticut. Eaton Township was established in 1817. It was formed from the portion of Tunkhannock lying west of the Susquehanna River. At the time that James Garrison lived there, the town was well watered by deep creeks. The principal one, Bowmans, running through the center of the township, was once famed for its trout.

* Wyoming County was formed from part of Luzerne County in 1842.

A mail route was established along the valley in the early 1800's, and in 1801 a post office was organized at Tunkhannock. Starting in 1803, the mail was carried on foot once in two weeks between Wilkes-Barre and Tioga. The first regular mail route was by lumber wagon driven from Kingston, Pennsylvania (near Wilkes-Barre) to Painted Post, New York (near present-day Elmira). It made one trip per week. After 1810 the mail was carried in coaches once a week, going through Tunkhannock and up into New York from Wilkes-Barre. In 1817 a turnpike was built on the bank of the river. The first school was built in 1814. It was built of logs, and greased paper was used for window glass. A second school was built in 1816 and used for school and church. One wonders if the children of James and Ella went to one of these schools. The first hotel was built in 1811, and another in 1814.

James and his family remained in the Tunkhannock area until 1835. Some time before their departure, Ezekiel, the son born after 1825 must have died. Family records state that he "died young, and always lived in Pennsylvania," and he was not with the family when they moved back to New York. We really do not know whether Amy or Rachel went to New York. It would seem that they did not, as there is no mention of them by any of the older relatives in New York. Amy married a "Mr. McGregor" and moved away to Chicago, where she eventually died, date unknown. A Rachel and Mehettable Garrison were among members who established a Baptist church in Tunkhannock on November 3, 1841. Whether they are members of our family is not known. "Our" Rachel eventually moved to Wisconsin where she died. It would seem that she was married, but this is speculation only. At any rate, Amy and Rachel have been lost to our history. Mehettable is buried in the Garrison family cemetery (Upper Redkill) in Roxbury Township, New York, but the date of her death we do not know. Mehettable left a little niece, a Mehettable Garrison Cole, daughter of her brother George, perhaps named for her. Nothing else is known about these women.

The daughter Mary must have moved with the family, as she married James Jenkins of Vega and Union Grove in Delaware County.

Their children and grandchildren are listed here from a record compiled by Dr. Emerson Kelly of Albany, New York, a grandson of Mary's daughter Delilah, and by Christina Flisser, Mary's great-grandniece:

CHILDREN OF MARY GARRISON AND JAMES JENKINS:

1. Delilah, born on April 11, 1837. She married Albert Hitt. They had three children, Henry, Orson, and Etta F. Nothing is known of Henry. Orson married Grace Ballard and lived in Fleischmanns, New York. Orson's children were Albert, born on August 7, 1905, who married Madge Wilson, and who had two daughters, Mrs. Garb. Field, who lives in Long Island City, New York, and Mrs. Joan Schindler, who lives in Zurich, Switzerland. Orson had three other children, Blanche, Florence, and George, about whom nothing is known. Delilah's second child was Etta F. who married Crosby Kelly. Etta had two children, Dr. Emerson Kelly, born in 1900, who became a surgeon and lived in Albany, New York. He died on May 26, 1977. Mary was Etta's other child. She married a Mr. Stevens and lived in Stamford, New York. She is now deceased.
2. Alonzo, born on December 10, 1839. He married first Mary Reynolds and second Sally Slawson. His children were Emma and Mary. Alonzo became a farmer in Union Grove and was a Civil War veteran.
3. Ellif A., born on September 5, 1841. She married James Huntley, and had children: Angeline, Sherman, Emma, George (who lived in Virginia), Avi, James Jr., and Myrtle.
4. Egbert, born May 18, 1843, who never married and died in the Civil War on November 18, 1862.
5. David, born on March 26, 1845. According to the Delaware County Atlas of 1869 he was a dealer in lumber in Union Grove. He married Julia Hanmer. They had nine children: Elmer, who never married, Egbert, of whom nothing is known, Ada, who married George Doolittle of Fleischmanns,

New York on June 21, 1893 in the village of Union Grove. Ada and George had three children, Edna, who married a Mr. Newcomb and lived in central New York state. She later was divorced; George, who married Virginia _____. George and Virginia had one daughter, Gretchen. Ada and George's last child was Robert, who married Muriel _____.

Eva, who married a Mr. Eichenberg of Monroe, New York

Margaret, of whom nothing is known,

Mary, who married John Wolfe of Fleischmanns, and who had two children, Donald and Dorothy. Donald married and lived in Endiwell, New York, and Pompano Beach, Florida. Dorothy married a Mr. Smith and lives in Stuart, Florida. Mary Jenkins Wolfe died on March 9, 1971.

Garfield, of whom nothing is known,

Laura, married and lived in Iowa,

Bertha, married a Mr. Eichenberg of Monroe, New York, (?) and had no children.

6. Lucinda, born on April 24, 1847, married William Van Steenberg, and had four children: Grant, Edward, who lived in Portland, Oregon, Albert, and Myra, who married a Mr. Van Kuren and had two children, Victor and Leona.
7. Infant daughter, born June 21, 1850, died June 24, 1849 (?)
8. Nathan, who was born on June 17, 1852, married Margaret Whitney, and had one child, Emmons.
9. Ella, born on May 29, 1855. She married Henry Tubbs, and they lived in Fleischmanns. They had two children, Sophina, born on April 20, 1878, who married Arthur Avery (died in 1959), and who lived in Fleischmanns. Sophina and Arthur had one son, Kenneth, born on May 28, 1901. Kenneth married Helen Plautz, who died in 1967. Ella and Henry's second child was Harry, who married Mildred Matthews and lived in Fleischmanns. They had four children: Burton, Donald, Francis, who "married Elizabeth Doolittle's daughter", and Douglas.
10. Angeline, born October 5, 1857 at Andes, New York, died

April 13, 1861.

* * * * *

James Jenkins was married previously to Polly White, or Warren, on November 17, 1832. They had one son, Anson, born on December 3, 1833. Polly died on December 11, 1833. Anson had a son Emory. Anson died on June 14, 1905.

James Jenkins was born on July 17, 1812. He married Mary Garrison on March 16, 1834. James died on November 9, 1883.

Mary's birthdate was October 27, 1813, and she died in the town of Andes, New York of tuberculosis.

The son David, born about 1822 or 1823, became a carpenter and went to Wisconsin in his early days. He is found in Janesville, near Beloit, in the 1860 census, and there is preserved a letter written by him in 1863 to his niece Caroline Garrison Judd. Where David lived between 1835 and 1860 will take some research to determine. He moved to Chicago sometime after 1870, where he lived with his wife Catherine and his eight children. Family listings for the 1860 and 1880 censuses are as follows:

Rock County, Wisconsin, Roll 1430, M653, page 135,
City of Beloit, Dwelling #1034, Family #920

David Garrison, carpenter, age 38 Real estate
worth \$5500, personal estate \$1000 born in New
York

Catherine, housewife, age 33 born in New York

Juliana, age 9 born in Wisconsin

Avi, age 6 born in Wisconsin

Florence M., age 4 born in Wisconsin

Walter age 2 born in Wisconsin

Willie age 3/12 born in Wisconsin

Mary Bodicart, domestic, born in Wisconsin

Juliana, Avi, and Florence "attended school during
the year."

Census taken on July 20, 1863 (?)

Cook County, Illinois, Volume 8, E.D. 25, Sheet
26, Line 28, (1880 Soundex)

David Garrison, carpenter, age 56 born in
Pennsylvania Both parents born in New York

Cathrine, age 53 born in Pennsylvania

Ave E., daughter, age 26 born in Wisconsin
(Occupation not decipherable)

Florence M., daughter, age 24 born in Wisconsin
Teaching

Walter H., son, age 22 born in Wisconsin
Meat market

William S., son age 20 born in Wisconsin
Clerk

Clarisa, daughter, age 13 born in Wisconsin

Clarrinse, son, age 13 born in Wisconsin

Kitty D., daughter age 7 born in Illinois

Family address: 3218 State Street, Chicago, Illinois

One can see several conflicting pieces of information in
these two reports, items which keep the study of genealogy
interesting.

Dear Caroline Judd,

I have verry often thought of you since I received your letter of April 2nd. and when I received it I did not think you would wait until this time before I answered it. I be you to excuse me for the neglect.

we are all enjoying verry good health except my wife. she is not verry well this summer yet she is about her work all of the time I have let my farm for this year and we are liveing in Janesville 14 miles north of beloit I am working at my trade I find a plenty of work but not verry large pay if I could sold my farm I should went to Chicago and seen what I could done there I may go there yet this fall I want to sell the farm verry much I offer it for fifteen dollars an acre if I don't sell it I may stay in Janesville another year I am liveing in the center of town the place we live in is known by the name of Williamses block I should be verry glad to visit you but don't know when I can I would be verry glad to have you visit us if you cant I think Janes might we shoud be verry glad to have a visit from any of you Demas promised me a visit when I got moved on the farm but it wil do just as wel now the baby you enquire about is fat and handsome of course we often talk of those dagurryotypes but as yet we have not go them but stil we mean to do it we call him Goodgy you wil I hope answer this without waiting as long as I have write all the particulars about the sick ones you mentioned in your other letter you did not mention who Aaron or Harriet either of them married you wrote me previously that Aaron had bot a farm but did not say where I could not say wheter it was east or in the west

Yours affectionately
David Garrison

Janesville Aug 6th 1863

Dear Caroline Fidd

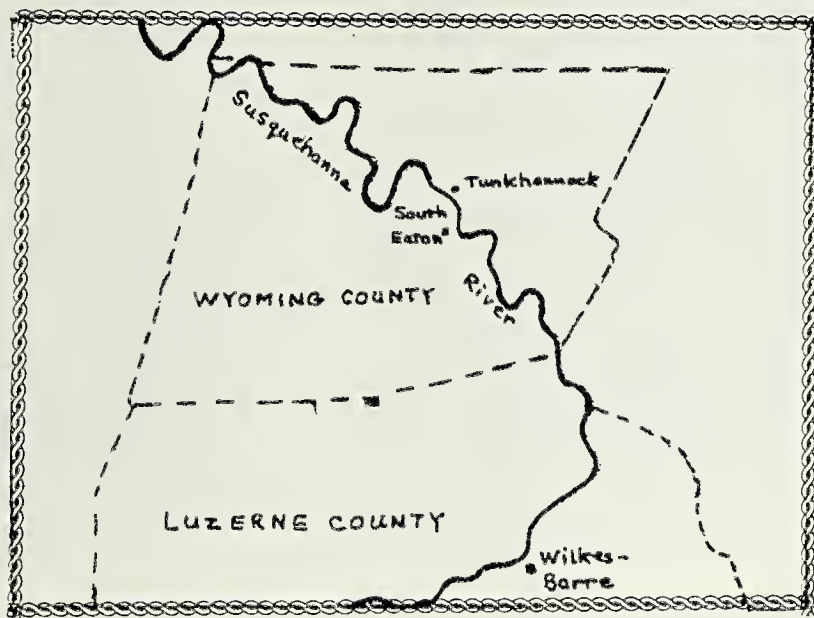
I have very often thought of you since I recieved your letter of April 2d and when I recieved it I did not think I would wait until this time before I answered it. I beg you to excuse me for the neglect.

We are all enjoying very good health except my wife she is not very well this summer yet she is about her work all of the time I have let my farm for this year and for

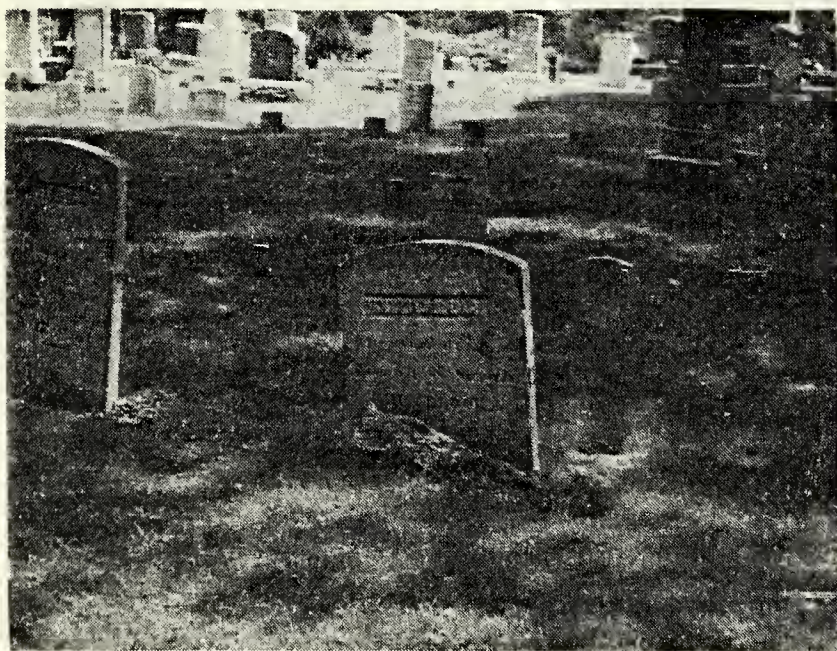
are living in Janesville 14 miles north of Beloit. I am working at my trade I find a plenty of work but not very large pay if I could sold my farm I should want to Chicago and seen what I could done there I may go there yet this fall I want to sell the farm very much I offer it for fifteen dollars an acre.

If I don't sell it I may stay in Janesville another year I am living in the center of town the place we live in is known by the name of Williams block I should be very glad to visit you but don't know when I can I would

This seems to be the sum of my knowledge about the children of James and Ella, except for his son George Washington Garrison, my ancestor in the line back to James. So until further research brings me into contact with descendants of these children who may be able to tell us more, I must leave them in the 19th century and consider the lives of George and his descendants.



Map of Tunkhannock area
in northeast Pennsylvania



Upper left:
David and
Catherine
Garrison

Upper right:
Mary Garrison
Jenkins

Left: Grave of
Zebulon Hallock
South Eaton,
Pennsylvania



Ruins of
George Garrison
homestead, 1979

View of Catskills
Roxbury Township





George Washington Garrison



George Washington Garrison

George Washington Garrison, the first son of James and Ella, was born in New York state on January 11, 1811. His death certificate states that he was born in Roxbury Township in Delaware County. We know nothing of his childhood. His father was a farmer, and so one can imagine it in general if one reads a history of life in rural New York in those days. He moved with his mother, father, and sisters to Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania when he was about eleven years old. In 1832 he was married to Mary Ann Hallock. She was a member of the illustrious Hallock family, and a descendant of Peter Hallock, one of a group of Puritan fathers who came to New Haven, Connecticut in 1640 from England. Mary Ann was born in South Eaton on April 29, 1813. She was the fourth child and second daughter, as near as we can tell, of Joseph and Sarah Hallock. There were four sons in the family, apparently. The gravestone of one of them, Zebulon, is believed to be the one in the little cemetery adjacent to the Baptist church on South Eaton Road. The marriage took place on April 19, 1832, most probably in South Eaton. Their first child was Caroline Hallock Garrison, born on March 10, 1833, in South Eaton. On November 9, 1835, a son, James, was born, also in South Eaton.

Some time around 1835 or 1836 George, along with his father James, went back to New York to prepare a new home for his family. One can only conjecture as to his reasons. Perhaps the frequent flooding of the rich bottom lands by the Susquehanna River was a reason. There was a terrific hurricane in 1824 which carried the Wilkes-Barre bridge from the piers a distance up the river. In January, 1831, and again in May, 1833, the Susquehanna rose sixteen feet above the low water mark, inundating the lower flatlands. Perhaps having lost a little brother (Ezekiel), George and his father were fearful of the "swamp fever" prevalent in the lowlands. Possibly new land was being offered at low prices as had been done previously in New York to induce people to settle the wilderness, or there might have been again the pull of family or friends. As in South Eaton, there were many Garrisons in the two adjacent counties of Delaware and Greene in the Catskills.

The area in Greene County where James and George elected to settle was known as Redkill in the early days because of the red clay soil which gave the stream or "kill" flowing through the valley a red color. Before the influx of white settlers it was a forest of maple, oak, beech, elm, black cherry, pine, hemlock, hickory, chestnut, and spruce.

The valley was isolated from the other towns of the county by a branch from the main ridge of the Catskill mountains. This branch was from 1000 to 1100 feet. At the time of the Garrison's return it was crossed only by difficult and seldom used roads. The soil, though fertile, held many rocks, and made farming difficult. Many flat rocks of sandstone/limestone were removed and used for the numerous walls still standing throughout the valley. Springs and streams provided water, and the area was still wooded.

George and his father selected an area in the uplands which was very different from the low bottomlands near the Susquehanna River. They felt, no doubt, that the hill lands were easier to clear than the valleys, which were often overgrown with underbrush, fallen trees, and roots. They cleared the land and built log houses before bringing their families from Pennsylvania. In 1979 Vida Smith Parker of Fleischmanns, New York, wrote: "Mildred Streeter can remember that when she was a very young kid she would go with her grandfather over to Vega, and he called it a short cut - there was an old dirt road about a half mile past where the Acropolis Hotel stood. It went over the hill right past the Garrison old red barn. Today the road is no more but the stone walls are still there. I remember, one summer when I was at Garrison's (Jim Garrison, George's son), some people came calling from California. The old lady wanted to go visit the old home. Jim told her that there was nothing left to see except the old walls and maybe a foundation and he didn't believe that she could make it but he'd take them there. The next morning they came back and Jim went with them. He said that they found conditions just as he had said." One of the farms was located "partly in Halcott Center", according to Mrs. Parker. One house was situated on a slope in the area known as Upper Redkill or Bedell, not far from the Delaware County line. It was a two story house, with a chimney in the middle, an attic,

TOWN OF

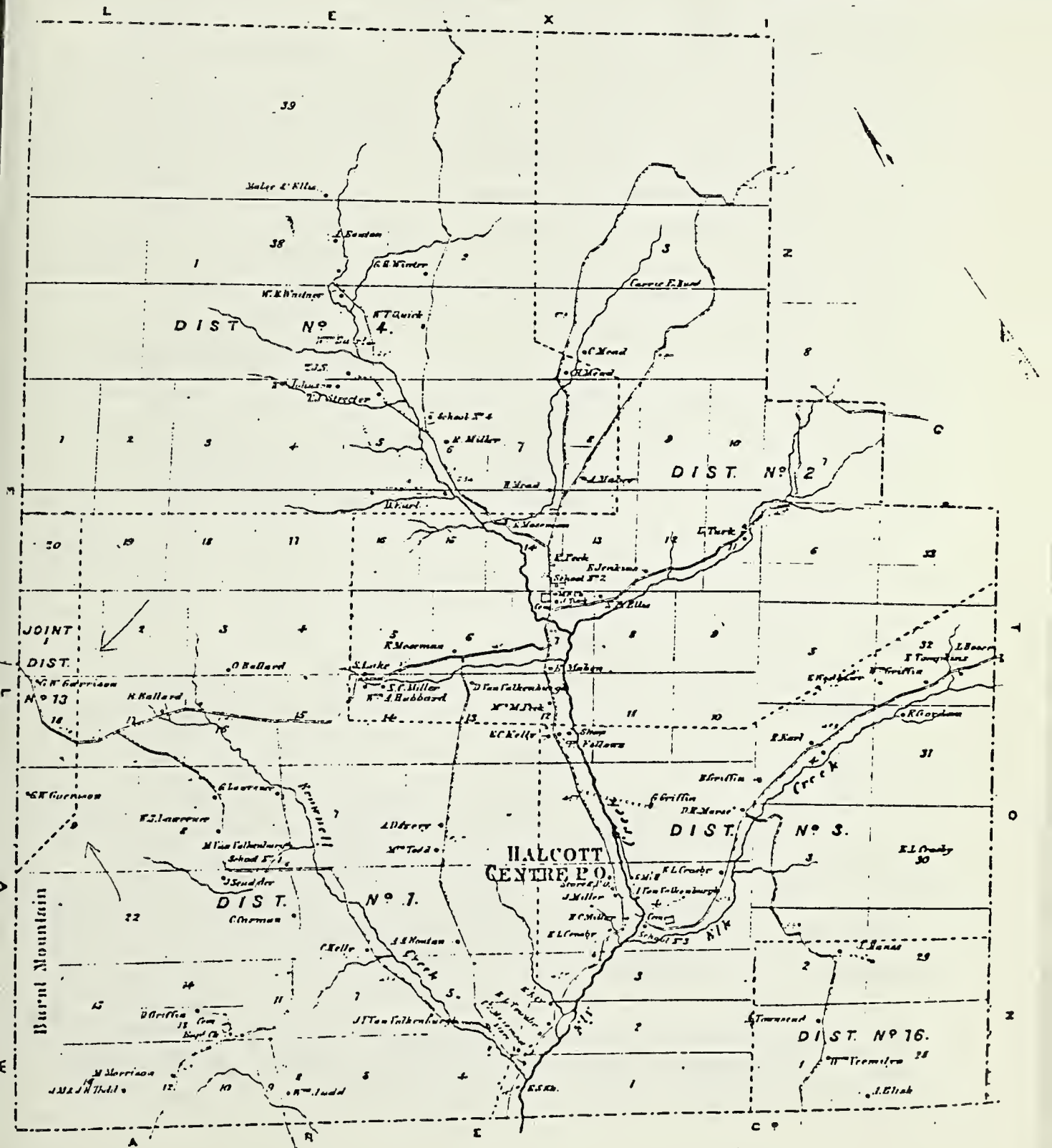
HALCOTT

Greene Co. N.Y.

Scale 2 inches to the Mile

C. 1870

TOWN OF HALCOTT BUSINESS DIRECTORY
Postman J. T. Butler in New York City. Druggist Wm. H. Barber in Rome. School House, Oneida.



and a small one story section at the rear, most of which might have been added at a later date. It was located on a level spot back from the road, and in the ensuing years the men apparently erected rock walls along the boundaries of these lands.

In 1836, Mary Ann and her two children went to Redkill to join George and his father. It would seem that Ella, James's wife, must have gone at this time also. One would imagine that the families traveled in a stage north and then east from South Eaton. In 1802 the Catskill Turnpike Company constructed a road from "Wattle's Ferry" (which was near Unadilla) on the Susquehanna River to Catskill, a distance of 89 miles. This was a famous highway giving the residents of Delaware, a part of Otsego, Chenango, Broome, Tioga, and Chemung Counties, and the residents of northern Pennsylvania an outlet. This road passed through the town of Franklin from west to east. Hotels were built every few miles and were usually full of guests night and day. Immense covered freight wagons with wide tires, drawn by six or eight horses were constantly on the road. Several four and six horse stages were put on the road to convey passengers. Milestones were erected the whole length of the road, and toll-gates kept ten miles apart.

As an old woman Caroline recalled her arrival in the new home. She was three years old, and she remembers that she and her mother put their bonnets on the bed, and that the rain came through a leak in the roof, spoiling them.

The first winter was a severe one for the family. The one room house had only three sides, according to Herman Garrison, grandson of George. They could not afford the fourth wall until the next year.

In 1837 another son was born to George and Mary Ann, but the baby lived only six days. In 1838 Aaron, the third son, was born in the house built by his father and grandfather. The family continued to increase in size every two or three years until there were nine living children, three more sons and three more daughters: Morgan was born in 1840, Monroe in 1842, and twin girls who died in infancy were born in 1845. Julia was born in 1846, Henry in 1849, and Mehettable (Hetty) in 1851. In October, 1853, Mary Ann died, a little over three weeks after the birth of her namesake, Mary Ann (Matie). George was left with the nine children. His

father was still alive, and possibly his mother, Ella. They lived in the Halcott Valley, and might have been of some help to him.* The older children must have had to look after the younger ones while they and their father tended the farm. Caroline was twenty, James eighteen, and Aaron fifteen. Caroline was married in January of 1855, and it was about this time that George married again.

George's second wife was Selinier Todd, and she raised the children of his first wife. She was twenty-six, only four years older than Caroline. Morgan, Monroe, Julia, Henry, Mahettable, and the baby, Mary Ann, made up the family, quite an array for a young bride! James, twenty-one in 1855, and Aaron, seventeen, were evidently on their own, possibly boarding with other families while working. In the New York State Agricultural Census, taken in 1855 in Halcott, it is interesting to find this information about the family: They lived in a log house, valued at \$50. They had 100 acres of land, 50 improved, and 50 unimproved. The value of the farm is given as \$1000, the stock \$293, and the tools, \$50. George had plowed 14 acres in 1854. 4 acres lay fallow, 18 acres were in pasture, and 18 acres in meadow. He had cut 12 tons of hay, sown 9 acres in oats, and harvested 125 bushels of oats from these acres. He had sown 4 acres in rye, harvested 25 bushels from them, 4 acres in buckwheat, with 18 bushels harvested. He had "2 cattle under 1 year, 5 over 1 year exclusive of working oxen and cows, 2 working oxen, 4 cows, 1 cattle killed for beef, 4 milking cows, 4 butter cows, 300 pounds of butter, 6 sheep." This is a very different picture from the one of the family in 1836 in a one room, three sided house.

In the early days farm families such as the Garrisons were relatively self-sufficient, as the Agricultural Census above would indicate. However, the overwhelming aim of most was to escape from this self-sufficiency. If they could produce enough to sell so that they could pay for their land, buy ironware and salt, their standard of living would rise. It would seem that George was able to do this by 1855. The land was more suited to rye than wheat, so

* James has not yet been located in Delaware or Greene Counties in the 1840 or 1850 censuses. Since he is buried in Upper Redkill cemetery, I am assuming that he lived in this area during these years.

rye bread was used almost entirely instead of wheat. Buckwheat pancakes formed a large part of the diet for about nine months of the year. In addition to the cows and sheep which George and Selinier raised in 1854, it would seem probable that they also had chickens, perhaps some turkeys and ducks and a pig or two. This would have provided the family with milk, butter, cheese, and meat for food, and leather and wool for clothing. Possibly dresses, stockings, underwear and blankets were made from the wool. Maple trees grew abundantly, and the syrup from them and the honey from bees could have been used to sweeten their food. When visiting the area of George's farm in 1979, I could see domestic fruit trees gone wild, still growing near the house, so they must have had fruit as well as vegetables from their garden.

In 1851, the town of Halcott was created from part of Lexington in Greene County. The population of this area of Lexington hovered around 500 at this time. A petition for the erection of the town of Halcott had been filed with the Board of Supervisors of Greene County on November 19, 1851. The State Legislature passed the petition in 1852, and the first town meeting was held in the house of James D. Vanderburg on April 6, 1852. In 1859 a B. Garrison was the town clerk. George Garrison served in several civic capacities during the middle years of the nineteenth century. He was an auditor in 1855, 1856, 1858 to 1861, 1868, and 1870. He was Justice of the Peace and Assessor from 1858 to 1861, again in 1868, 1870, and from 1873 to 1877. He continued as Justice of the Peace and/or Assessor until 1892, at which time he was 81 years old.

The first schools in the Halcott Valley were erected in 1834 and 1835. The one which George's children attended would have been the frame building built in 1836 in District #2 in West Settlement area, formerly District #13 of Lexington. This school was burned in 1853 and a new one was erected on the site, still being used in 1880, long after George's children had grown up. The teachers in the early years taught for \$2.00 a week. The teacher used a chair and table which stood at the end of the pupils benches. The boys sat on one bench, the girls on the other. If a boy were very mischievous, the teacher would make him sit on the girl's bench as a punishment. There was a space in the center of the

room where the children stood to recite their lessons. There were no blackboards, but the students had slates and slate pencils. Pens were made of goose quills. The ink was made from dried sap from the maple trees or from ink powder bought from the village store. The Bible and New Testament were common books in the schools, and many children learned to read from them[11]. There were two terms each year, a summer term which the smaller children attended, and a winter term for the older children. Women taught the summer sessions when the older children were needed to work on the farm, and men taught in the winter sessions when there was less work to be done. In the early days the teacher boarded among the families of the students, a week at a time, but later the teacher's board was paid by the district, and she did not have to move from place to place. Children could attend school through the eighth grade. If they wished more education they had to go to a private school or academy. Roxbury Academy in Roxbury village was the nearest one to Halcott.

The postal service supplied a weekly mail from Prattsville to Griffins Corners (now Fleischmanns) during these years. In Halcott Center there was a store, tavern (the first Aaron Garrison owned a tavern in Roxbury Township), sawmill, blacksmith shop, and ashery. In nearby Griffins Corners there was a hardware store, stables, a cabinet maker, drygoods and grocery store (owned by E.C. Kelly), jewelry store, hotel, and others. In forty years time the area had developed from a wilderness still populated by Indians and wild animals to a thriving village community.

If the Garrison family attended church, as seems likely in the religious atmosphere of the times, they most probably attended a Methodist church, at least in the later part of the century. That has been the family tradition since family records have been kept. The Methodists were extremely aggressive in seeking converts in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. The Vega Methodist church was established soon after 1800, and a building erected in 1844. (The church was discontinued, and the building was sold to the community as the Vega Hall in 1930. It is now a center for community life). The Halcott Center church met in private houses, schoolhouses, and barns for twenty years

until the present building was erected. It was dedicated on December 29, 1849. This beautiful little chapel was not too far from the sites of the Garrison homesteads. One of these two churches, or perhaps the Roxbury Methodist church, must have seen the Garrisons worshipping within. Worship services, which included Sunday school classes and church meetings, sometimes ran through the entire day.

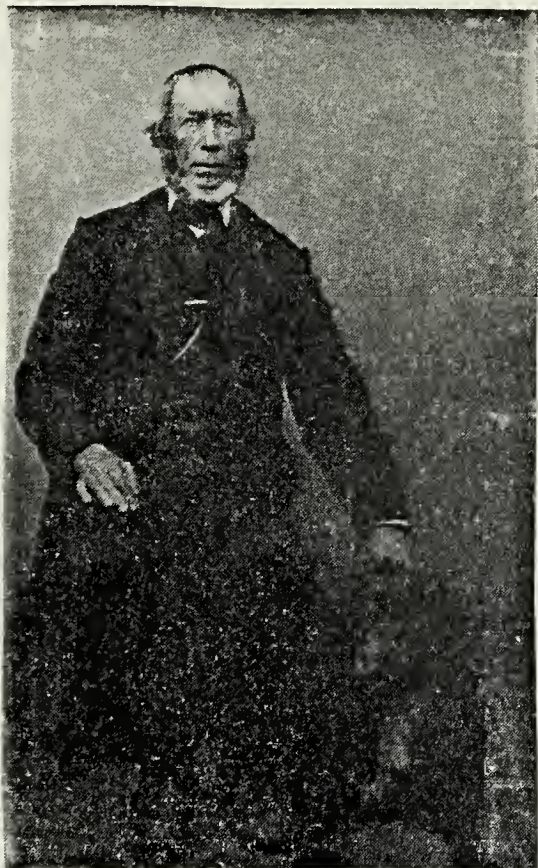
There was much illness in these years, ending in death at an early age for many. Aaron, George's son, was ill enough at one time that the doctor prescribed blood-letting, a not uncommon practice in that day. The Upper Redkill cemetery attests to the tragedies of those days. There are many Garrisons, Kellys, and related families buried there.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century, the names of Lewis Garrison, John Garrison, Jacob Garrison, Joseph Garrison, and the first Aaron Garrison are continually to be found in the area. Aaron was enumerated next to George Garrison in the 1840 Federal census, presumably in the adjoining domicile. Hezekiah Garrison, mentioned earlier, born February 22, 1808 in Greene County, was the father of a Charity Garrison who is supposed to be related to the James Garrison family.*

On March 3, 1856, James Garrison died and was buried in the Upper Redkill Cemetery. His wife Ella is buried there also, but the date of her death is not known. The writing on the stones is no longer legible, but was in 1936 when Genevieve Judd, granddaughter of James, visited the cemetery.

George and Selenier lived on until almost the end of the century. Selenier had been a good mother to George's children, and they were genuinely fond of her. She became a "jolly, fat lady whose witty sayings were long remembered", according to Irma Mae Griffin, County Historian for Delaware County, New York. She also had a relaxed propensity for applejack in her later years. The two lived in the old homestead with their daughter Hettie and her husband Angelo Cole until the 1890's, when they moved into

* Hezekiah, son of David Garrison, who moved to Luzerne County Pennsylvania, was married to Charlotte White on January 23, 1830. Children, all born in Pennsylvania, were Sarah, Anderson, and Charity.



George Washington Garrison



Selinier Todd Garrison



Left: The Garrison Homestead in Halcott built by George and his father James, about 1835 or 1836

Griffins Corners to Angelo and Hetty's home. Selenier died on November 20, 1897, and George died on May 28, 1899. They, along with George's first wife, Mary Ann, are buried in the Upper Red-kill cemetery.

This Indenture, Made this Fourth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight

BETWEEN George W. Garrison and Celestine Garrison his wife of the Town of Helcott Green County N.Y. of the first part, and Channery Cleator of the Town of Portland Portland Co. N.Y. of the second part,

Witnesseth, That the said parties of the first part, in consideration of the sum of Two Thousand Four Hundred and Forty Nine Dollars to them duly paid have sold and

By these Presents doth grant and convey to the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, All that piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Helcott aforesaid and known as part of Lot No. 1 situate in Subdivision No. 36 in Great Lot No. 20 of the Hardenburgh Patent, being the East end of said Lot No. 1, containing fifty acres of land, Bounded on the East by Lot No. 2; on the North by land unknown; on the West by the other part of said Lot No. 1; on the South by Lot No. 18. Also one other piece of land situate in the Town of Helcott aforesaid and Bounded as follows, Beginning at a Beech tree marked S B S. V. R. 36 for the South West corner of Lot No. 36 and runs from thence South $57^{\circ} 30'$ East 31 chains to a Beech tree marked 17 18; thence North $32^{\circ} 30'$ East 35 chains 65 links to a Beech & Stake and Stones No 1, 2, 17, 18; thence South $57^{\circ} 30'$ West 31 chains 16 links to a Beech tree Stake & stones No 18; and thence South $32^{\circ} 30'$ West 35 chains to the place of Beginning, containing One hundred and nine acres and seven tenths of an acre of Land. Also All that certain other piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the Town of Helcott and County of Green aforesaid and now in the possession of the parties of the first part being a farm of one hundred acres of land lying in a square form being the North East of Subdivision Lot number Nine in division Lot Number thirty five in Great Lot number twenty in the Hardenburgh Patent Bounded on the West by the Delaware County line and on the North by the line of Division Lot number thirty six; and on the East and South by part of said Lot number Nine. Also about one quarter of an acre of land containing a spring or a water privilege situated on the West side of my farm and in the County of Delaware, being the same piece of land purchased of Harrison Morse

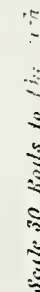
Widdowson, J. W.



Anglo, E. F. Cabinet Maker & Undertaker Main St.
Bickler, J. H. of Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs &c Main St.
Crimmell, W. C. Carpenter & Builder Main St.
Ford, J. Jeweller & Confectioner Main St.
Griffin, D. Attorney at Law Main St.
Johnson, A. Prop^r of Livestock Stable Main St.
Kelsey, E. C. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Housefurnishings
Goods &c Main St.
Ludlow, A. Prop^r of Hotel & House & Dealer in Butter Main St.
Ludlow, M. J. Prop^r of Hotel Main St.
Ludlow, M. J. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Butter & Cud
Merchandise Main St.
Slower, D. Butter, Fats, Tallow, &c Nos Dist No 2
Tenbrook, W. A. Att^y at Law & Justice of the Peace Main St.
Trenkard, A. Wharf of Flour, Mill Feed &c

Centralize N.E. Prof. of Hotel Minn St.
 Highland W.A. Wagon Driver & Gent Blacksmithing Pleasant St.
 Hallam E.E. Dealer in Groceries &c Pleasant St.
 Hallow W.R. Driver of Wagons, Cartwages, Stripling, Pleasant St.
 Jones L.H. Driver in Dry-towels, Groceries & Gent Merchants
 Minn St.

W. H. Clark Tanner




en Township Delaware Co. N.Y. Wg. Shop

1

D.J. Y. Tompkins

A. Y. H. C. R.



Fleischmann Herald.

Now Published Every Week April 17, 1832

DRY, PUBLISHER.

FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

WARRE COUNTY, N. Y.; MAY 31, 1899.

NO. 92

GONE TO A BETTER WORLD.

GEORGE W. GARRISON.

George W. Garrison died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. C. Brown, in this village, May 28, 1899, aged nearly 88 years.

Mr. Garrison was born in the town of Roxbury, July 11, 1811. His early boyhood was spent in Halcott, and when a young man spent some years in Pennsylvania, where he was married in 1833 to Mary Ann Hallock.

In 1837 he moved to Redkill, then nearly a wilderness. He settled on what was then a partly-cleared tract of land, and never removed from the farm for 61 years.

For his second wife he married Seneca Todd in 1853, who is also dead.

Mr. Garrison was the father of twelve children, three of whom died in infancy. Two, James and Mary, have since died. Seven are living, viz: Aaron and Monroe, residing in Illinois; Caroline (Mrs. C. H. Judd), at Sioux Falls, So. Dak.; Henry W., at New York City; Hetty, (Mrs. Angelo Cole), at Halcott; Morgan and Julia, (Mrs. S. C. Brown), at Griffin Corners.

He also leaves a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mr. Garrison was one of the oldest of our residents; and throughout his long life held the confidence and respect of all who knew him. A staunch Republican in politics, he held many offices in the gift of his party; he held the office of justice of the peace in the town of Halcott for over thirty consecutive years.

The funeral was held from the M. E. church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. A. Quick officiating. Interment in the upper Redkill cemetery.

MISS ANNA DOOLITTLE.

The community was profoundly shocked on Sunday morning to learn of the death of Miss Anna Doolittle.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ARKVILLE.

Bodis Lyon's wife and daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. John Halstead on Sunday.

James Dodds of Delhi, visited his brother in this place last week.

Howard Griffin is clerking for Dodds & Fuller.

Thomas Liddle of Andes, bought the John Redmond farm at foreclosure sale, paying \$750 therefor.

Will Jones has moved from the flat-roofed house to rooms in John Halcott's house.

Mrs. A. Lenson and daughter, Anna, have been here during the past week, disposing of their stock of furniture stored in one of Norton's houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Chan. Blehler, of Peru, Ill., are visiting friends and relatives here.

Robert Cartwright and Andrew E. Liddle shipped stock from here Tuesday morning.

W. H. Cowan, the water works man, was in town Saturday and made arrangements to enlarge his plant here; the work to be completed by September 1.

Children's Day will be observed here June 1st with appropriate exercises.

Louis Fuller and wife visited at Kingston last week.

Miss Ada Hickok is visiting her sister in New York.

Miss M. Peckle is home from her school in Alameda for a few days.

George Bushnell of Griffin Corners, called on Arkville friends Saturday night.

James Jones and sister visited friends in Griffin Corners Sunday evening.

John Conklin has moved into Kutner's house on Railroad avenue.

A. L. Murray has purchased Geo. R. Dodds' horse, wagon and harness; and is doing a good business in in-

ARKVILLE.

The abutments at this place for the iron bridge are ready and it is expected the bridge will be put up this week.

Mrs. Millie Ballard, who was visiting friends at Arkville last week, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Ellen Ballard is taking care of Mrs. Lewis Garrison, who has been very sick at Fleischmann's.

Overseer of the Poor Geo. H. Peet and wife, visited friends at Fleischmann's last Saturday. He has received the license money and is paying up the indebtedness of the poor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sweet visited friends at Redkill last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lena Kelly closed her successful term of school in this district on Monday last. She has given entire satisfaction.

Will Hubbell and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. B. Kelly, Sunday, at Margaretville.

John Smith and wife are visiting friends in Kingston.

Wm. Dean of Tennessee, Sullivan county, has been calling on friends in this place the past few days.

Theodore Floyd was seen in this place last week, looking after the interest of building a creamery; we learn with poor success.

James Young, brakeman on the milk train, while assisting in getting ice a few days ago, fell and hurt his hand so badly that he has not been able to do anything since.

Freemah Trowbridge is working for his brother, Josiah Trowbridge, in his stone quarry.

Quite a number from this place attended Memorial exercises at Margaretville, Tuesday.

A. D. Hollenbeck and wife of Fleischmann's, were callers at George N. Peet's on Monday of this week.

Geo. F. Davis and James Avery are attending surrogate's court at Delhi this week.

The Herald one year, and the Peet

Descendants of George Washington Garrison

The following pages contain as much information as is available for the children of George Washington Garrison and their children and grandchildren down to the present day. I have received much information from some families, and others seem disinterested in following the lines through the years. Consequently, an equal amount of space has not been given to each person or family. I have taken each child of George's and followed that family, as nearly as possible, down to the present day, before moving on the next child. Our story begins with Caroline Hallock Garrison (Judd), and her descendants.



Caroline Hallock Garrison

Caroline Hallock Garrison, first child of George Washington Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born on March 10, 1833, in South Eaton, Pennsylvania. She was married to Demas Judd in January, 1855. In 1857 Demas, Caroline, and their first child Adeline Bartlett, moved to La Salle County, Illinois, living first in Deerpark, then in Farm Ridge, and finally in Ottowa. Demas served in the 53rd Regiment, Illinois Cavalry, during the Civil War. About 1868 the family moved to Champaign County, Illinois, where the last five of their children were born. The couple had in all eleven children, three boys and eight girls. In 1885 the family moved to Lyon County, Minnesota, where Demas was a farmer in the town of Marshall. He died there on February 7, 1897. Caroline moved to Los Angeles, California about 1909, presumably to be near her daughters Genevieve and Ethel, and her son James. She lived until January 28, 1919, dying in Los Angeles at the age of 86. She is buried beside her husband in Cottonwood cemetery in Marshall, Minnesota.

Descendants of
Caroline Hallock Garrison and Demas Judd

Adeline Bartlett, first child of Caroline and Demas Judd, was born on October 2, 1855, in Halcott, Greene County, New York. She married a Mr. Crawford and had three sons, Jack, William, and Cahrles, of Lacona, Iowa. She died on March 31, 1948 in Lacona, Iowa, and is buried in Cochran Cemetery there.

Sarah Morrison was born on February 13, 1858. She died on October 15, 1904.

Aaron Monroe, first son of Demas and Caroline, was born on February 21, 1860 in Deerpark, Illinois. He died on June 20, 1863.

Mary Ella was born on January 11, 1862 in Farm Ridge, Illinois. She married a Mr. Rubottom. She died on November 20, 1950.

Florence Avi was born on August 11, 1865 in Farm Ridge, Illinois. She married a Mr. Davis. She died on February 3, 1911.

James (Gary) Garrison was born on September 18, 1867, in Ottawa, Illinois. He married Allie Newman Cooper. They had two daughters. One of them,

Lillian Judd, was born in 1911. She lives in North Hollywood, California.

Allie Newman Cooper (Judd) was born on April 10, 1877 and died on September 20, 1960.

James died on July 15, 1960.

Hulet Demas was born on November 11, 1869 in Compromise, Champaign County, Illinois. He married Ann McClellan. He ran a general store in Hawick, Minnesota, with his sons. He had sons:

Gordon, of Howard Lake, Minnesota

Charles

Genevieve Caroline (Jennie) was born on November 15, 1871 in Champaign County, Illinois. She taught school in Los Angeles, California for many years. She died in September, 1967. She was unmarried.

Ava was born on July 12, 1874 and died on August 25, 1874.

Nellie was born on March 10, 1877 and died on March 13, 1877.

Ethel Leone was born on December 21, 1878 in Compromise, Illinois. She graduated from Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, and

taught for several years. She married Augustus Benjamin Hromadka on May 19, 1907 in Vandalia, Illinois. He founded the Santa Monica Hospital in 1926. He died in 1939. She was a member of the PEO and the Order of Eastern Star of West Los Angeles, and was the founder of the Cosmos Club of West Los Angeles, which inaugurated a nursing scholarship at the UCLA Medical Center in her name. She lived in Santa Monica for many years. She died on December 27, 1957. She is buried in Woodlawn cemetery, Santa Monica, California. The couple had two sons:

John, who became a urologist, who married Enid_____.
and had children:

August

Benjamin

Elizabeth

Donald, who lives in Pacific Palisades, Los Angeles.

Ralph, who became the superintendent of the Santa Monica Hospital. He married Virginia _____, and they had

Robert

William, who lives in West Los Angeles.

Ralph, a native of California, died on October 10, 1966 in Santa Monica. He is buried at Woodlawn cemetery, Santa Monica.

James Garrison

James Garrison, oldest son of George Washington Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born in Pennsylvania, most probably Tunkhannock, or South Eaton, on November 9, 1835. He went with his parents and sister Caroline to the Halcott area of the town of Lexington, New York, shortly thereafter, where he grew to manhood. He is found in the 1850 Federal census living with a family in the village of Roxbury and working as a laborer.

Some time before the Civil War James went to Illinois with his brother Monroe. His sister Caroline and brother-in-law Demas Judd had moved there in 1857. He settled in Farm Ridge, La Salle County, near his sister. He enlisted in the Union Army on August 23, 1862, serving as a private in Company B, 104th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He moved with the Infantry from Illinois through Kentucky in the fall of 1862. He saw no action until the Company arrived in Tennessee on November 26, 1862. His Civil War diary is completed through December 5, 1862, when there are no more entries. He was shot through the hand in the battle of Harts-ville, Tennessee, on December 7, 1862. Henceforth he was unable to fight and was mustered out on January 25, 1863.

James returned to Illinois and lived in La Salle County in the towns of Ottawa and Grand Ridge. It would seem that he met his wife in this town or in Deerpark. He married Jerusha Wiswall on October 2, 1873 in Deerpark. Their only child, Earl, was born in Grandridge in 1874.

In March, 1880 James, Jerusha, and Earl moved to Redlands, California, where he purchased land and began farming. He grew citrus and raised poultry. In an 1892 Citrograph, the newspaper of that community, he is mentioned as being vice-president of the County Poultry Association. He also exhibited "seedlings, navels, and St. Michael's" citrus at the county fair.

In 1891 he built a new residence at the corner of Orange and Lugonia streets in Redlands, to replace his former "elegant cottage," as the newspaper describes it. During these years records show that he bought and sold land frequently, and in 1892 deeded land to the city for the extension of Orange Street from Lugonia



Earl Garrison, son
of James and Jerusha
Garrison



Lillian Judd,
granddaughter of
Caroline Judd



Caroline Garrison
Judd



Jerusha Wiswall Garrison



James Garrison

Avenue to Pioneer Street. He and Jerusha were active also in the Methodist church in Redlands.

In March of 1894 he and Jerusha both became ill. She recovered and the two of them went to Berkeley where it was thought he might improve. News articles indicate that Jerusha had relatives or old friends in Berkeley. James did not improve and died there after a stay of only three weeks. His death was caused by a malignancy in the intestinal area. Jerusha and Earl went back to Redlands to bury James. Jerusha lived in Redlands until 1927, when she passed away at the age of 79 years and 4 months.

DIED.

FINCH.—In Riverside, May 23, 1894, Mrs. Phoebe W. Finch, wife of William Finch, aged seventy-two years.

CUTTER.—Riverside, May 24, 1894, Annie Dinsmoore Cutter, wife of J. E. Cutter, aged forty-nine years, nine months and four days.

GARRISON.—In Berkeley, on Wednesday, May 23, 1894, James Garrison, aged fifty-nine years.

Mr. Garrison was a native of Pennsylvania, though for a number of years he was a citizen of Illinois. He enlisted in the army and had the misfortune shortly after to receive a severe wound in the wrist which forced him to accept a discharge and crippled his arm for life. In about 1884, Mr. Garrison brought his family to this valley, where he purchased the ranch on which he has resided ever since. Coming to California on account of his poor health, he never became robust, though for years he was one of our active citizens. Some months since the grip brought on a recurrence of the old trouble and he was confined to the house for weeks. He and his wife finally leaving for Berkeley a few days since, in the hope that he might be benefitted by the change. The hope was not to be realized, however, and Wednesday evening the end came.

Mr. Garrison in early life was a Methodist, and in Redlands he was a member of the Lugonia Terrace church; a devout Christian, he carried his belief into every day life, and one who knew him well was heard to bear to his memory this tribute: "He was the most conscientious man with whom I ever had business dealings."

Redlands "Citrograph" 26 May, 1894

James Garrison's Civil War Diary

Monday, Sept 1, 1862

Went in camp 10 A.M. had dinner 1P.M. Appointed and stationed guards and had supper 6.P.M. Pleasant day.

Tuesday, 2nd

Warm and pleasant. Passed to Ottawa under charge of Sergeant Woodward and returned at 5P.M. Had a general good time

Wednesday, 3rd

Reg. rec'd orders to be in readiness by 12P.M. to start for Louisville, KY. Col. rec'd an extension of time. Was detailed for guard duty - took my station at 11A.M.. 2 hours on duty and 4 off during 24 hrs. Let the Officer of the Day pass without giving the countersign. Expected to receive a lesson or something worse, but heard no more of it. Countersign Fairfax.

Thursday 4th

Pleasant day. Rec'd pass to go to Ottawa. Bid farewell to many friends. Returned at 5p.m. Very hard shower during the night. Barracks not being water tight got a little sprinkling.

Friday 5th

Very warm, appearance of rain. Some talk of leaving camp. Rained considerable during the day. Rec'd pass to go to Ottawa and returned at 5p.m. Rained during the night, got a little sprinkling.

Saturday 5th

Took breakfast 6A.M. Warm and very cloudy. Prospects of rain. Left camp about 9A.M. Went to Ottawa and took cars at 11 1/2 A.M. Stopped at Marsells for water and etc. 10 or 15 minits. Stopped at Morris a short time, 1/2 anhour perhaps. Stopped at Joliet and had about half rations distributed. Took the Joliet cutoff for Michigan City. Halted a short time at a small town called Madison on the Michigan Central. Arrived at Lake Station, -Indiana 5:45 P.M. Arrived at Michigan City at 7:15. drew rations. Had a jolly time eating and conversing with the ladies. Michigan City seems to be a curiously situative (?) place, uneven and broken in some parts, the surface being covered entirely with sand of a yellowish color, presenting the appearance of banks of sawdust. One place I noticed where the wind had blown

the sand so much as to entirely cover the fence as a snow drift. After about an hour's stay we left for Lafayette where we arrived at 3 or 3:30 A.M., divided the regiment into two trains and left for Indianapolis where we arrived at 9:A.M..

Sunday 7th

Cloudy with little rain. Stopped at several towns and found the citizens patriotic and generous - above all deserving is a town by the name of Seymour - both ladies and... offered every thing for refreshments that could be wished for. Cakes, pies, bread and butter, meat, apples, peaches, sweet potatoes, right from the oven. Passed around water and offered every assistance possible - after partaking of their generosity and having a social chat, cheering and being cheered, we bid them adieu and sped on toward our destination - Long life and happiness to the citizens of Ceymour, Indiana - - - Then, with almost lightning speed we were hurried on to our destination, and arrived at Jeffersonville about 6p.m.

It is said that we are now within 16 or 18 miles of the scene of action - The Reg. then formed in line and marched about 2 miles down the river, and after taking a bath, wrapped up in our blankets and quietly laid on the ground for a night's repose. It was the first time I ever laid on the ground during night, though I rarely had a better night's repose. It rained a little during the night, but being somewhat tired and sleepy, it did not disturb me.

Monday 8th

Pleasant and warm. Scraped up brush and built a fire to cook some delicacies, such as smoked ham and coppers, which together with hard bread constituted our breakfast. Drilling operations then commenced and continued off and on about six hours during the day- Night came, and we laid down on the ground to rest our wearied limbs - It being rather cool, I did not enjoy my rest as well as the previous night.

Tuesday 9th

Warm and pleasant. Somewhat indisposed as was the case with many others, on account of diarrhoea - a prevalent disease in camp - Gathered some straw stubbles for a bed, and slept quite comfortably during the night. Was awakened little before

day to hear cannonading, apparently south and up the river -
Wednesday 10th

Very warm - Tents came last night but too late to be erected - no tables yet - each one takes his plate and cup of coffee and seats himself as best he can - Fresh beef today for a change. Nothing in the line of bread but hard crackers - or as it is termed "hard bread".

Thursday 11th

Showery but warm. Was detailed for guard duty. rained during a part of the night. Countersign Pope.

Friday 12th

Cloudy and somewhat cool. Nothing transpiring of importance. Health of the Reg. very good considering change of climate, diet, occupation and etc. Remainder of tents arrived and erected. Slept in tent Friday 12 for first time.

Saturday 13th

Cloudy and cool during the forenoon. Clear and warm in the latter part of day. Remainder of clothing came last night and distributed today - It consists of the following articles viz: 1 overcoat, 1 fatigue or sailor coat, 2 prs drawers, 2 prs socks and 1 cap - Next came the distribution of arms. Much dissatisfaction prevailed on account of the inferiority of them. First, nearly or quite all the companies in the Reg. voted not to take them, but at the Col's request, promising at the same time to secure better ones if possible they were received with cheers for the Col. and thus ended the excitement.

Sunday 14th. 1862

Clear and warm. Anticipated having a few days rest and chance for reading. Appointment given out for preaching in camp at 11 o'clock by Rev. Mr. Hempstead - Presently the order came to remove to Camp Sherman distant about 2 1/2 miles. All was excitement and confusion - Then commenced the work of distributing knapsacks, haversacks, cartridge boxes, cap boxes, belts, canteens .. It was the busiest day I ever witnessed on the Sabbath. At 3 P.M. the Reg. formed in line and started for Camp Sherman. The weather being extremely hot, a number of men gave out, and one was partially sun stroke. We arrived at our destination a few minutes before dark and commenced striking tents and cooking supper. After supper, a company of us marched about 1/2 mile,

and secured each a bundle of hay for his bed. Thus passed the holy Sabbath day, in consequence of an accursed rebellion - the cause of civil war.

Monday 15th

Very warm. At 7 A.M. the order came to Co's A. and B to secure one day's (24 hours) rations and prepare to march. At first we supposed we were to go on a Scouting expedition, but fortunately we were stationed on the Ohio to guard the ferry and a gun boat, in process of building. A more pleasant day than this I have not spent in soldiering. At night we were permitted to sleep in the ferry boat A Wathen, each one taking his turn on guard.

This ferry is at a point on the Ohio, between Jeffersonville and Louisville K.Y..a place where much business is performed.

Tuesday 16.th, 1862

Warm and pleasant. Still on guard. Returned to camp at 10 A.M. extremely warm. Went out on dress parade at 5 A.M. for the first time. Nothing of importance occurred during the day.

Wednesday 17th

Still warm and pleasant. Rained in the evening and wind blew very hard, capsizing a number of tents.

Thursday 18th

Cloudy and cool in the morning. Co. B was re-examined, five or six were rejected from the rank.

Friday 19th

The Brigade was called up about 3 A.M. and ordered to prepare three days rations and march at 5 in the morning. Did not leave till 8. Crossed the Ohio to Louisville and marched 4 miles to Camp Grasshopper, where we arrived about 2 P.M. somewhat wearied. Stacked arms and at night laid on the ground opposite them, but still kept on our equipment, ready for immediate action, tho I think no attack was apprehended. The night was cool, but being encamped in the woods we slept quite comfortably.

Saturday 20th

Arose at daybreak. Prepared breakfast in a rude manner and at 8 o'clock paraded out in the open field. Arms were inspected

and at noon ret'd back to camp - Nothing of importance occurred during the day.

Sunday 21st

Warm and pleasant. Preaching at 11 A.M. by the Chaplain. The first sermon in camp. Was detailed for guard duty at Comisaries department. Somewhat unwell during the night.

Monday 22nd

Still clear and warm. Was quite unwell during the day. At about 5 p.m. we were called to go on dress parade, but before going out orders came to march to Louisville. At dark we started and we marched to the outskirts of the city through an almost perfect cloud of dust. We were then marched up on a steep side hill and ordered to lie on the ground.

Tuesday 23rd

Arose at daybreak and marched down through a back lane in a small enclosure for the purpose of having breakfast. Remained during the day and at night were ordered to stack arms and lay by them, and be ready to form in line of battle the next morning at 3 o'clock, which order was obeyed. The order was merely given for practice that the work might be done with rapidity when necessity required it. The night was cloudy and cool.

Wednesday 24th

Cloudy and cool during the fore part of the day. At 10 A.M. we were ordered to march out and work on the entrenchments. Worked about ten minutes and were then ordered to go to another point to fall trees for the purpose of preventing the enemy from planting batteries etc. Not having plenty of tools to work with some of us were allowed to stroll around to satisfy our curiosity in a strange country. In the meantime I visited the Louisville Cemetery, the most beautiful place I ever beheld, but like many other places of beauty and splendor, it was greatly suffering the sad consequences of civil war. The location is one commanding in a fair degree the entrance of the city. Even though a place held in sacred memory of the departed dead, a portion of it has been converted into breastworks for the defense of those who, in other days, have there mingled tears of sorrow with dust, for the nearest and dearest of all earthly friends. Rude entrenchments take the place of beautiful gravel walks where once have trod in deep solemnity thousands of mourners for dear departed friends. Tombstones and monuments in some instances were either

removed or nearly covered in earth, but what seemed to claim my attention most was the cutting down of some of the most beautiful evergreens that the eye ever beheld. Tho planted and reared by careful hands and watered perhaps with tears of sorrow and affection, they were not even spared to shade the graves where loved ones lay in silent repose, but were rudely hewn down and thrown up as a barrier against insolent foe.

The place is beautifully situated a half mile perhaps from the outskirts of the city among surrounding and broken hills. Circular walks and drives are laid out in beautiful style throughout the yard, and everything ornamental and artificial the imagination could conceive of is used to adorn the silent abode of the sleeping dead. Magnificent and costly vaults have been constructed, some filled, some partly filled, and others are yet tenantless abodes awaiting the arrival of their lifeless inmates. A very fine monument I noticed marked the resting place of a Buckner family. Whether it is of the family of the Rebel Gen I know not. Another place of note is a vault containing the remains of the K.Y. Giant. His height was 7 ft 8 in. Name, James D. Porter. I will not attempt to further describe this beautiful place as my visit there was very short. To one who never visited the place a number of hours and even days perhaps might be spent in viewing the place and still find something new and curious at almost every step.

Thursday 25

Warm and pleasant. Somewhat unwell . reported to the Surgeon and took medication. Were ordered out on fatigue duty about dark to build road and bridge. At 9 o'clock in the evening were drawn up in line of battle and ordered to lie on our arms during the night. it was very cold for the season of the year. A very heavy dew fell during the night which made it still more uncomfortable. When I awoke in the morning my blanket was almost as wet as though it had rained. It was the hardest night I have yet experienced in the campaign.

Friday 26

Cool in morning but very warm in middle of day. Were out on fatigue duty a short time in afternoon. Today our tents came and

were erected, and we had a fine sleep till 13 o'clock when we were again called up to form in line of battle. This time for practice only.

Saturday 27th

Cloudy in the morning and commenced raining about 8 o'clock and rained quite steadily the most part of the day.

Sunday 28

Warm and pleasant. Preaching by Chaplain from the latter clause of the 13th verse of 16 chapt. Luke. He applied it to the gambling and fast living portion of the army, our Reg. in particular, to both privates and officers -

Monday 29

Rained quite a shower at morning and cleared off warm and pleasant. News came in camp of Gen. Nelson being shot by Jeff C. Davis. It created but little or no excitement in camp as such news is of almost daily occurrence. Have plenty spare time at present as we have no convenient place for drilling -

Tuesday 30th

Very warm as usual. Was detailed for guard duty and had quite a pleasant time. Countersign Brandy Wine. Burial of Gen. Nelson took place today.

Wednesday Oct. 1st

Extremely warm during the forepart of day. Cooler in the afternoon.

Thursday 2nd

Asa Dunham and Joe Clark left for home on discharge. Rained some during the day. Went out on drill and again visited Cave Hill Cemetery. Soldiers are being buried there almost daily. There are said to be nearly one thousand laid in this place within the past year. It is a sad sight to survey a thousand newly made graves, containing the last remains of fellow soldiers who have left home and friends and prospects bright perhaps, for the defense of their beloved country. The graves systematically arranged in rows with a small rough board at the head of each on which is placed a slip of paper containing as far as is known the name reg. and co. O, how many warm and affectionate hearts have been made to mourn the loss of friends near and dear here laid in the silent tomb which may ne'er be visited by beloved

though distant friends. Who would gladly drop affection's tear on the final resting place of all that once was dear.

Friday Oct. 3rd

Warm and cloudy in the early part of the day. Struck tents at 10 A.M. and marched $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to Camp _____ and commenced preparing dinner when the order came to march immediately. We, however, made out to get our dinner in a hurried manner after which we marched around through the city and went out on the Louisville and Shelbyville Turnpike at about five o'clock and marched in the direction of the latter place. A few minuits before dark we halted and partook of a refreshing meal of hard crackers and raw prk. Onward again we marched at the rate of about 3 miles pr hour. After a short time soldiers began to fall out of the rank, some in consequence of not being well, and others from exhaustion. At about 10 o'clock scarcely a dozen or I might say a half dozen rods were travelled without passing from one to a dozen soldiers lying by the roadside. I think I never was more fatigued than during this march. I continued with the Reg., however, till midnight when with a fellow soldier I fell from the ranks. Climbed over the fence and retired to rest. We lay there till about 4 o'clock in the morning when we again marched on and came up with the Reg. after travelling about two miles. The brigade had then halted to remain during the remainder of the night. I again laid down under a tree and slept till sunrise. (Saturday 4th) About this time a number of pigs and one beef were "confiscated", a quantity of which was broiled on the coals and served as quite a rarity. At this place I visited a deserted house which was sadly suffering the consequences of civil war. Everything had been removed except some furniture of a fine quality which was being badly used by some unruly soldiers. Some said it was the property of a Union man who had left at the approach of the Rebels a few days previous. Others said it belonged to a Secesh.

At 10 o'clock we again started along. It had rained quite a shower previous to our leaving, and being cloudy made it more pleasant for marching. On we travelled, halting occasionally to rest and to obtain water which was very scarce in that region of the country. Water that I would sometimes hesitate giving to my horses was eagerly sought for, but scarcely enough to fill a

dozen canteens could be obtained at a place. Our knapsacks being very heavy made our march doubly hard. Now and then one became so much fatigued as to throw away a part of his load. I thought I had seen hard times in life, but never did I experience anything equal to this march. Towards night, a fellow soldier who had his gun and haversack stolen assisted me in carrying my load by which means I managed to keep up with the division which numbers from 12 to 15 thousand troops. At about 8 o'clock in the evening we arrived within half a mile of Shelbyville when we turned off from the turnpike nearly a mile and encamped for the night. We happened to be near some straw, some of which we obtained and made a bed of and rested quite comfortably except being somewhat cool.

Sunday 5th 1862

At sunrise I arose again and saw "confiscated" sheep, ducks, chickens, honey etc. coming in camp and we had quite a good breakfast to pay for our hard march. We expected to march again about 10 o'clock but for some reason unknown to us of course, we did not leave. During the day a number of teams and wagons were brought in camp by scouting parties for the purpose of carrying our knapsacks etc. The work of confiscating sheep, fowls, etc. did not cease, but was rather carried on more vigorously. Some dozen or 15 darkeys came in our lines, most of whom desired to stay with us rather than to go back to their masters. Of course we were willing to keep them, and in fact had no right to turn them away.

Monday 6th

Cool at morning but warm during the day. Well, today we have had to give up several of our confiscated teams by authority I suppose, of some senior Sector commanders. A number of masters have been in camp looking for their slaves and trying to get them away, but as yet they have not been successful. Was detailed for guard duty - was sick during the night.

Tuesday 7 1862

Warm and pleasant. Moved about 1/2 mile to the most beautiful camping I ever saw. A large maple grove, the surface of which level, smooth and grassy, partially covered with dry and rustling

leaves indicating the approach of Autumn, which to me is a beautiful yet solemn season of the year, a season of decay, naturally comparing with the close of life - Alas! how many lives may be brought to a close ere the present Autumn shall have passed away -
Wednesday 8

We hoped to remain in our new camping place for a while, but at roll call in the morning we rec'd orders to be ready to march at 9A.M. with 24 hours rations. A little later than the appointed time we were on our march toward Frankfort. Quite an exciting scene occurred while passing through Shelbyville. We had in our Reg. several contrabands, one of which belonged to a man living in the above mentioned place. While halting there an attempt was made to take Sambo from the ranks by some nigger catcher. Before it was known to the soldiers he was hauled out on the sidewalk. The cry for bayonets was made by the boys (not the officers), which was done quickly. By this time Sambo was taken around the corner, when one of our boys dealt a nice little blow to the traitors head, felling him instantly to the ground, making a nice curve to his gun barrel. About this time General Limbey came around and it is said struck one of them with his sword by the side of his head, bringing him to the ground. Sambo was then brought back in the ranks; and I think the thieves were taught a pretty good lesson. It is said that the one struck with the gun barrel has since died. We then marched on and soon pressed a team in the ranks to carry our knapsacks till midnight.
9th Thursday

The next morning we started again at daybreak and arrived at Frankfort about noon. At 5 P.M. we were ordered to prepare 24 hours rations and start on a force march of 22 miles. I suppose the intention was to go to Lexington. When we were about ready the order was countermanded, and we were glad of it, as we were very much fatigued - We were encamped on a hill, close by Frankfurt, the capital of K.Y.

Friday 10 1862

At an early hour we were called up and ordered to move to another camping ground close by the city on the banks of the K.Y. It rained considerable during the day, but some of us managed to

keep dry by building brush houses. We have not seen our tents since we left Louisville the 3rd. At night Col Mon marched us to the depot where had a comfortable sleep despite of the rain.
Saturday 11 1862

At 9 o'clock our Company rec'd orders to move out on the Lexington and Louisville R.R. about 10 miles to guard two bridges 1 mile apart, one of which had been burned by the Rebels and rebuilt. We arrived there about 2 P.M. The place is called North Benson. There (are) two small groceries, one belonging to a rebel, a half dozen shanties, half of them deserted, and R.R. Switch. At our end of the bridge is a deserted shanty which came very convenient for a sleeping room. A few rods in another one which (we) occupied for the same purpose. The country here is very rough, hilly, and inhabited by the poorer class of people. I was detailed for guard duty at night - Countersign, Richmond.

A pleasant day. This seemed the most like the Sabbath of any day since I went in camp, probably because we were away from the Reg where there was less going on. I believe it was also the most lonesome day I ever spent in my life -
day I ever spent in my life -

Monday 13 1862

Warm and pleasant. Citizens came in and seemed friendly. Nothing of importance occurred during the day.

Tuesday 14 1862

I was called to join the company at the other bridge, and liked the change very well. Was again detailed for guard duty at night, it being the only time necessary to station a guard as we were all close by the bridge. Countersign -Corinth

Wednesday 15

Days pleasant but nights cool. Built us a shanty or pen, rather, of R.R. ties. Citizens come every day with pie, bread, apples, etc. to sell to soldier boys -

Thursday 16 1862

Tore up an old house floor, the house having been deserted, to cover our pen, and made for ourselves quite a comfortable sleeping place - The Agent generally throws us a paper from the cars as they pass along, by which means we get the daily news. -

Friday 17 1862

Warm and pleasant. Rec'd a tent, the first one since we left Louisville. Nothing of importance. Nothing to write about at all.

Saturday 18

Was taken sick with bad cold and intermittent fever. Could hardly move around - No news.

Sunday 19th

Continued quite sick. Was afraid of fever, Typhoid - Went to a Union house and stayed overnight - was treated extremely well -

Monday 20

Felt a little better than the day before, but was quite weak.

Tuesday 21

Took the cars and went to Frankfurt for medication. had the intermittent fever. Stayed in camp one night. It being cold and very uncomfortable, I got a chance to go with another sick soldier in a small office in the city - It had a small stove in (it) and we made ourselves quite comfortable, though it was rather hard sleeping on the floor. Remained quite sick till the 25th when I felt quite smart. Weather during this time was very fine.

Saturday 25

Have not been able to write much since the 21. Nothing of importance has transpired. Today it is cold and rainy with some wind - rains very slowly. I have now been sick a weak. Never was in as hard a place to be sick before. We buy our own provisions in preference to eating hard crackers and salt pork. Get along pretty well. Report says we or rather our Reg. is ordered to start in the morning for Bowling Green. If so, I shall have to stay behind for the first time. Rained but little during the day, but became quite cool and snow fell during the night - about 2 inches deep.

Sunday 26

Cloudy and quite cold - Most of the snow disappeared during the day - At about 10 o'clock the Division marched out it is said for Bowling Green - We then left the little office where we had been staying and started for our Co., but as the cars did not run we had to stay in Frankfort till the next day. We went to our

Postmaster's headquarters where we have a comfortable stopping place - At supper time we went out to find something to eat, but no one had anything at all. At a hotel we could have supper for 50 cts. each, but thought it most too high for soldiers and went on. After looking some time we came to a place, a neat little cottage where the folks seemed to be human. They were very kind and gave us a good supper, inviting us to come back in the morning and get breakfast, which we did.

Monday 27

A very beautiful morning. Had a good night's rest; a good warm breakfast, and am now sitting in a comfortable room in an arm chair by a good coal fire, my feet half way to the mantle piece, taking all comfort a soldier need expect. Everything being so quiet and still, it almost seems that I am out of the army. In fact, I am at present. My health is better this morning. J.W. Pruett is the name of the man where I took breakfast. He is a good Union man and has been connected with the K. Legislature a long time.

Monday 27

Cool but pleasant. Visited the cemetery at Frankfort. About the first thing I saw was the monument of Daniel Boone. The base is about 7 feet square and 12 or 14 feet high. He is represented on three sides of the monument. On the front side he is sitting down with his gun, the butt on the ground, leaning across his lap., while a deer is lying by his side, dead. On another side he is represented as fighting an Indian. On the other side he is represented as meeting a man in the woods and having conversation with him. Some say it was his brother. On the 4th side his wife Rebecca is represented as milking a cow eating something on the ground close by their log house. There are a number of stumps piled up near the monument, the trees of which are said to have been cut by him. They are cedar and many of them sound. Saw the monument of Richard Menton Johnson, born 1781 and died 1850. On one side he is represented as shooting an Indian, while on another side his image is carved nearly as large as his natural size from his waist or a little above - He was vice-President 4 yrs. A monument 65 feet high is here erected in memory of K.Y. heroes who fell in the Mexican and Indian wars. The foundation.

is nearly 2 feet square and about 1 ft high, of fine stone - on this there is another layer about 10 ft square and three ft high, perhaps of the same kind of stone nicely dressed. The rest is all of solid marble of the finest quality. About 10 or 12 ft from the ground there is a slight projection or cornice work ... on which is placed at each of the four corners an eagle with outspread wings nearly as large as the natural size. From there up are the names of the officers buried there, telling the place where they fell. A number of them fell at Buena Vista. Among others was Henry Clay, Jr. Took the cars at 3 1/2 p.m. and returned to the bridge, glad to meet the boys again.

Tuesday 28th

Dry and pleasant. Improved in health very slowly -

Wednesday 29

Weather as before. No news.

Thursday 30

Weather fine . Went to a neighbor's house and got some breakfast. Bought some biscuits etc. Found the people very kind.

Friday 31 1862

Warm and pleasant. Was quite unwell. No news of importance.

Saturday, November 1, 1862

Warm as usual. No news.

Sunday 2, 1862

Cloudy with some rain, quite cool. Cleared off at night. Went in the evening to a private house and had a social sing. Seemed like old times to meet around a fire-side and have a social chat.

Monday 3 Nov

Was relieved from duty at the bridge by a Co. from 103 Ohio Reg. Packed up and went to the Co. at North Benson. Could not get ready to leave till the next day.

Tuesday 4, 1862

Warm and pleasant. Went out about two miles and got a good, warm breakfast free of charge. Expected to leave for Bowling Green, but the cars being filled with Secesh prisoners, we were obliged to remain till the next day.

Wednesday 5, 1862

Quite warm and hazy. Left North Benson at 10 A.M. on a

freight train for Louisville. We were in good health and spirits generally, and apparently glad to leave, tho we had a very good position, but it seems to be natural for soldiers to like to be on the move, rather than to be stationary. Commenced raining about noon and continued steadily during the day. Most of us found a place in the box cars and kept comparatively dry. Arrived at Louisville at 6 P.M. and slept in the depot quite comfortably on the soft side of the floor.

Thursday 6 1862

Clear and cold. At 10 A.M. we marched to Barracks no. 1, a spacious brick building formerly owned by Gen. Buckner, but now the property of Uncle Sam, where we remained till the next day or morning at daylight, when we marched to the Nashville Depot. Friday 7, 1862

Cold, rainy, and snowy, a very unpleasant morning. Arose at 4 o'clock, took breakfast, and formed in line on the sidewalk and rec'd rations for the day, and marched to the Depot and took the cars for Bowling Green. I anticipated a fine time, but was sadly disapointed. We had to go in the freight cars through a storm of sleet and snow. Temporary seats were made for the purpose of carrying soldiers, which were covered with snow and ice, having stood outdoors in the storm. On we went with almost lightning speed, stopping occasionally for wood and water. About 10 o'clock, I managed to get a seat in a passenger car which carried the convalescents, and went the journey through quite comfortably, arriving at Bowling Green 4 P.m. We then marched about four miles south, where we joined our Reg.

Saturday 8 1862

Cool but pleasant. After fixing up things a little, a co. of us visited Lost River, one of the curiosities of K.Y. The river is not the curiosity, however, but the cave into which it runs. The River makes its appearance about 20 rods above the mouth of the cave, coming from the bottom, apparently, as no place is visible from which the water issues. About 5 rods from the mouth of the cave, the water disappears, but comes out in a running stream a few feet before entering the cave, which is so large at the mouth that a grist mill has been erected beneath the over-

hanging rocks at the entrance! For a distance of about 30 rods it is quite difficult to travel over the rocks as they are very rough and steep. After going so, there is but little trouble in getting along, though the bottom of the river is very rough and rocky. I was in the cave an hour and twenty minuits, going about a mile. The cave, as near as I could judge, averages about 40 ft. in width, and from 10 to 20 feet in height. Some think the average width is 60 ft. The mill above mentioned is said to have been the property of Gen. Zulicoffer (?) It has long since gone to ruin and now lies washed into a pile of drift wood, about 3/4 mile in the cave. In a few places I noticed stalactites which appeared quite beautiful.

Sunday 9th

Pleasant. Had preaching at 11 1/2 A.M.

Monday 10

Started at noon for Glasgow 30 miles east of Bowling Green. Marched 10 miles and encamped for the night which was quite cold. Tuesday 11 1862

Struck tents at 8 A.M. and marched till 4 P.M. Pitched tents at about 6 o'clock. Our co. was detailed for Picket duty. Went out in advance about a mile. Rained some during the night. Came in at 5 in the morning

Wednesday 12

Struck tents at 7 A.M. Commenced raining about 10 o'clock tho not very fast. Arrived at Glasgow at noon. Cold and wet. Pitched tents, built fires etc., and by night were quite comfortably situated. Rain ceased, but it was quite cool.

Thursday 13 1862

Clear and pleasant. Some talk of going into winter quarters there. Was detailed for guard duty. The night was cold. I reckon I wished myself at home in a comfortable bed, quietly at rest, but such is not the soldier's fortune.

Friday 14 1862

Weather fine. No news at all.

Saturday 15, 1862

Rec'd orders to march at 10 A.M. to Tompkinsville, 26 miles southeast. Marched 13 miles and encamped at a small place

of less than a dozen houses, called Snowball.

Sunday 16 1862

Warm and pleasant. Struck tents at 8 A.M.. Went out to a Union house and took breakfast, relished it, the best kind. Halted at 10 o'clock to rest. The day is calm and beautiful, but o, how little it seems like the holy Sabbath day. I now sit leaning against a tree, while others sit and lie on all sides, some discussing war matters, predicting the time of its close, etc., and others are engaged talking on various other topics. Now toots the bugle and every man slings knapsacks and shoulders his gun and onward moves toward his destruck (?) place which he seldom knows where he may find. Arrived at Tompkinsville at 4 P.M. It seems to me to be the poorest excuse for a town I ever saw. The buildings are of an inferior quality, and look to have been built in Daniel Boone's time. In fact everything, even the inhabitants seem to be at least a hundred years behind the times. The people were standing in groups along the street, some looking very much as if something didn't quite suit, while a few looked differently, and occasionally a lady could be seen waving her handkerchief, and apparently welcomed our coming. The beauty and splendor of the day had now passed, and dark and lowering clouds had veiled the azure dome of heaven, and the rain had already commenced slowly falling. Some time was spent in selecting a camping place which was difficult to be found for the brigade. Finally our Reg. was marched up on a hill back of the town, but not without doubling rows of tents could we find level places to pitch them. This, however, was not the greatest with our company, as our wagon had broken down the day before, and our tents were all behind together with a number of knapsacks containing blankets and overcoats, mine with the rest. By the time each co. had its place and arms were stacked, it was well nigh dark, and with a borrowed blanket to shelter me from the rain which was then falling quite fast, I sat down by my gun, wishing myself at home if ever I did. No prospect was fairer than that of lying on the ground without shelter I finally concluded there must be a place to shelter me, and with a soldier went to a house in town and had a good supper, and feather bed fixed on the floor to sleep during the night. In the night I woke and was so well pleased

with the situation that I could not sleep for sometime thinking how well and kindly I was cared for.

Monday 17 1862

Warm and cloudy. Was considerably refreshed by a good night's rest, but was a little disappointed when I found that my pocket book with every cent I had was gone. It contained but little, however, but a little money at this time and place was worth having. I had probably lost the day before on the march, through a hole in a small pocket I had fixed for the purpose of carrying my money. Rained considerable during the day, but was quite warm.

Tuesday 18 1862

Somewhat cloudy tho warm and quite pleasant. Some rumors of an attack from the rebels. In the evening our officers came in the tents, telling every man to have his arms where he could find them immediately in case they were called out, as it was some expected an attack would be made during the night or early in the morning. None, however, seemed to be at all excited. No enemy came.

Wednesday 19

Rained considerable during the day. At about 5 p.m. word came in camp that the Rebels were within 4 miles of us and still approaching. In a few minuts Co's A. and D. were on their way to meet them. We went out about a mile, blockaded the road, and formed in line of battle in a semicircle across the road, and with loaded guns and fixed bayonets stood in silence ready to receive the expected attack, but no enemy made his appearance. The night was cold, and ground wt. After awhile we were permitted to sit or lie down, as an advance picket was stationed in front but neither was very agreeable. I laid down on a few limbs by the side of a sapling and slept some during the night, but quite uncomfortable as we had no blankets with us. We stayed till 7 1/2 A.M., but no enemy approached.

Thursday 20

Quite pleasant. No news.

Friday 21

Cloudy and cool. Was quite unwell. A Soldier of Co. P. died at Hospital.

Saturday 22

Clear and cold. Burial of soldier of Co. I, under military honors. A sad scene. Still remain unwell, not able to do duty.

Sunday 23

Pleasant. Burial of another soldier of Co. E.

Monday 24

Clear. Pickets were attacked by Hamilton's band of gurrillas. They lost one man taken prisoner. At 10 P.M. we packed up and left for Scottsville to join the Division. Travelled about five miles over a very rough and uneven road and laid down to rest on the ground. The roads were so rough and teams so heavily loaded that it was impossible for them to keep up. Some 4 or 5 wagons turned over which caused considerable delay.

Tuesday 25

Cloudy and cool. Started again at daylight, and marched very slowly, waiting occasionally for the wagon trains. At 4p.m. we halted and encamped on Gen Braggs old campground. Were not allowed to pitch tents as an attacks was feared, consequently had to lie out on the ground as the night before.

Wednesday 26

Having learned during the night that a rebel force was preparing to attack us at the ford across Barren River, we took a southerly course, and instead of going to Scottsville, went in line about half a mile and pitched tents about 4 P.M. I now sit in my tent on Tenn. Soil for the first time. I suppose it is now the intention to go on south and join the Division at some other point, probably Hartsville. We are now short of rations, and some are entirely out in the breadline.

Thursday 27 1862

Clear and cool. Struck tents at 8 A.M. and marched in the direction of Lafayette. We crossed the Tenn. line in Macon Co. did not stop for dinner, but halted and went in camp at 4 P.M. 5 miles south of Lafayette.

Friday 38

Cloudy and cool. Struck tents at 8 A.M. and at 10 captured a Secesh soldier. At noon we met and turned a rebel force of cavalry which had captured some trains out on a foraging expedition. They crossed the hills and escaped with some 3 or 4 men

and 3 teams and wagons belonging to Dumont's Division. Arrived at Hartsville 4 P.M. or rather at the camp on the North bank of the Cumberland River.

Saturday 29

Weather fair. All quiet.

Sunday 30

Cloudy. A very hard rain and windstorm occurred during the night and blew down several tents. Were called out in line of battle but the alarm was accidental.

Monday Dec. 1

Cloudy and cool. Came from tents pretty well sprinkled as our tents were not water tight.

Tuesday Dec. 2

Still cool, dull times. Were called out about 3 o'clock in the morning in line of battle. The alarm proved to come from the shooting of a mule by a picket who supposed it was a horseman who refused to give the countersign.

Wednesday 3 Dec.

Warm and pleasant. Went out on a foraging expedition for corn, hay, oats etc. The most pleasant December day I ever saw.

Thursday 4, 1862

Fair weather. Nothing occurred of importance.

Friday 5 1862

Commenced snowing at 7 A.M. very fast, and continued at times during the day, though quite warm. Commenced freezing at night and was pretty cold.

Saturday 6 Dec.

Clear but pretty cold. Snow melted but very little. A fair winter's day even in Ill. I made up my mind that a little winter came here in the "Sunny South" as well as in other parts of the world.

The diary ends with this entry. On the morning of December 7, 1862, Private Garrison received a gunshot wound in his left arm while in the line of battle. The wrist joint was left permanently useless. He was discharged at Gallatin, Tennessee on January 25, 1863.

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.



CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY FOR DISCHARGE.

(To be used, in duplicate, in all cases of discharge on account of disability.)

Private James Garrison of Captain *Heaves*
Company, (*B*) of the *104th* Regiment of ~~United States~~
Ill Vol. Inf was enlisted by *Capt. Heaves* of
the *104th* Regiment of *Ill Vol Inf* at *Tonico Ill*
on the *eleventh* day of *August* 1862 to serve *three* years; he was born
in the State of *Pennsylvania* is *twenty seven*
years of age, *five* feet *nine* inches high, *light* complexion, *gray* eyes,
light hair, and by occupation when enlisted a *farmer* During the last two
months said soldier has been unfit for duty *days.* (Here consult directions on Form 13, p. 325, Medical Dept. Gen. Reg.)

STATION:

DATE:

Gallatin Tenn
Jan. 25th 1863

E. A. Parne

Brig Gen Commanding Company. Post

I CERTIFY, that I have carefully examined the said *James Garrison* of
Captain *Heaves* Company, and find him incapable of performing the duties of a soldier
because of (Here consult par. 1260, p. 284, and directions on Form 13, p. 325, Med. Dept. Gen. Reg.)

Rifle shot
through left wrist completely destroying the use
of the left hand which he received in the
Battle of Heartsville Tenn.

*Degree of Disability—**one half*

DISCHARGED, this *twenty fifth* day of *January* 1863, at *Gallatin Ten*

E. A. Parne *Brig Gen Commanding the Post.*

NOTE 1.—When a probable case for pension, special care must be taken to state the degree of disability.

NOTE 2.—The place where the soldier desires to be addressed may be here added.

Town—*Tonico* County—*Cass* State—*Illinois*

State of Illinois,
La Salle County,

Certificate of Record of Marriage

I, J. F. Taylor Clerk of the County Court of said County,
hereby certify that Mr. James Eastbrook was married
to Miss Gertrude Minnall in said County on the
2nd day of October A. D. 1873
by N. A. Hobbs a Minister



duly authorized to solemnize marriages by the Statute of the State of Illinois, as
appears by his Return and Certificate of Marriage attached to the License granted
therefor by the Clerk of this Court, and now on file in my office.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name

and attached the Seal of said County Court, at my Office, in Ottawa, this

13th day of August A. D. 1891

J. F. Taylor

Clerk of the County Court

Letters of James and Jerusha Garrison

Redlands, Aug. 30, '93

Dear Father and Mother,

I am anxious to hear how you are all getting along, so will write tonight. I have been watching the Herald very closely, but don't see your names mentioned, so suppose you are all well. We thought a year ago that we would be able to visit you this summer, but owing to the extreme hard times shall not be able to do so. Prices of all kinds of fruits are very low and money is very scarce. There is plenty here but it is not in circulation. How are prices and times in your state? We have our well in running order now. It cost \$750, but that is well, tank, and tankhouse, piping to house and barn, windmill, etc. rather expensive, but it gives us pure water, coming 147 feet and makes it very convenient to have water running under pressure. Is Caroline still visiting there or gone home? Do many people go to the World's Fair from your section? Many have gone from here, but high R.R. notes keep many at home. How are all our people in Union Grove and elsewhere? I had a letter from Angie some time ago and am going to write her soon. I see by the Herald that there are many N.Y. City people in your section. Hettie, why don't you write me more often. You owe me a dozen letters or less. I should be very glad to know how you are all getting along. Jerusha joins me in sending love to you all - We are usually well. Please write soon.

Affectionately yours,

James Garrison

Berkeley, Calif. Aug. 29, 1897

Dear Father and All,

I received a letter from Caroline a few days since saying you had inquired about us, but as I did not know where she was, and had not written to her for some time, think she could not tell you much about us.

We came back to Berkeley in Aug. '95 and Earl commenced his second year in college, but in Sept. and Oct. he had malarial fever which kept him out six weeks, and he did not seem very strong after commenced work again, so he got a year's leave of absence

and we went home in Feb. There was a family in our house so we rented furnished rooms and kept house in a small way until the middle of June this year. We came back to Berkeley so Earl could attend the summer school of six weeks and make up some of his back work. Now he has entered for the year and hopes to graduate in '99.

He has planned his course with a view of taking a medical course after he finishes here, but I don't feel sure that he will do so, for he thinks a business career would suit him quite well. He had some experiences while at home in buying and selling ... and did fairly well.

We have our house rented, and have the place cared for by the day. We took out all our deciduous trees last winter and set grapefruit. Peaches and apricots have been very low the past few years. Apricots brought only ten dollars a ton this year so most people dried them and then sold for less than 5¢ per lb. which doesn't pay. Think they are a little higher now, but it is a good deal of work to dry fruit, and if one has to depend on others to do the work, there is apt to be a good deal wasted.

We had a good crop of seedling oranges last winter, which is the greater part of our orchard, and got a good price, so that altogether they brought us over \$900, more than we have ever received for our oranges before. We had a stone flume built the whole length of the place, a year ago last spring, at a cost of over \$300, so the place can be irrigated more easily, and we try to keep it as I think Jim would like to see it if he were living. He put a great deal of hard work on the place, and thought was getting where he could take life a little easier. Life, and our plans for happiness here seem very uncertain, since our home was broken up. Caroline is left alone too. I am glad she has so many children to look to for company and sympathy. C. writes mother's eyesight is failing, am sorry, does Hettie have any better health now? Does her husband take care of the place? I suppose you are not able to do much work now. I think you and my mother were about the same age. She was born in 1811. She died just four months from the day of Jim's death. Is your eyesight good? We should be glad to hear from you if you are able to write.

With love and kind remembrances to all the friends - Will close -

Affectionately,

J.W. Garrison

Earl Garrison

Earl Garrison, only child of James and Jerusha Wiswall was born in 1874 in Grandridge, Illinois. He moved with his parents to Redlands, California in 1880.

In the fall of 1894 he enrolled in the University of California at Berkeley with a major in Natural Sciences. He was awarded a Bachelor of Science degree on December 16, 1899. He returned to Redlands in 1900 where he supervised his mother's citrus orchard. He was plagued with ill health for much of the time he was in school. He became despondent over something, ill health, a love affair - it is not known. At any rate, on January 23, 1905, he shot himself in the head and died at the age of thirty. No other information is available about this young man, as there were no other descendants of this branch of the Garrison family. Earl is buried next to his parents and grandparents, Jason and Julia Wiswall, in the family plot in Hillside Memorial Park, Redlands, California.

Graduating Class.

The members of the first graduating class at the Redlands High school this year are: George W. Wright, Harold Hill, Fred Ruggles, Earl Garrison, Walter Curtiss, Raymond Curtiss, Miss Lizzie Shorey, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Helen Williams, Miss Christine Lindenberg, Miss Lucy Paine and Miss Alice Paine. The complete program of the exercises will be published next week.

Redlands "Citrograph"

May 26, 1894



The Garrison brothers with their wives, Left to right:
Monroe and Mary, Morgan and Louisa, Aaron and Rosanna



Aaron Garrison

Aaron Garrison was the third son of George and Mary Ann Hallock. He was born on March 13, 1838 in the Redkill area of Greene County, New York. Little is known about his childhood. He probably lived the rather hard life of a country boy in a virgin land. His father and grandfather most certainly needed help with the farm chores as soon as he and his brother James were able. When Aaron was fifteen, his mother died. This must have been about the time he entered Roxbury Academy in the village of Roxbury, New York, to obtain an education beyond the eighth grade. Here he prepared himself for teaching. Before that he had attended the West Settlement School in the Halcott area. In his early twenties Aaron taught school in the West Settlement and in the Roxbury Academy for five years during the winter seasons. This was before he became a full time farmer. At some time in his early manhood, while still living at home, he was occupied as a "wall layer." He is listed as such in the 1860 Federal census.

It has been whispered around in the family that Aaron was somewhat of a hell-raiser in his early youth, but that some time around the date of his marriage he "got religion." At any rate, he became an extremely devout Christian and church member. In fact, so the story goes, the minister often depended on him to supply a missing word or fact during the sermon on Sundays. He served as Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school in the village of Roxbury during this time.

In 1862 Aaron married Rosanna Kelly. Rosanna was the granddaughter of Martin Kelly of the village of Roxbury, and the great granddaughter of Edmund Kelly, a Revolutionary War Veteran from Putnam County, New York. (The story of his war service and life as an early pioneer to Delaware County is an interesting tale in itself. His daughter, Amy Kelly, Rosanna's great aunt, was the mother of John Burroughs, the famous nineteenth century naturalist and author). Rosanna was the only child of Ezekiel C. Kelly and Jane Brown to reach adulthood. Her mother died when she was eight years old, and her father married Sabra Ennist. This second wife

died in 1858 and he married Eliza Hubbard in 1859. So Rosanna had one mother and two stepmothers by the time she was sixteen years old. There were in addition several half sisters and brothers. Her father was active in the Anti-Rent Riots in Delaware County in 1845 when Rosanna was only two years old*. He owned a store in Griffins Corners later in life, and became active in the civil affairs of Halcott Center.

Rosanna taught school for a short time before she and Aaron were married. She is listed as a school teacher, age seventeen, in the 1860 Federal census for Halcott Center. We do not know whether she attended school beyond the eight grade. In those days one had only to pass an oral examination in order to teach.

Aaron and Rosanna set up housekeeping in a frame house in the Redkill area of Roxbury, with Aaron farming. The house had an unusual feature for that era. It had running water in the kitchen. There was a spring in the hill at the back of the house and Aaron piped the water from it into the kitchen. In March of 1865 their first child, Herman, was born. In 1866 their only daughter Bertha was born. Five years passed before another child was born. This was Willie, apparently named for Rosanna's little brother Wilson, who died at the age of two and a half in 1850, when Rosanna was only seven years old.

In 1868 Aaron owned 106 acres in the neighboring town of Ashland, where the family lived for a short time. In the 1870 census the value of this land was estimated at \$10,000, an impressive piece of land for a thirty-two year old farmer to own in those days. An entry in the Deed Book of Greene County shows that Aaron bought another one-fourth acre in the village of Ashland on April 10, 1877. It was bounded "northerly by lands formerly owned by

For appearing disguised and armed in Roxbury and Middletown, the Grand Jury in 1845 indicted Silas Tompkins, Lewis Knapp, Anson K. Burrill, and Ezekiel C. Kelly. This indictment was under a law which had been enacted by the legislature during the session of 1845, making it unlawful to appear in disguise and specifying the punishment in two degrees, first when disguised, and second when disguised and armed. Of the persons thus indicted, Kelly pleaded guilty and was fined \$250. The other three were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to State Prison for two years. p. 251, History of the Century 1797-1897 - Centennial Celebration, Edited by David Murray, LLd William Clark, Publisher, Delhi, N.Y. 1898.

Jonas M. Smith, Easterly by the lands of Levi Ferris, southerly by the Turnpike Road, and westerly by the lands of Michael Kuran, more or less being the same premises conveyed to George A. Matthews by David M. Hyatt by deed dated April 29, 1858." He paid \$400 for it, \$50 plus interest on the whole the first day of April, 1878, and \$50 thereafter annually on the first day of April at 7% interest until paid.

In June of 1878 another little boy, Elbert, was born. However, in the years of the nineteenth century, such happy events often coincided with the loss of other children from fevers, smallpox, and childhood diseases. Such was the case in Aaron's family. On January 5, 1878, the little boy Willie died at the age of five. He was buried in Pleasant Hill cemetery in Ashland. His small tombstone can be seen today on the slopes of a hill overlooking the valley where the Batavia Kill Creek flows. Six days later Aaron sold his quarter acre to a Mr. Samuel Barlow for \$400. In December of 1878 Aaron and Rosanna sold the property bought in 1868 and prepared to move West.

During this time he had heard several times from his brothers Monroe and James, who had moved to Illinois. Monroe had settled in Iroquois County, and James lived in La Salle County. His brother Morgan had also been there for a short time, possibly visiting or helping James after he was wounded in the Civil War. When his brothers told him of the fertile soil in Illinois with "no rocks," he and Rosanna decided to move. Times were hard, and Aaron was in debt. He and Rosanna decided that perhaps they could make a new beginning in the west. Many young men moved west in those days, and many of them were in debt when they left. A goodly number of them never paid their creditors. Aaron, however, paid back every cent he owed, although it took several years.

It must have been with mixed emotions that Rosanna left her home. The area in the Catskills where they lived was beautiful, and she had grown to womanhood there surrounded by the many members of her family. Perhaps one of the most difficult things for her was to leave her baby Willie buried alone on the hill. Records have it that the family left in February, 1880.

Whether the Garrison family left by train or by wagon is not

known, nor do we know from which town they left. The railroad to Griffins Corners was completed in 1871, and they may have gone by train from Griffins Corners to New York City, there to take the train west to Chicago, or perhaps they went by stage to New York. There was a two horse, three seated spring wagon stage which went from Delhi to New York City, at least until the arrival of the railroad. From Chicago they must have taken the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes Railroad to Milford or Wellington, Illinois.

Aaron purchased eighty acres in the Wellington district of Iroquois County, not far from where his brother Monroe lived. His first farm was rundown and infested with rats. The whole family worked very hard to improve the place. Because the land was "wet prairie," or swampland, it was necessary for them to build miles of tile ditches to drain off the water in the spring. It was all done by hand. As the winter snows melted, the roads were a morass of mud. The family was sometimes marooned for weeks by the impassable roads. As soon as the first grass appeared in the spring, the plowing season began and continued until the middle of the summer. However, the land was flat, fertile, and without the many rocks that had made farming difficult and less productive in New York. It had a certain beauty, with great natural meadows called "prairies," where the bluestem grass grew from five to six feet high in the early days. Indian corn was the main crop grown. Very little wheat was cultivated.

During their first year in Illinois another tragedy befell them, for their little daughter Bertha contracted tuberculosis and died on October 7, 1880. Her small gravestone is in the Sugar Creek Cemetery in Stockland Township near Milford, "aged 14 years and 7 days."

At the end of six years they sold their first farm and purchased acreage across the road and west a few hundred feet. Then the work had to begin all over again. However, the family had profited from the move and were able to improve this farm to their financial advantage also. Sometime during these years Aaron taught school at the Pleasant Hill school west and adjacent to the first Garrison homestead. This supplemented the farm income.

On December 10, 1884 another boy was born. They named him

Lloyd. Although he was very tiny and weak when born, Rosanna was able to save him, and he lived to grow up, the last child in this family.

In the winter the children took turns staying downstairs by the stove, feeding corncobs into it all night to heat the house. The staple of their diet was buckwheat pancakes. A bowl of starter (sourdough) was kept on the back of the stove. The children had to eat a certain number of pancakes with gravy before they could have one with syrup. In the east the syrup was sometimes pure maple, but in Illinois it was sorghum.

The family conformed to a rigid schedule of hard work and long hours six days a week. There were cows to be milked, farm animals to be fed, and crops to be tended and harvested. During the harvesting season, work was done in a cooperative manner among the families of the township. In 1880, Mr. A.B. Decker of Prairie Green owned a threshing machine. He would thresh throughout the local area for so much per bushel. On the morning of the threshing run, the engine crew would arrive about four in the morning to fire up the engine which pulled the separator. Presently the teams with racks would come, and the bundle pitchers would position themselves in the fields ready to pitch the bundles in the fields up to the men on the racks. The bundles were then pitched into the separator where the oats were threshed and the straw blown into stacks. The men or "scoopers" on the horse-drawn box wagons would then scoop the grain from the separator and it would be stored in the barn or granaries. Each farmer provided the coal to run the engine plus enough additional for the machine to reach the next farm [12].

Threshing day was an important day on the farm, and a busy one for Rosanna and her neighbors. To hear the steam engine coming down the lane, watch the horses and wagons at work, was most exciting for the children, but to slide down the freshly blown stack of straw must have seemed pure bliss for them. There were often twenty or thirty men to feed at midday, so that Rosanna and her female relatives and neighbors were busy for several days before the threshing. They baked pies, churned butter, killed chickens, and prepared roasts of beef. On the morning of the threshing day salads and butter were stored around a large chunk of ice put in

a wash tub. Home-made noodles, freshly dug potatoes, and fresh vegetables were also a part of the menu. Corn shelling was done in a similar manner, but usually in the winter months.

On Sunday absolutely no work was allowed, even cooking. All the food to be eaten on Sunday had to be prepared on Saturday. Everyone had to go to two church services and Sunday school. They were not allowed to entertain themselves in any way except to read the Bible. For most of those years the only other book in the house was Pilgrim's Progress. On Wednesday evening everyone went to prayer meeting. Here people got up and told how they might have sinned, a sort of public confessional.

The family had a mule that turned a grindstone to grind feed for the cows by walking around and around in a circle. Every morning six days a week Aaron's son Herman had to go and catch the mule who led him a merry chase. But, according to Herman, every Sunday morning without fail the mule stood docilely by the house contemplating the Sabbath.

Herman, and later Lloyd, protested so many hours of church-going, but Aaron told them that they had to do as he directed until they were of age. Indeed Aaron's intense concern with religion drove all the children away from the church. At the age of twenty-one they dropped it for the rest of their lives. Rosanna found some solace to her hard work and rigid schedule on Sundays by having a hobby that must have been an unusual one for a farm wife in those days. She did some oil painting.

During these early years, when Aaron was struggling to repay his debts, he was a severe husband and father who did not take kindly to opposition. Occasionally he used physical force to get obedience. These stories of Aaron in his younger days make painful reading to his grandchildren, who remember him as a kindly, gentle old man, doting on them, and bringing them oranges when he came to Sunday dinner. However, they persist, through the lips of Lloyd's wife as told to her by his son Lloyd, so there must be some substance to them. He apparently learned to control his considerable temper in later years, but not without it taking some toll on Lloyd.

An interesting but somewhat flowery account of the Garrison family was published in 1893 in the Iroquois County Portrait and Biographical Record. It contains the following information:

"In 1880, Mr. Garrison purchased 80 acres of partially improved land, which he now has under a high state of cultivation. It is one of the best developed farms in the community, and all its appointments seem complete. In 1892 Mr. Garrison erected a large barn, 28 by 38 feet, with an L 24 by 26 feet. His present home also has been erected since he located on the farm. He is a careful and methodical business man, whose enterprise and industry have won for him a comfortable competence. (He) and his wife are faithful members of the Methodist Episcopal Church... He has served as Steward and Trustee of his church, and has been Superintendent of the Sunday school for four years..."

The church which he and his family attended was the Pleasant Hill Methodist Church, which was constructed in the early 1880's about seven miles northeast of Wellington, in Prairie Green Township. The structure is still standing today, although not in use.

Aaron also served the community as Justice of the Peace in 1893 and again from 1897 to 1899.

In 1898 the family moved again, this time to Milford Township, where Aaron purchased eighty acres in Section 25 of the Township. When they lived there, the house had an orchard between the house and the creek. It is gone now. The house was quite spacious with a wide veranda on the front, and inside a gracious stairway and bannister leading to the second floor. It was surrounded by trees, some of which are still standing today, and was a place of considerable charm. It is now deserted.

In 1889 Aaron and Rosanna's first grandchild was born. He was the son of Elbert, and was named Percy Everett Garrison. Elbert was attending Dixon College in Iowa where he met Edna Putt, a seventeen year old teacher. The young couple and their baby lived with Edna's parents until after the second child, Helen, was born. The two were a stunning couple, judging from a picture taken in the early 1900's.

On April 27, 1905, Rosanna Garrison died. She and Aaron were living in Urbana, Illinois, possibly because Lloyd was attending the University there, or because she had relatives living there. She was ill only four days. She was 62 years old. Aaron was filled with grief, and immediately began to set his affairs in order. He expected and wished to join Rosanna "in Paradise" soon.

It was two years later that Elbert died, and Aaron was left to raise Percy, who was not yet eight years old.

According to his granddaughter, this was Percy's preference, that he live with his grandfather. The decision was made at the train station when his grandfather took Percy, Helen, and Edna to the train after Elbert's death. He was prepared, reluctantly, to go with his mother, but when asked, decided to stay with Aaron. So Edna took Helen to raise, and left Percy, to all intents and purposes rejecting him.

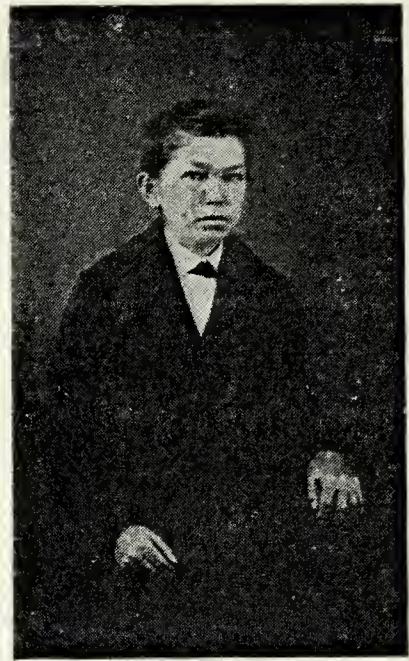
In July, 1916, Aaron and Percy left Illinois and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, where Lloyd had settled and married. Percy attended the University of Utah, and shortly thereafter enlisted in the Army in World War I. Aaron, although relatively well-off, having sold his farm for a considerable amount of money, lived with a Mormon family in one room not far from the center of town. He did invest some of his money in property in the Salt Lake area, which Lloyd helped him to manage. As in previous years, the center of his life was the church, and he became an active and beloved member of the Grace Methodist church on the west side of town, teaching Sunday school well into his nineties. In World War I, Lloyd was in the army overseas, and he prevailed upon Aaron to stay with his wife, her mother, and his granddaughter Barbara to "look after them." This Aaron did dutifully, but he was happy to return to his own room much closer to his church as soon as the war was over.

In 1928 the entire church gave him a ninetieth birthday celebration, and each Sunday school class presented him with a gift. I can remember it as being a very special occasion. By this time, the man with the reddish beard and fiery temper was a gentle, soft spoken individual with a white beard. He still kept his strong views about religion, however, and considered it a sin to dance or play cards on Sunday. He was adamantly opposed to the use of alcohol, and worked most of his life for passage of the Volstead Act. It must have been a great disappointment to him when it was repealed in 1933.

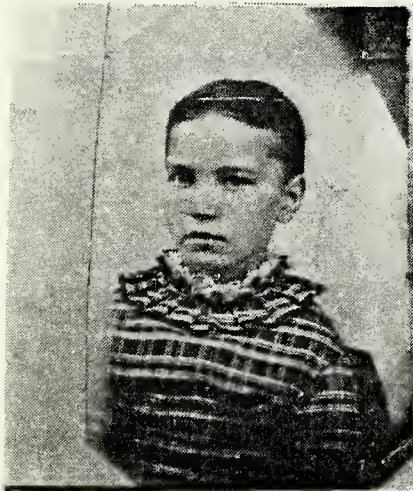
In 1932 Lloyd and his family moved to Los Angeles. The smoke and high altitude of Salt Lake City were causing extreme discomfort for Lloyd, who was suffering from emphysema. He confidently expected that his father would move with him, but Aaron refused to



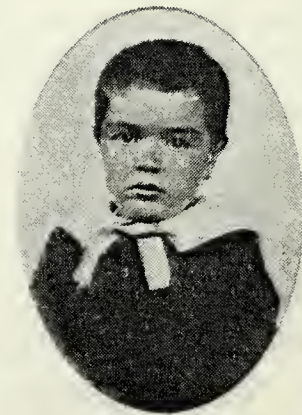
Rosanna Garrison



Herman Garrison



Bertha Garrison



Willie Garrison

leave his church. This was quite a blow to Lloyd, and made it difficult for him to leave. Aaron remained busy, however, attending church activities, and walking several miles into town every day. Finally, on the morning of May 7, 1933, after an illness of about a month, he passed away, with his son Lloyd, weeping, at his side. He was buried beside his wife, son, and daughter, in Sugar Creek Cemetery in Stockland Township, near Milford, Illinois.

Aaron Garrison, Delaware Co. Teacher, Now in Utah

**Once Taught School in Fleischmanns — Celebrated His
Ninety-Fourth Birthday March 13**

From Fleischmanns Cor.

The older residents of this vicinity will be interested to hear that Aaron Garrison of Salt Lake City, Utah, who during his younger days lived here, celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday on Sunday, March 13.

Mr. Garrison is well and enjoys living. He takes a long walk every day, attends church service every Sunday morning. For several years past the people of his church have celebrated his birthday but this year it was rather a surprise to him as he had been invited to a birthday dinner at the home of a friend who had said she would invite in just a few of his friends but he heard nothing more of his birthday until he got to church on Sunday morning. After the regular

service they placed him in a chair at the altar railing and the whole congregation, old and young, big and little passed by and shook hands with him. Then the minister asked him to tell his religious experiences from the time he joined the church sixty-seven years ago. He told them a little of the work he had done in the church and Sunday School. At the evening service the minister asked him to repeat his talk of the morning. He was presented with a large birthday cake, candies and several potted plants.

There are several of the older people now living in this vicinity who have attended school where he was the teacher. Mr. Garrison is a brother of Mrs. Julia Brown of Fleischmanns, and has several relatives living in this neighborhood.

Herman Garrison

Herman Garrison, the oldest child of Aaron and Rosanna Garrison, was born in the town of Roxbury, New York, on March 25, 1865. He was named for a neighbor.

His earliest recollection was of floating peacefully down the creek (they called it a "crick"), on his back looking up at the sky. He was jerked back to reality by his father. He had almost drowned. He was about two years old.

He enjoyed long walks with his dog, throwing rocks for him to retrieve. In the Catskills every spring before planting could begin, whole families had to walk back and forth across the fields picking up the rocks that had been heaved out of the ground in the winter.

In 1879 when his family moved to Prairie Green Township in Iroquois County, Illinois, Herman had to work very hard beside his father to put their first farm in working order. The first year the family lived in Illinois Herman was saddened by the death of his little sister Bertha. In later life he could never speak of her without getting tears in his eyes. She was fourteen years old at the time of her death.

Herman had a secret desire burning within him. He wanted to go to college. When he was twenty-three years old he persuaded Aaron that he had gotten "the Call." This could not be denied, and so he was allowed to go to Illinois Wesleyan College to study for the ministry. He had not finished high school, so he took a few courses and examinations to make up his entrance requirements. As was customary in those days his studies concentrated on Latin, Classical Greek, and of course the Bible. In his later years of agnosticism he enjoyed confounding people who tried to argue with him by showing his vast knowledge of the Bible. He could also quote from memory long passages from Virgil's Aeneid which he had memorized in college (just for fun, he said).

In his last year of college he transferred to De Pauw University in Greencastle, Indiana. His classical Greek professor there gave him a letter of recommendation on his graduation in 1892 stating that Herman was the most outstanding scholar he had ever taught.

Herman later recommended to his daughter Rosanna that the way to get good grades was never to study for final examinations. He claimed that during final exam week he never opened a book, but went bicycling and botanizing around the countryside, and early to bed.

At about this time he became interested in plant study, and it was a life-long hobby with him. He was especially interested in collecting and identifying the many species of grasses on the Illinois prairie. Around this time too he read Darwin's Origin of Species and was quite interested in the controversy surrounding it. It led him to an interest in natural sciences that he enjoyed all his life. It probably also contributed to his parting with the conservative church of that time. He followed the Scopes trial avidly.

He had an interesting philosophy of no regrets for any decisions made in life. He said that if you "could do it all over again" as people often wish, you would do exactly the same thing again because the decisions one makes are made from the sum total of life's experience. Therefore he believed that if you "had your life to live over again," you would do everything exactly the same. It was a fatalistic attitude, but it certainly gave him a very calm and serene outlook on life. He claimed that he never worried about the future, and never regretted the past.

Upon graduation Herman broke it to his father that he did not want to be a minister at all, (an Uncall?) and he got a job teaching school. After two years in rural schools, he had to return to the farm to help his father, and he farmed for ten years.

In 1893 Herman visited the Colombian Exposition in Chicago. He was very impressed with the city, especially with the beautiful sand dunes along the shore of Lake Michigan. The area around the exposition site, now Jackson Park, at that time was all wild sand dunes, all the way to the Indiana line and beyond. When Herman was able to return to teaching, he got a position at a little town called Hegewisch. It is part of Chicago now, but was then in the sand dunes. From here he could get on the South Shore and South Bend Railroad and quick-

ly be in the Indiana Dunes. This began his life-long love affair with the Dunes.

He soon decided to take the examinations that were required to teach in Chicago. He was told that the exam had lots of questions about music and children's literature. Aside from playing the fife by ear, he knew nothing about music. He got the music teacher at his school to coach him every evening for a week or two, and he memorized all the key signatures and scales. He got 90% on the test. He did well on children's literature also, where he listed twenty books suitable for elementary school by listing four or five he knew (mostly Mark Twain), and completing the twenty by making up the rest of the book names and authors. He was assigned to teach Latin and algebra at Medill High School in the old Jewish neighborhood near Maxwell Street market. Many of his students there went on to make a mark in Chicago politics, sports, and music.

In 1912 a woman physical education teacher was assigned to the school, one of the first women P.E. teachers in Chicago. Her name was Grace Bindeman. She was a graduate of Kendall College of Physical Education, and had been probably the very first woman to teach P.E. for the Chicago Park District. Herman invited her to go on Sunday hikes and picnics in the Dunes. They rode out on the South Shore Line, and to return late on Sunday night, they flagged the train with a lantern provided at the Tremont station. This line is one of the last electric interurban trains in the country, and it still has a station marked Hegewisch.

Herman made quite a practice of taking newcomers to his beloved dunes, so Grace did not think of this as a courtship. She was quite surprised one Sunday, therefore, when he brought her a beautiful diamond ring. When she acted non-plussed, he said, "Well, shall I take it back?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "I'll keep it!" So that was how they got engaged.

They were married on July 6, 1914, in an informal ceremony at the regular Sunday afternoon meeting of the Wesleyan Bible Class at Warren Avenue Methodist Church. When class was over,

the minister asked the people to remain in their seats a moment, and Herman and Grace walked up to the front, and that was it.

Herman decorated the room by himself with tiger lilies he picked in the Dunes. All the guests went about smelling them, and everybody got orange-colored noses. When the minister pronounced them man and wife, Herman turned to the audience and asked all the young ladies who had gone on picnics and hikes with him to stand up. There was a great rustling of skirts, and he had to start explaining to his new bride before they had even left the church.

He also teased Grace by telling people that the reason he chose her was because she was the only lady that he could be sure had pretty legs. At work she wore voluminous black gym bloomers, and thick black stockings.

In 1916 Grace resigned to have their daughter Rosanna. Herman continued at Medill for many years. Enrollment declined and the school became less and less academic. He taught comp-tometry, bookkeeping, office practice. Finally he had to transfer to Lane Technical High School, the largest school in Chicago. Here he taught algebra and geometry until his retirement in 1935 at the age of seventy.

During their early married life Grace and Herman spent every summer travelling in the United States. Grace complained good naturedly that before Herman married he had never been anywhere but the Indiana sand dunes (she had been to Europe twice), and that afterwards he wanted to be on the go all the time.

They honeymooned in Yellowstone Park in the days of the big open motor sightseeing busses. Their next two summers were spent camping in the wilds of Canada. Grace did not enjoy the rigors and isolation the summer she was pregnant. In 1917 they camped at Poncha Hot Springs near Salida, Colorado, and their daughter Rosanna learned to walk in the Rocky Mountains. Then there were many summers camping in northern Wisconsin at Blaisdell's Resort, Long Lake.

Herman's wanderlust was put on wheels with the purchase of a model T Ford touring car in 1920. This was the well-

known "Flivver" that put most of America on wheels. Rosanna had a suspicion in later years that perhaps Herman had to buy it because when the car salesman demonstrated it in Douglas Park, Herman ran it into a cement lily pond and damaged the front of it.

For the next trip to the North Woods Herman made for Grace a lovely rack to hang her pots and pans on. It was attached to the back of the car on the outside. At five o'clock one June morning they started out with a bang and a clatter just like the old-time tinkers. Rosanna remembers that although she was only four years old she was terribly embarrassed, and happy that no one else in the apartment building was up to hear them leave. After a few miles of the banging, Grace said it had to come inside.

In 1926 Grace rebelled at so much wandering, and they bought a little log cabin at Five Lakes Club near Spooner, Wisconsin. Here Herman really enjoyed his pursuit of natural science. Every visitor was taken to beaver dams and crane rookeries. Rosanna was coached in finding her directions in the woods, and they even spent a night at the beaver dam hoping to see the beavers at work. (But that night only the mosquitoes were at work.)

On one trip the beavers had backed the water up under the road, but as the road was made of logs laid crosswise (a corduroy road), they were floating, and it looked safe. Herman drove across and the Buick fell through into the stream. He had to walk several miles and get a farmer with horses to pull it out. Rosanna and her girl friends made the most of the interlude by swimming au naturelle in the stream with a lookout posted.

One summer the California clan (Lloyd's family) spent some time at the cottage. Rosanna and Barbara resumed their teen-age confidences, and Jack caught a fish. There was some sort of contest to see who could drink the most milk, which was brought from a farm in tin pails warm and unpasteurized. Lloyd and Herman said it was just like they had when they were boys. When all the Garrisons went all out to see who could drink the most milk, it would have been easier to have brought the cow

home and have Herman and Lloyd milk it (just like when they were boys)!

When Herman was in Chicago, he had a little workshop in the garage. He had it in mind to invent a canopener that would work better than any on the market. The garage was filled with drawings and experimental models. Finally he had it! The family entrained for Washington D.C. to go to the patent office. As befitting the family of an inventor, they traveled in a compartment, and took their meals in the dining car. Alas, when Herman went to the patent office, someone else had already designed one too similar to his. Coming out of the clouds, they returned to Chicago in the day coach with a picnic box, stopping overnight once at a small town hotel. Rosanna thought the whole thing rather strange, but had no feeling whatever that one way of travel was any better or more comfortable than the other.

Herman still persuaded Grace to travel occasionally, especially less rugged trips to the East. They went to the ocean in Maine, and to the New England mountains. When he was about seventy-five, Herman climbed Mount Washington, alone. He came down in the dark with a worn-out flashlight. It was pitch dark. At one point he thought a tall man was standing in the trail ahead of him. He called out, "Hello, who's there?" and the figure dropped down on all fours and ran away. Due to Herman's age, his trip was written up on the front page of the local newspaper.

After his retirement Herman got interested in real estate. He bought several rental properties in Chicago. He did his own repairs on the buildings, painting and even tuck-pointing on high extension ladders, to the consternation of the neighbors. Once he put a plank out from the second floor roof, weighted down on the inner end so that he could tuckpoint the chimney. When he walked out on it and the neighbors were scandalized, his only comment was, "They just don't understand the laws of physics."

In his spare time he continued his hiking and even took up jogging. He went to Columbus Park every other day and ran

around the cinder track noting his time on a stop watch. All his life he had a set routine of hiking five miles every day, ten miles once a week, and thirty miles once a year. He kept a log in a little notebook to make sure he didn't cheat. Gradually of course, he couldn't do it all, but it was mainly because his eyesight failed, not his legs.

His last years were spent helping his daughter and son-in-law on the farm, doing lots of flower gardening. He would bring back huge bouquets to his friends in the city. He enjoyed his grandchildren and loved to buy things for them. One of the first gifts was a big television so that they could look at HowdyDoody. It seemed strange that he thought T.V. so important, because Rosanna swears they were the last family in Chicago to have a radio when she was a little girl.

Herman passed away at the farm in June, 1958 in his ninety third year. - In accordance with his life-long wish, his body was willed to Northwestern University Medical school.

A memorial stone has been placed in Sugar Creek cemetery at Milford, Illinois, next to a similar one for his brother Lloyd, and next to the graves of his parents, his brother Elbert, and his beloved little sister Bertha.

- Contributed by Rosanna Garrison Anderson

Rosanna Garrison

Rosanna Garrison was born on the west side of Chicago on January 11, 1916. Father Herman was 51 years old - a doting father. He carried Rosanna all over, even to his school one day to show her off to the teachers. As soon as possible, he took her around the neighborhood on a little sled. One day she rolled off into the snow and he never noticed it. Fortunately a passer-by told him.

Rosanna's earliest recollections are of camping trips to Northern Wisconsin, at first by train with all the camping gear in the baggage car. When she was four years old, Herman and wife Grace bought a model T touring car, the famous "Flivver," and after that the trips were in style. At that time the roads in Northern Wisconsin were mostly sand tracks, and the car often had to be pushed over hills. Rosanna has a clear recollection of once climbing into the front seat and pulling down the spark lever while Dad was cranking the car. The memory is vivid because of the unaccustomed words he said in a loud voice when the jolt almost broke his arm.

On one trip Herman attempted to teach Grace to drive, but she could never master shifting with the foot pedal. On one country road she pushed the pedal into reverse instead of low, and the car went tearing backwards down and off the road, across a shallow ditch, through the fence and into a chicken house. The recollection is clear of the exciting climax of white feathers flying in every direction. Grace never would drive again for years afterward.

In 1923 the family graduated to a big Buick touring car with isinglass side curtains. It was broken in by taking a trip to Salt Lake City to see Lloyd and his family, and Grandpa Aaron. Broken in is the right term as the car broke down regularly throughout the trip. At one point they spent several weeks in a small town hotel in Colorado while a new axle was shipped out from Detroit.

Another adventure was sleeping in the car all night at the foot of the Berthoud Pass because the Pass was impassible due to rain the night before. The "gumbo" road was filled with cars

stuck in the muck. Each one had to be pulled out by teams of horses.

Rosanna looked forward to meeting her Grandpa Aaron who had visited them only once when she was six months old, but sent her pretty books of the Bible stories every Christmas. He was so happy that she was being sent to a Methodist Sunday school. For the visit Herman had insisted that Rosanna's hair be let grow, and it was below her waist. It was supposed to please Grandpa, and what a disillusionment when all he said was, "My, that must be hard to comb." To add to the disappointment, Nancy Ruth had her dark shiny hair cut in the latest fashion for little girls... short, with thick straight bangs, like "Baby Peggy" and Colleen Moore. The highlight of the trip for Rosanna was finding out that she had a boy cousin and a girl cousin almost her own age.

Aaron had just returned from a trip to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon with Lloyd who, in his position as state engineer, had been surveying to put roads into what was almost an unmapped wilderness of desert. Aaron offered to guide Herman and Grace to the Wiley Camp on the North Rim. He asked only that perhaps he might have a pup tent, because he slept out in the open when with Lloyd, and one night a bear had gotten into his bed before he did. Rosanna remembers being frightened at the confidence that Herman placed in Aaron as he told them to turn this way and that on myriads of sand tracks that wandered here and there over the desert, and of being rather surprised and definitely relieved when they did arrive at Wiley Camp. There were other adventures such as going part way down in the canyon with a pack train, sleeping on a narrow ledge, and finding mountain lion tracks right next to their bed rolls in the morning.

Beginning in 1926 there were peaceful summers at the log cabin in Wisconsin. Here Rosanna learned to swim, taking it seriously, and going on to High School and College swim teams and competition in Central AAU, collecting a few medals. This and Grace's enjoyment of her work motivated Rosanna to major in physical education at Chicago Teachers' College. When the drastic financial cut-backs of the late thirties caused P.E. to be eliminated, she changed to biology at the University of Illinois, and graduated with honors in June 1937. Then she taught biology

and general science in Chicago high schools for eight years.

In 1942 she married Arthur C. Anderson, also a Chicago teacher. He had already joined the army, and Rosanna traveled with him until he went overseas. He later attained the rank of major. One post was desert tank training in the California desert, and they had a chance to visit the California Garrisons Christmas 1942. After the war Rosanna and Arthur had five children: Donald Bruce, born in 1947; Lloyd Garrison and Paul Evans, twins, 1949; Margaret Grace, 1950; and Arthur Hugh, 1953.

In 1953 they bought a farm near Frankfort, Illinois. Arthur operated the farm and commuted to Chicago where he was administrator of the Audy Juvenile Home. The children helped raise Montadale sheep and showed them at county and state fairs, winning lots of ribbons and trophies. When the children began going away to college, they sold the farm and moved back to the city. Rosanna and Arthur are now retired from teaching, but help son Paul with his confinement hog farm in Iroquois County. The farm is not far from the first Garrison homesteads that Nancy and Rosanna visited in 1978.

Summer weekends are spent in a log cabin in the Michigan Dunes at a camp founded by some of the same people that Herman hiked with in the Indiana Dunes so long ago. We have come full circle!

Children of Rosanne Garrison and Arthur C. Anderson

Donald Bruce Anderson was born in Oak Park, Illinois, on January 12, 1947. He graduated from Peotone High School, Peotone, Illinois, and DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana. He majored in economics and mathematics.

He taught school in Chicago for nine years. During this time he completed his MBA at Northwestern University, graduating with honors in May 1979. This same month he passed the CPA exam and in June started working for the Arthur Andersen accounting firm.

Bruce and Penny Perham were married in June 1973 at Hinsdale Unitarian Church. They have one daughter, Morgan Kelly, born on May 20, 1979.

Penny and Bruce's hobby is collecting and restoring antiques and old houses. They live in an old Chicago neighborhood called Logan Square, in an art nouveau apartment building that they have lovingly restored. It was featured on an architectural tour in May 1981.

Bruce also runs two or three miles several times a week.

Lloyd Garrison Anderson was born in Oak Park, Illinois on March 26, 1949. He attended Peotone High School, graduated from Hinsdale High School. He attended San Diego State University for one year, and graduated from the University of Illinois, Chicago campus, majoring in English literature.

In March 1970 he and JoEllen Rys were married at Hinsdale Unitarian Church. They have two boys, Timothy Michael, born August 12, 1972, and Peter Rys, born June 22, 1975.

Lloyd is a resource consultant for the Cook County Department of Welfare. This involves research into cases, and legal investigative work. When the Andersons lived on the farm, Lloyd helped with the farming, raising and showing prize Montadale sheep. Now that he is a city person, his hobbies are sports, gardening, carpentry, and auto repair. He plays in a softball and a touch football league, and coaches and referees in boys' leagues.

Paul Evans Anderson was born in Oak Park, Illinois on March 26, 1949. He attended Peotone High School for three years and entered Depauw University under an early admissions program, graduating in 1970 with a major in English. He spent one semester in New York City in the Great Lakes Association of College Arts Program, studying creative writing and publishing. He has had his poetry published in Paris Review, Out There, and Oink. He has given poetry readings at University of Illinois, and two Chicago clubs, Body Politic, and Kingston Mines. He also taught Freshman English for a year at the University of Illinois Circle Campus.

Paul and Lianne Scher were married December 2, 1977 at her home, and they have one daughter, Sarah Jaime, born December 8, 1978. They are farming in Iroquois County, central Illinois. They have a hog confinement operation that raises about 2000 hogs a year. Paul likes softball and basketball but doesn't have time to play in a league.

Margaret Grace Anderson (Meg), was born in Oak Park, Illinois, on September 13, 1950. She graduated from Hinsdale High School, and the University of Illinois, majoring in elementary education. She received her master's degree in special education from Northeastern University, Chicago, in 1975. She taught emotionally disturbed children at Ridgeway Hospital school, Chicago, for six years.

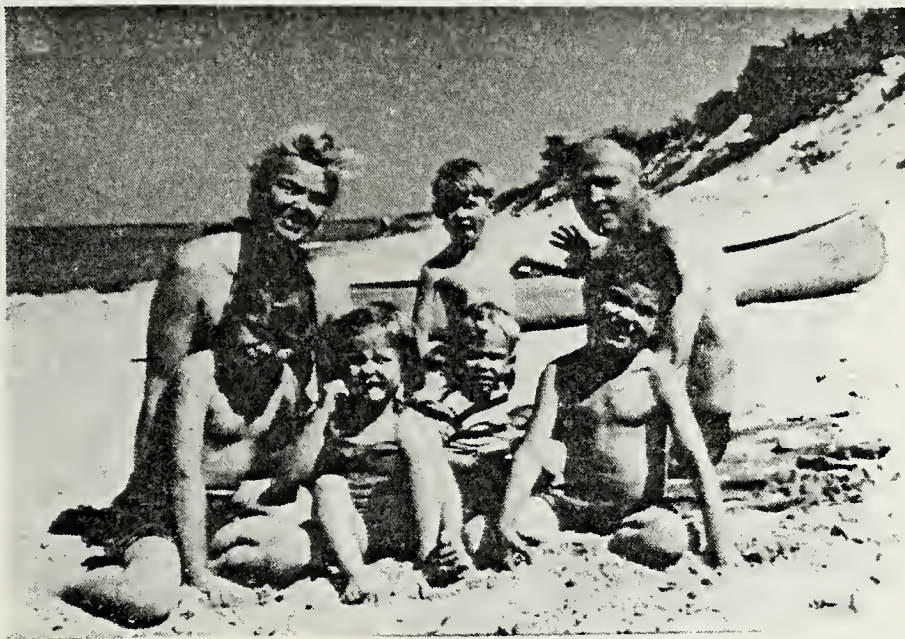
In September 1971, she and Agapito Soriano were married at the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago. They have one son, Arthur Anders, born June 22, 1979. The couple has recently separated.

Meg's hobbies are cross country skiing, bicycling, and camping. She also plays the guitar, and sings in her Episcopal church choir.

Arthur Hugh Anderson was born in Oak Park, Illinois on January 30, 1953. He graduated from Hinsdale High School, and the University of Chicago, majoring in Russian language and literature. In high school he won honorable mention in the National Merit Scholarships, and got a perfect score (800) in the history section of the SAT.

Arthur works for the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Chicago, with temporary duty recently in Miami, Florida.

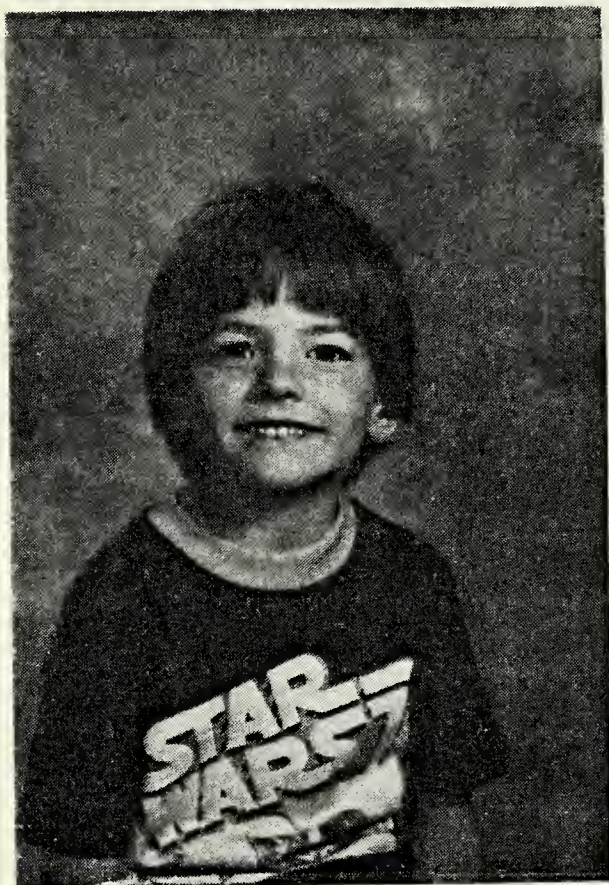
His hobbies are reading, especially history, political science, and science fiction, and traveling.



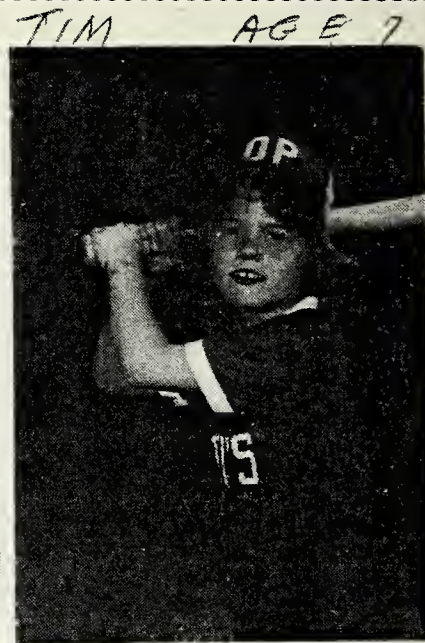
Rosanne Paul Art
Bruce Meg Arthur Lloyd
about 1955



Left to right: Penny (Bruce's wife), Donald Bruce,
Margaret (Meg), Rosanna, Arthur Hugh, Arthur C.,
Lloyd, JoEllen (Lloyd's wife), Paul, Lianne (Paul's wife).



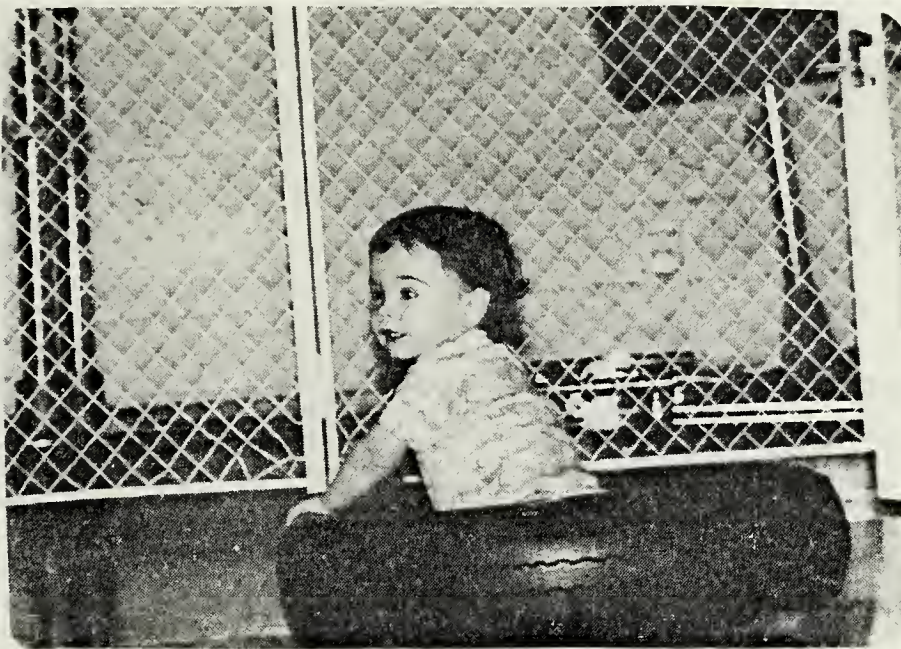
Timothy Michael Anderson
1979



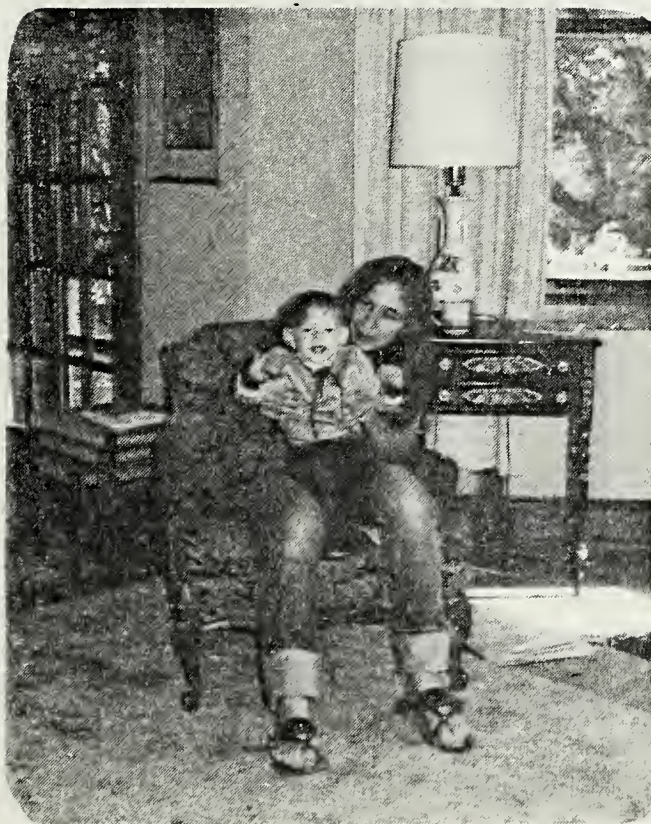
Peter Rys Anderson
← 1980



Morgan Kelly Anderson
1980



Andy Soriano
1981



Sarah Jaime Anderson with
mother Lianne, 1980

Elbert Garrison

Elbert Garrison, second son of Aaron and Rosanna Garrison was born on June 8, 1877 in Ashland, New York. He moved with his family to Illinois in 1880 where he grew to manhood. He attended Dixon College in Iowa. He married Edna Putt, daughter of Charles Putt. He and Edna were the parents of two children, Percy Everett Garrison, born on October 16, 1899, and Helen Garrison, born in 1900. Elbert attended the University of Illinois in 1905. It is believed that he taught school for some time. Not much is known of this young man as he died of tuberculosis on March 17, 1907 at the age of twenty-nine. His wife Edna raised his daughter Helen, and his father Aaron raised Percy.

Percy Everett Garrison

Percy Everett Garrison, the son of Elbert and Edna Garrison, was born on October 16, 1899 in Urbana, Illinois. After Percy's father died he lived with his grandfather Aaron. They lived at Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, then moved to Salt Lake City, Utah where they lived and farmed on the west side of town. Percy attended West High School. They lived a very frugal and strict Methodist life.

Percy served in the infantry in World War I and was sent to France. He went to the University of Utah and studied engineering, and to the Colorado State Teachers College. He taught school for a short time, possibly a year (Red Mesa in Delta, Colorado). He married Eudora Yoland Bond, daughter of Franklin Bond and Florence C. Hallock, on January 27, 1922 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Percy and Eudora (Dora) were the parents of four children, Helen Florence, Robert Aaron, Everett Frank, and Richard Elbert.

The family moved to Los Angeles in 1926 where Percy worked in the oil fields and then as a street car conductor. He saw a Civil Service announcement for a Weather Bureau position, took the examination and served in the Weather Bureau in Red Bluff, California, San Pedro, California, Reno, Nevada, Salt Lake City, and Winnemucca, Nevada, where he was working at the time of his death.

He and his family enjoyed camping and fishing activities with

other families. He loved to read, which he did orally to his children as Dora knitted. (Dora is an accomplished knitter and has made many beautiful things for relatives and friends). Percy also enjoyed doing wood work, some of which his family still enjoys today. According to his daughter Helen he instilled in his children a love of the outdoors which is with them still, and a great love of books and all things beautiful.

Percy died on June 30, 1956 and is buried at Grants Pass, Oregon. Dora still lives in Winnemucca, Nevada, near her sons Everett and Richard.

Helen Garrison Walgren

Helen Garrison Walgren, named for her father's sister, is the only daughter of Percy and Dora Garrison. She was born on November 15, 1922 at Delta, Colorado. She was married to Paul C. Walgren on December 27, 1943 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She worked as a telephone operator after her marriage until she joined Paul at Bremerton, Washington, where he was in the Navy in World War II.

Paul worked as an engineer for American Telephone and Telegraph Company for thirty-five years, then as a Staff assistant for Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah for three and a half years.

The family has lived in Kansas, California, and Utah. They are the parents of ten children: Cheryl Ann (Walker), who lives in Missouri, Janet (Tomaszowski), who lives in Utah, Rebecca (Wikle), who lives in Utah, Paul, who lives in Wyoming, Barbara (Wardle), who lives in California, Patricia (Huntwork), who lives in New Mexico, David, who is in Germany, Cynthia (Adams), who lives in California, and Catherin and Richard, who live in Utah.

Helen and Paul are the proud grandparents of twenty-six children.

Robert Aaron Garrison Family

Robert Aaron Garrison, the first son of Percy Everett Garrison and Eudora Yoland Bond was born on June 17, 1924 at the family home in Delta, Colorado. He went to school in Red Bluff, California, San Pedro, California, and Reno, Nevada. He took several courses through the Marine Corps Institute.

In 1942 he enlisted in the Marine Corps and fought in nine campaigns in the Pacific in World War II. He was wounded seven times. He was decorated with the Navy Cross with one Oak Leaf Cluster, Bronze and Silver Stars, Presidential Citation, and Purple Heart. He went to Korea in 1950 and was in four campaigns there. He was wounded with a bayonet in the arm and side. He received a Presidential Citation from Sigmund Rhee, President of Korea.

On June 15, 1946 in Salt Lake City, Utah, he married Jack-quetta M. Edward. Jackie was born in Ogden, Utah, and educated there. She was civilian supervisor of the women at Fort Douglas, Utah, when they met. She is now the vice-president of Conn Instrument Case Company in Los Angeles, California.

Bob and Jackie have three children:

Steven Charles, born on November 25, 1948, in Salt Lake City.

Steven went to school in Utah and California, and spent four years with the Coast Guard. He went into police work after he was discharged. He is now with the police department of Elko, Nevada. He was married to Ula Monroe on April 2, 1977, at Winnemucca, Nevada. The couple have no children.

Peggy Lea, born in 1954 at Salt Lake City, Utah. She was schooled in Salt Lake City, Logan, Utah, and Los Angeles, California. She was named after her grandfather, whose initials were P.E.G. Peggy served an enlistment in the Marine Corps. She married a boy she knew in the service and has a son, Christopher Aaron De Loria, born in 1974. Her marriage fell apart and ended in divorce.

Lori Rae, born in 1963 in Glendale, California, where she attended school. She has not decided what she wants to do with her life. At the present time she lives at home with her parents.

Bob and Jackie live in Saugus, California.

Everett Frank Garrison

Everett Frank Garrison, second son of Percy and Dora Garrison was born in Los Angeles, California on November 27, 1926. He joined the United States Navy during World War II and was stationed in the Pacific. He married Edith Hayes on March 25, 1960 in Boston, Massachusetts. The couple live in Winnemucca, Nevada. They have no children.

Richard Elbert Garrison

Richard Elbert Garrison, last child of Percy Everett Garrison and Eudora Yoland Bond, was born in Red Bluff, California on November 1, 1931. He was married to Janet Marie Nielson (born in Pallen, Iowa, February 29, 1932) on September 7, 1957 in Glendale, California. They have one daughter

Kelly, born on October 13, 1965 in Glendale.

The family lived in Glendale until 1980. Richard worked for the city of Glendale as a truck driver for five years, then went to work for Los Angeles County Flood Control District as a Dam Operator. He worked at Devil's Gate Dam and Coswell Dam. He worked for the county for eighteen years until California's Proposition 13 caused many lay-offs in jobs, including Richard's.

The family now live in Winnemucca, Nevada, where Richard drives a beer truck for L.W. Peraldo Company.

Richard spent two years in the Nevada National Guard, and four years in the United States Navy.



Dora and Percy
Garrison
about 1921 -1922



Helen Garrison
Jones 1912



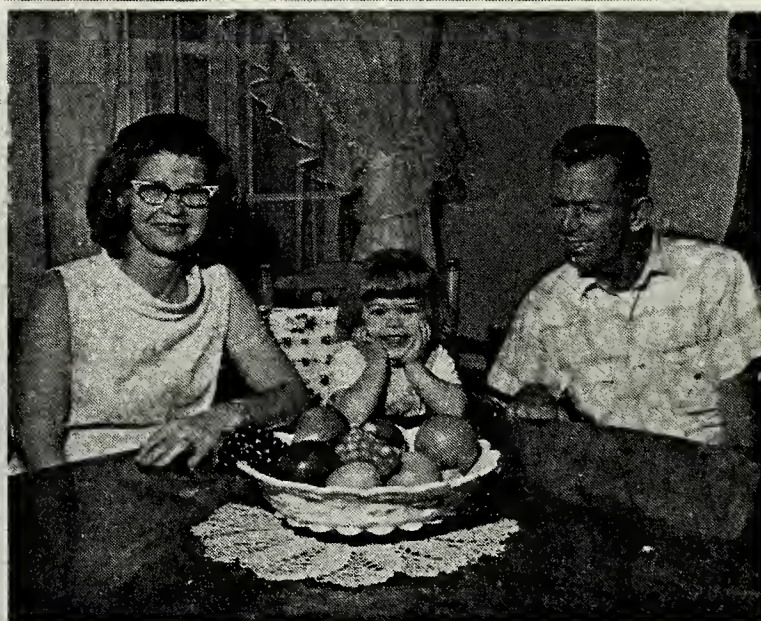
Helen Garrison and Paul Walgren
with parents, December 27, 1943



Everett Garrison



Robert and Jackquetta Garrison
June 15, 1946



Janet, Kelly, and Dick
Garrison



Steven Charles Garrison



Peggy Lea Garrison



Lori Rae Garrison



Christopher Aaron De Loria

Helen Garrison Jones

Helen Garrison, the only daughter of Elbert and Edna Garrison was born on October 3, 1900, probably at the home of her Grandmother and Grandfather Putt in Iowa, where her parents were living. She was a pretty girl with a warm and winning personality, and when she died in Spokane, Washington on January 2, 1929, it was considered a great tragedy. She had gone there, to a clean, cool climate to try to recover from tuberculosis. She was married about 1926 or 1927 to Dr. Clifford Jones, who knew of her illness and wished to take care of her. Dr. Jones never married again after Helen's death. He lived and practiced medicine in Santa Barbara for many years.

Among her things found after she was gone was this poignant poem which has been saved all these years:

Though I am beaten
Nobody shall know -
I'll wear defeat so proudly.
I shall go
about my business
As I did before
Only, when I have safely
Closed the door
Against you and the rest,
Shall I be free
To bow my head -
Where there is none to see.
Tonight I'll shed my tears;
Tomorrow, when
I talk with you
I will be gay again.
Tho' I am beaten
Nobody shall guess
For I shall walk
As tho' I knew success.

Lloyd Garrison

Lloyd Garrison, fourth son of Aaron and Rosanna Garrison, was born at Wellington, Illinois, on December 10, 1884. He was extremely tiny and weak, not expected to live, but his mother was determined that he not die. Without bathing or cleaning him after the birth, she wrapped him immediately in a warm blanket and had him laid on the open oven door. He remained there for five days. As he was too weak to nurse, she dripped milk into his mouth from a cloth.

Despite the fact that he was my father, I know relatively little about his childhood, as I was only eighteen when he died. I can remember his telling stories of living on the farm, and that it all sounded fascinating to us, his city-bred children, but few of those stories remain in my memory today. He helped with the various farm chores, with the plowing and the harvesting, and had a favorite horse, Old Dick. One Sunday when he was very small he was accidentally left at the church after the morning services. The family returned home, and the minister locked the church. Lloyd was unable to get out, and was found only when the church was opened again for the evening service. He attended the Pleasant Hill School in Prairie Green, a one-room schoolhouse near his home. He went to high school in Milford, and was the valedictorian of his graduating class.

In his first summer out of high school he got a job as a telephone lineman. His first day on the job he climbed a telephone pole without instruction and promptly slid down the pole on top of a barbed wire fence. Despite this unfortunate beginning he found the work extremely interesting and decided on an electrical engineering course in college.

He enrolled in the University of Illinois in 1903 on a partial scholarship. He was the president of the Electrical Society and manager of the first electrical show held by the engineers at the University. He was invited to become a member of Eta Kappa Nu, an honorary engineering society. He received a B.S. in Electrical Engineering in 1907. In 1911 he was awarded a Professional degree in Electrical Engineering.

He left the University "with his chin in the air, his chest expanded, and fifty dollars in his pocket, bound for the west."

His first job was with the Denver Gas and Electric Company. He remained with this company until 1912 when he took a position with the Utah Power and Light Company in Salt Lake City, Utah.

In June, 1911, while vacationing in Utah with another employee of the Denver Gas and Electric Company, Raymond Dresser, he was introduced to this young man's sister, Evelyn Dresser. He was smitten greatly and immediately, but did not win the lady's hand until July 9, 1914, when they were married in Salt Lake City at the home of the bride's parents. Their children were Barbara Josephine, born in 1917, Ruth Eleanor (Nancy Ruth), born in 1920, and John Dresser, born in 1922.

Lloyd studied law during this time and was admitted to the Utah bar in 1916. His military service also occupied much of his time from 1913 until 1919. He joined the Utah National Guard and was sent to the Mexican Border in 1916 to patrol the border. He served in the 145th Field Artillery in World War I and was sent to France in the summer of 1918. His unit, although well trained, never saw action, and he was discharged in 1919 with the commission of Captain of Artillery. Except for a very short time after the war he remained in the National Guard for the rest of his life, despite some initial bitterness over never having seen action in France. He served in the Cavalry on the Mexican Border, the Field Artillery in World War I, and in the Engineering Corps after the War. In 1927 he requested transfer again to the Field Artillery Reserve, and remained in this unit until his death in 1939.

In 1924 he was appointed State Engineer of Utah by Governor Charles Mabey. In this position it was necessary for him to determine water rights on streams and to adjudicate water rights, or speak before local citizens, often in central and southern Utah. His wife Evelyn accompanied him on some of his trips. They would drive down from Salt Lake in their Model T Ford, sleep in sleeping bags, and the next morning Lloyd would dress up and give his talk on water problems and rights, or hold office hours for local citizens. Such informal traveling was not uncommon in those days in the west, and suited them well, for they both enjoyed driving, hiking, and camping.

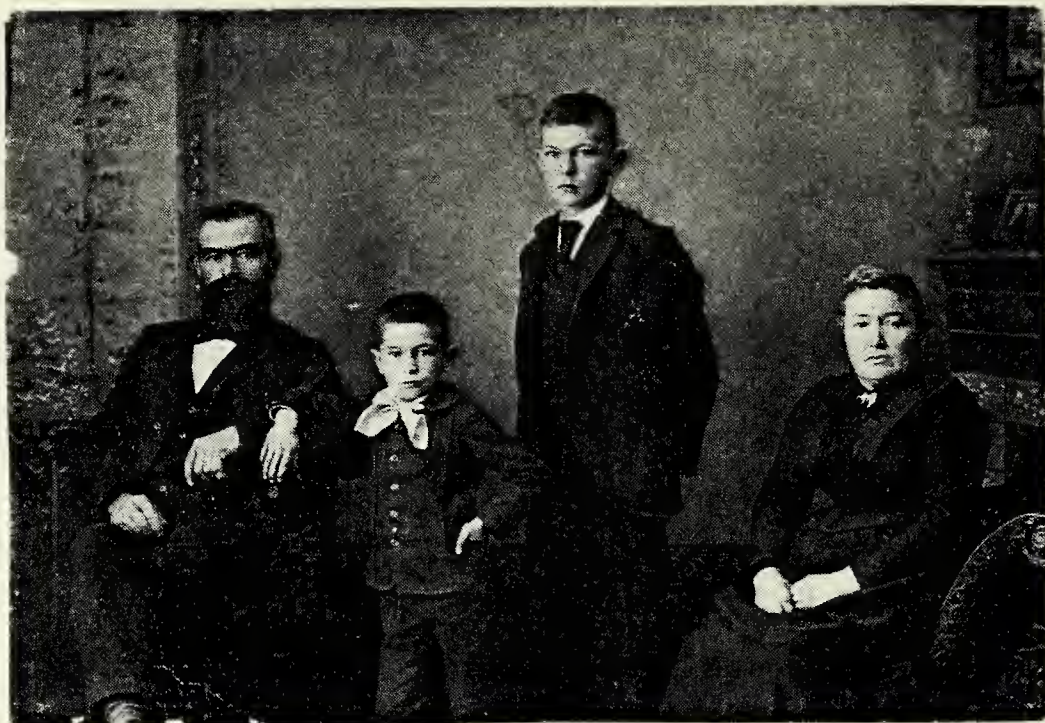
During this time he was concerned also with the reclamation

of the Great Salt Lake Basin and the development of the Colorado River. The Salt Lake Basin project was authorized by the Congress, and provided for the reclamation of thousands of acres in that vicinity. Lloyd was one of the early movers of this project, and was very active in obtaining the necessary appropriations and in working out the organization of it. As State Engineer he was one of five members of the Commission to develop Hoover Dam.

Lloyd was always interested in mechanical work and in building things. He invented a mechanical stoker for use in residence heating, and for a few years in the 1920's he manufactured and sold them. In 1926 he sold the rights to it for a handsome profit.

In 1931 he moved his family to Los Angeles, so that his children could attend the University of California there, and also because his health was beginning to deteriorate. He suffered from emphysema, and it was thought that the warmer climate and lower elevation would be better for him. His health did not improve, although he was more comfortable in California. He was never able to work again, but he studied for the California bar, traveled some with the family, and kept busy with many mathematical and physics projects, as well as perfecting different inventions for his home. Finally it was too much, and he died on June 16, 1939, less than a month before the silver wedding anniversary of his marriage.

In accordance with his wishes, his ashes were scattered in the California desert near Palm Springs, California. He loved the desert in life, and this was at that time a sparsely populated area of great beauty. In 1980 a memorial stone was placed in Sugar Creek Cemetery near Milford, Illinois, next to a similar one for his brother Herman, and next to the graves of his mother, father, brother Elbert, and sister Bertha.



Aaron, Lloyd, Elbert, and Rosanna Garrison



Evelyn Dresser
Garrison, 1907



Lloyd Garrison
1917

Family of Barbara Garrison and Anthony Smith

I was born on February 2, 1917, as politicians debated whether or not to enter the European war. Evelyn and Lloyd wanted children and had been disappointed once, so the little brick bungalow on Redondo Avenue was filled with joy, although Evelyn feared it was selfish to bring a baby into so troubled a world. Lloyd was a Reserve Officer. When we entered the war he was called up for training, going to San Diego and then to Oklahoma. Evelyn and Barbara visited him in San Diego. Finally he was sent to France, but to his disappointment arrived too late to see action. As he remained there, after the Armistice, the baby grew into a toddler and Evelyn coped alone with the baby. She wrote that Barbara needed the firm hand of a father to help guide her, and eventually he came home to his welcoming family. History doesn't often record the problems of families reunited, but the big stranger who was used to army discipline and unused to small children must have been overwhelming to Barbara, who had known only her mother's gentle ways. It's certain that Lloyd believed children had to learn unquestioning obedience, lest they grow up untamed, and in her tiny desperate way she resisted. Evelyn was troubled, but stood aside.

Grandpa Garrison, who as a father had not himself spared the rod, had become a saintly gentle man in his old age. He had loaned them money for the house and, wanting family, he often took the streetcar to visit, both before and after Lloyd came home-- indulging the baby, holding her on his lap as he read the newspaper. When she pointed to a symbol and queried "da?" he unfailingly answered with its name. One day it was discovered she knew the alphabet.

Grandmother and Granddad Dresser decided to live near their much-loved daughter. Lloyd bought a small frame building that stood unused about a block away. It was moved across the field by a system that seemed magical to Barbara: a donkey, pulling a rope, walked round and round a post, and the house, attached to the rope, inched slowly across the fields. Once she sat in the doorway and rode along. The circular paths, worn by the poor animal, could be seen long afterwards. The grandparents were a

poorly-matched pair at that point in their lives: Grandmother was a manager, Granddad was a dreamer. He loved to make up stories for the child, and was a wishful half-believer in reincarnation. He talked philosophy to her as though to another adult, and read aloud from a murky but fascinating book of stories-within-stories, with dark Victorian drawings: The Arabian Nights. Grandmother was hard-of-hearing and strict. She treated both of them rather as people who didn't know much about the should and should-nots of the world. More and more Granddad retreated to his farm in Delta. One of Granddad's hands had been crushed in a printing press, so that only the thumb remained. Her grandparents handicaps seemed natural to Barbara. Some people had different kinds of hands, some people couldn't hear very well. She didn't see why her playmates were awed.

One late fall day, when Barbara was almost four, Granddad took her for a walk to the creek that meandered through the grounds of the nearby State Penitentiary and on down into Sugar-House. When they came back her mother was in bed, in the middle of the day, and in a basket beside her was a red-faced squirming bundle. A new little sister! By the time the baby was a year old Barbara had come to realize that Ruth was a serious and, in her view, pampered rival for her parents' time and affection. Those early years were hard for both of them. The toddler was docile, dainty, and cute. It didn't seem very long after that when, one hot August day, Granddad and Barbara took that same walk, while Grandmother watched over Ruth. They sat under the trees, where Granddad became absorbed in a book. The child wandered away and arrived home, to find another fascinating bundle- a boy!

Looking back, I think I rather expected babies to keep on appearing indefinitely, and, when older, was sorry they had not. My friends were all Mormons, from large families, and although they accepted me I felt left out of much that mattered - the Friday evening "Ward Nights," a social time for all the family-- and their mysterious religion. Christian Science seemed drab by comparison. My friends told me that when the Angel Moroni's trumpet summoned them to heaven I would be left behind to burn.

This was not an appealing prospect, yet it seemed as unlikely as Santa Claus flying through the air on a sleigh, to slide down a narrow chimney. Nor did the esoteric profundities put forth in my own Sunday School seem much more plausible. At the age of twelve I told my mother I no longer wanted to ride across town on the streetcar, to spend Sunday morning in a basement with strange children, reading from boring books. To my surprise she accepted this. That was the end of organized religion for me, except for a brief encounter with the Epworth League in my middle teens - a group that was eventually dissolved by the Methodists as having been less effective in enticing new members to the church than in bringing teen-aged members of the opposite sex together. It was there I met Jim Whitworth, my first boyfriend. Long years later I joined a Unitarian Fellowship.

When I was about eight my tonsils were removed. The anesthetic was unexpected and terrifying, but when I woke up there was a lovely little doll with a china head and real eyelashes. My throat was too sore to talk, and for a day or two I received a lot of attention. It was almost worth it.

My school friends lived one or two blocks away, a distance that in the early years seemed great, and going there required special permission. Before I went to school I had an imaginary playmate named Bom, and the fields around the house were full of treasures. When the snow melted, the violets pushed their way in clumps through the damp earth. These were followed by a few rare buttercups. Then the white cups of Sego lilies spread across the fields, tossed by the wind, sometimes gathered by intruders who came to pick. During the long summer vacation the sunflowers grew tall and bloomed - small or large - depending upon the rains that came to soak the dry earth and paint rainbows in the east. I could see right through the colored arches where they touched the ground, only half-way to the corner. Yet when I walked to that place they always retreated before me, no matter how fast or far I went. One year the sunflowers grew so thick and high the children made secret paths through them, connecting hidden rooms. Other years we outlined playhouses on

the ground with the stones that lay about. There were also many flowers that grownups didn't see, being too high up and busy: tiny pink stars, spring mosses, and storks' bills, whose seed pods looked like the head of a stork.

In the spring the birds arrived: robins, meadowlarks, and always the gulls from Great Salt Lake. The rosy-throated western bluebirds nested each year in the birdhouse Daddy built above the summerhouse. In hot years the baby birds came out before they could fly well, and in the morning their feathers would have been scattered across the grass by our pets. We always had cats and otherwise loved them, dressing the more docile ones in doll clothes and trying to push them in the buggy. Once I was given a little puppy, but my sister was still in diapers and nobody (least of all little Ruth) knew whose the puddles were or who should be punished. So my mother gave the puppy to some passing boys.

The eaves of our house were filled with Virginia creepers, where the sparrows nested, but my father - having grown up on a farm-- considered them pests and put out poisoned wheat. The eaves also welcomed the wind that whispered and shrilled on stormy nights, driving us deeper under the covers.

In the early years the gypsies would sometimes pass through, with carts and horses, to camp upon the field. The Lincoln Highway, U.S. 30, the first transcontinental route, passed by a block to the south. Once President Harding traveled along it, in open touring car, waving. Occasionally we would find arrowheads, fashioned by travelers from a far earlier time. Twice Rosanne Garrison and her parents visited, also camping in the field. One windy day a great tumbleweed blew from the north and settled near the house. I loved this visitor, but my father burned it lest it seed a patch of thorns to catch in our clothing the following year. Yet, in spite of enjoying the out-of-doors, once I learned to read I spent most of my childhood curled up on the window seat, finding broader vistas. When I was around eleven someone gave me The Biography of Marie Curie. Now I knew what I wanted to become-- a scientist! For my birthday I asked for a microscope, but received instead a magnifying glass my father

had owned as a boy. It was a disappointment. They found me unappreciative. My mother and I were close during the early years. Once I remarked, "We're not very pretty, but we love each other, don't we?" Our cousin, Isabel Hemingway had died and left two young boys, and I felt that if I lost my mother the world would come to an end.

When I was around ten my Grandmother took me on a train trip across Nevada and through the Feather River Valley in California to visit relatives in Oakland. Some six years later the whole family traveled by car for a whole summer. Among other adventures we saw national parks, visited our mother's brothers and their families in Pittsfield and Keokuk, and visited our father's brother and his family near Chicago after seeing the World's Fair. Getting acquainted with the cousins was the best part.

Winters were cold, but fun for children. With permission we could take our sleds to the ravine to coast. We made snowmen. One year there was a deep snow, a thaw, and a freeze. The crust was hard and Lloyd and the children made an igloo big enough to crawl into. When we walked to school after a blizzard the drifts were sometimes higher than our heads, but the snowplow cleared the sidewalks. Sometimes our mother made a kind of ice cream by pouring syrup over the snow, but if it had been there a long time the surface was speckled with soot from the coal smoke that poured out of the chimneys.

It seemed there was never quite enough money. Our parents often worried together, in hushed asides. Daddy was an engineer by training and a clever tinkerer, who kept devising new ways to solve problems for fun or household help: a pulley system to open the garage doors, a hand-built radio. One of the big household chores of the time was shoveling coal into the furnace so that the fire wouldn't go out and let the house get cold. It meant trips to the basement during the day and sometimes in the middle of the night, accompanied by muffled words that children were not supposed to hear. He invented an automatic stoker that carried chunks of coal along a chain into the fire. This process was started periodically by a timer, and there were great numbers of cheap alarm clocks sitting about in his shop at the back of the

garage - to play with if we were careful. At first Lloyd manufactured the stokers himself, then he sold the patent. This windfall was fortunate: he was beset by increasing shortness of breath and attacks of gasping, an ailment for which the doctors could find no cause. Maybe something had happened in the service. Possibly it was the coal smoke or an allergy.

Off to the east rose the Wasatch mountains, whose familiar contours seemed like living creatures. After we bought a new Model T we would go Sunday driving into the canyons. Our parents leased a lot in Millcreek Canyon, and Daddy built a cabin. It had a porch extending out over the rushing creek. My bed was there - a sweet-smelling straw pallet from which I could watch the stars appear over the hill, to drift across the luminous dark. Daddy had a telescope and had pointed out the constellations. I wanted to be an astronomer. Rocky steps led down to the stream, where we filled our pails with fresh cold water. Unfamiliar plants grew on the shady banks, washed by the spray, and we transplanted clumps of moss to line fairy grottoes.

When the depression came money was as scarce as ever. Once a long line of people stood in front of the bank in Sugar House, waiting to draw out their savings. When the money was all gone the bank closed its doors, as did many others, and the people who were left lost all that they had laid by for unemployment or old age. After the crash some of the family members decided to invest in the stock market, thinking it had hit bottom, and, when the downward slide continued, urgent telegrams were sent to Grandmother, asking to borrow money. Fear came to the door with the messenger on a bicycle who brought those yellow envelopes. Sometimes they told of births, but more often of death or disaster. A few of the extended family still prospered and boxes of hand-me-downs arrived every once in awhile. Even as an adolescent my party frocks usually were out-of-style formal dresses, bought by women my mother's age. But it was many years before I noticed or cared what I looked like.

On Redondo Avenue we had no near neighbors other than our grandparents. When I was around eleven Granddad died. In his absent-minded way he had not noticed the streetcar coming up the

track. Grandmother went to stay with one of her sons and their house was sold to the Nortons. These new neighbors had a two year old I loved, and about a year later they had twins. I learned baby-sitting there, and Mrs. Norton, to my astonishment, treated me as a companion rather than a child.

Garfield school was pleasant, and proud of my talents (which did not include athletics!) but Junior High was a nightmare for a girl who was much less mature physically than any of the others. After my eighth grade year we moved to Los Angeles, hoping the temperate climate would help Lloyd's health. I entered Alexander Hamilton High School, then shining new, but now run-down and beset by gangs. At sixteen I went to Santa Monica Junior College, to take secretarial training and some college courses. It was a short walk to the beach, unfashionable then, deserted in winter, but congenial in its grey, melancholy stretches. At Santa Monica I met Glen Alder. We were close then and after we transferred to UCLA. After his junior year he went on to Berkeley, to take an Air Force ROTC scholarship. Later he was killed in Manila, during the first days of the war, trying to get to his plane. I have wondered how many of the young men who passed in the halls or sat beside me in class were similarly sacrificed. But in the 1930's war was far away and the campus was radical and pacifistic. I became interested in journalists and philosophy graduate students, and believed there were easy answers to social questions. My brother and sister and I grew closer, and dinner became a time of merriment.

In 1938 I graduated and found a rare job, for the munificent wage of \$90 a month, as receptionist in the legal department of the Southern California Gas Company. I thought of moving away from home to a Bohemian area on Beacon Hill, north of town, but I was unsure of myself and my mother opposed my leaving. That year our father, who had pulled away more and more into the world of his illness and the treatise on theoretical physics he was trying to write, finally died, his heart giving out after years of fighting to keep him breathing. We had known for years this must be coming, yet it shocked us all. That fall I went with a Sierra Club group to scale Mt. Whitney. On the way home we heard on the radio that

war had broken out overseas. I had been saving money to go to Europe, to bicycle about and stay in Youth Hostels. Now everything was changed, and after a year at the dead-end job, I entered graduate school in psychology, supporting myself as secretary to a professor. I received 40¢ an hour under N.Y.A.-National Youth Administration; the students Job Corps of the day, part of Roosevelt's New Deal, ("That man," as my father called him).

Budding psychologists were required to take advanced mathematics and statistics. In the fall of 1940, on my way from the beginning calculus class, I often passed another student, who was going to the advanced class. He would nod at me, rather stiffly. One day I said, "Don't you ever smile?" and he replied, "not unless I feel like it." But later he invited me to go roller-skating and helped me with my math. By mid-year we had become lovers. War was in the air again, and in the urgency of the times graduate students were marrying as never before. In June Tony and I drove to psychology meetings in Berkeley, and then on to Carson City, where we were married. Gladys and Jack Erwin, his mother and stepfather, loaned us the car for the trip. That summer I stayed with Tony on weekends at their home. They were warm and friendly. My mother, who always said, "There are three things in your life you must do right: be born, be married, and die," put on a proper church wedding for us in August. Nancy (Ruth) thought Mother would rather have believed her rebellious daughter was living in sin than that the show was for nothing. Only decades later did we tell her of the earlier ceremony.

We moved into a little house on the side of the hill in Beverly Glen canyon, not far from school. In December the Japanese came over Pearl Harbor. We continued on with our studies, but, despite doing well, I was not taken very seriously by the professors or by myself. The only clear choices for women then were to be spinsters and have careers (and there were able women like that at the university) or to marry and become mothers. (To marry and be "barren" was not a choice. It meant that one was less than a woman, an object of pity. At any rate, I had always wanted to have a great brood of children, like the champions who were pictured in the Salt Lake Tribune). Tony was re-

jected by the Army because of albuminuria, and passed his preliminary examinations for the PhD. He started gathering data for a dissertation. There didn't seem a lot of reason for me to keep going to school right then, and I was a little afraid of some of the hurdles. When some of the women we knew appeared with bulging tummies, I cried. Yet I never "chose" to be a mother instead of being a scholar. It was with little realization of the way our lives would be changed that we decided to start a family. Carol was born on July 24, 1944. She was everything we had always wanted.

When Carol was six weeks old Tony left for a temporary position at the University of Minnesota, where he would work very hard, teaching regular classes and an extra one for the Navy, and writing his dissertation. I stayed on in Los Angeles, with Mom and Nancy. It was a leaden household. Nancy's husband Hugh was in the Air Force, finishing his training, soon to be shipped overseas. Our brother Jack was also in the Air Force, receiving varied sorts of training, but apparently also destined for active service. Except for short errands I left the house only twice, once to take Carol for a checkup and once to visit the University to show her off.

After six weeks Tony found an apartment for us on the first floor of an old house. Carol and I flew to Minneapolis, getting "bumped" off the plane on our way, staying overnight somewhere in Iowa. The chairman's wife at the University sent me an ivy plant as a welcoming gift and, naively, I put it out to get sunshine. It froze. Our California car couldn't handle the cold and Tony walked to the University, shopping at a neighborhood grocery on his way home. It was a chore to wrap up the baby and push the carriage through the snow, and I knew no-one, so most of the time I stayed home. That fall my mother visited and we went on the streetcar to hear Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Another time we saw Porgy and Bess. There were classes at the University I longed to take, but they might as well have been on the moon. That year I read two books, as the dirty dishes piled up and I wondered what had happened to my life. But our baby was delightful: healthy, bright, very active and curious, with eyes like great blue saucers.

That summer my sister Nancy came to stay with us and attend summer classes. It was there the telegram came to tell us that her

husband had crashed, just a month before the end of the war in the Pacific. She left for Hawaii, to be with Faith, Hugh's mother.

In August we were sent to Los Angeles, where Tony defended his dissertation, and then to another temporary job, at the University of Illinois. Tony looked for a place for us to live, and finally found a two-room apartment in a converted old house. In the meantime Carol and I stayed in Hammond, with Thorpe and Emajean Dresser and Tommy, who was five months older than Carol and even more lively. The two were very ingenious in thinking up mischief. Once I went to Chicago to shop, a trip of several hours, while Emajean watched the children. When I returned Carol was sitting in the highchair eating supper. It seemed strange; I had never been away from her for so long before. Without my seeing it happen my baby had become my whole life.

In Champaign the "Y" offered a parent-training class, which was oriented around forming a mothers' cooperative nursery school. There I met other young mothers. That summer the little school opened and I began to have uninterrupted moments to do with as I pleased. Carol was two. We visited the Dressers again, and in September we went to the University of Kansas, in Lawrence. We lived in a motel until Christmas vacation when the conversion of old barracks into faculty housing was completed. I was offered a position in the Home Economics Department while they searched for someone with a degree, teaching a three-hour class in Child Development and working part time at the university nursery school-which Carol attended, and hated!

Remembering the mothers' cooperative in Illinois, I sought out an interracial friendship group I had read about in the paper, and put a proposal before them. The University was willing to offer a training course through the Extension Division, and in the summer of 1947 the Lawrence Community nursery school was opened - now the oldest mothers' cooperative in the country. We made many friends among the group. That year the university hired me full-time, so we put off having more children. Then in May, 1949, Ricky was born- a robust, energetic baby. Now we had one of each sex and might have stopped, but big families were the norm and my heart was set on four. Remembering my years of being tied to the

house I decided to have two children assembly-line fashion. By the time Ricky was a few months old and weaned I had regained my strength after the Cesarian section, and when he was a year and a half old Laurel was born, in December 1950. She was a quiet baby, but unusually precocious.

By that time we had left Sunnyside, the housing project where many of us met friends we knew forever after, and had rented an old house on Illinois Street. Tony became chairman of the department and was very busy. When Laurel was two I decided that, since I was spending full-time with the children anyway, I would have a nursery school of my own and hire someone to do the housework (which was never my forte). This was a satisfying project. In addition to the morning group I had seven children all day, and took them many places in our station wagon. Included were Rela and Michali Sobol, who came from Israel so that Ronnie, their father, could get a doctorate in psychology. They were our friends from then on, and during a sabbatical leave in 1970, Tony taught at Tel Aviv University, where Ronnie was chairman of the psychology department.

We had always loved contemporary houses with big windows - like the house in Tarzana where we had lived during our last year at UCLA - and in 1955 we built the house on Sunset Drive. When the children were all in school there came a time for confrontation and reassessment and, after painfully changing directions several times, I again entered a degree program in psychology, at the University of Kansas. In 1962 the whole family went overseas for a sabbatical year. Tony was a U.S. Public Health Fellow, studying group process at the Tavistock Clinic in London, and I attended classes there and sought psychoanalysis from a rather celebrated figure. The children were enrolled in British grammar schools. During the second semester Carol, at 17, became an "occasional student" at the University of London, attending graduate classes. She went to Egypt on an archeological tour and "dig" -- while the rest of the family spent the Easter holiday traveling to Israel to visit the Sobols. During the Christmas vacation we had gone to Switzerland, where Carol had been hospitalized with mononucleosis and the younger two had seen the Matterhorn. During the summer

holidays we all traveled to Scandinavia. Rick's life-long love for travel began during that year. Laurel, immature for her age, as I had been, felt rather lost during much of that period.

Carol was dissatisfied with Lawrence. The previous year she had gone to visit her grandmothers and then stayed on in San Diego with Jack and Phyllis Garrison, who made her part of their family. She attended Grossmont High and was active in the theater. Grossmont and Lawrence High vied to graduate this National Merit Scholar. Then, during the spring semester she attended KU.

After our return from England Carol again went to the University, but when President Kennedy was killed she and Hildreth Hocker decided that the United States was unacceptably violent and they would go to Israel and join a kibbutz. They took a bus to New York, where they waited in a cheap hotel in the Puerto Rican district for Hildreth's passport to arrive, and toured the city on foot. Pinkertons' found them there and Tony and the Hoeckers flew to New York to bring them back, but the following semester Carol went to Los Angeles to stay with Grandma Evelyn and work at the telephone company to save money to go to UCLA. After she entered the University she moved to a dormitory. In her Arabic class she met Robert Shahin, Iraqi-born, whose father had come to this country to do graduate work at Harvard, and had then brought his family here. Bob and Carol moved into an apartment in Santa Monica and Carol took part-time work as a topless dancer, wearing a bikini bottom and her Phi Beta Kappa key. She graduated in Near Eastern Studies and accepted a Fellowship at Harvard for the fall. However, once back there, she became lonely for Bob, resigned, and returned to UCLA to enter the M.B.A. program, while Bob attended Law school. Soon they were married. After they finished their programs they took a motor cycle tour of the U.S. and settled in New York City, where they both worked for large firms. The glamor faded for Carol and she became captivated by biology and a book by Rene Dubois, and decided to go into medicine. They wanted to settle in Los Angeles eventually, so in 1973 Bob went out to live with Grandma and to start his own law firm in Century City. Carol graduated from New York Medical College and took an internship and psychiatric residency at UCLA. In July, 1976, Anisa was born - a curly-headed doll who fulfilled a long-held dream for her new grandmother. Suheila was born in November,

1978, with eyes like Carol's saucers, but liquid brown.

Rick and Laurel each went to the University of Kansas for two years and were caught up in the restlessness of the Vietnam generation. During this time Rick fell in love with a young Finnish girl, Paula Erama, who lived with the family of Rob Backus, his friend and neighbor. Eventually she went back to Finland, but Rick had become even more interested in foreign countries. For his "Junior year Abroad" he went to Loyola University in Rome, but dropped out the second semester and traveled around Europe. That summer he met Tony in Israel and they journeyed to Europe, meeting Laurel in Athens. Barbara was teaching at Washburn University and working in a mental health clinic, and could not get away for only two months, so she met the family in Venice and they traveled together through Central Europe and to England. On the way to Copenhagen they dropped Rick by the side of the road, with his backpack and sleeping bag, not knowing it would be over a year and a half before they saw him again. He traveled about Europe for awhile. The last letter the family received came at Christmas time, when he was driving a truck for the Bundesposte in Frankfurt. In the winter of 1972 the Federal Republic of Germany rounded up wandering young Americans whose visas had expired and sent them home. Rick arrived in New York City in the middle of the night and called his sister, setting everyone's minds at rest.

The year 1973 was full. We had many visitors: Mom and the Shackletts, Bob and Carol, Thorpe and Emajean. In February Gladys died of barbiturate poisoning, lonely and in pain. Tony and I flew out there, removing some things from the house, preparing it for rental, storing them at my mother's. Then we stood at the gravesite alone, leaving as the earth was shoveled back, never to return to that spot.

I was working hard. It had been a very rough time for Tony in his department. In the summer of 1974 he decided to get away for a leisurely trip. He ordered an Audi in Germany and flew to get it. I met him in Munich. We traveled through Austria, Yugoslavia and Greece, spending time on the island of Corfu, where he and Rick and Laurel had stayed in 1970, and going south to Sicily to see Mt. Aetna. It was our first trip without the children. In

Frankfurt I left, to spend a pleasant week with Carol and the museums in New York, and then to go on to Lawrence where Laurel, newly married, was gathering her things together. Tony drove to Scandinavia to see the midnight sun.

After Rick came back from Germany he returned to KU, where he studied off and on, living in a farmhouse in the country with Rob Backus and some other friends, hunting, gardening and helping with the harvest. Sometimes he traveled with Rob and others to the Northeast and Canada to go cross-country skiing, and sometimes to the Southeast to hang-glide with Claude Laird and others. In 1972 Barbara had given form to her latent interest in architecture by planning an addition to the house. This included a family room, a greenhouse, and a small second-story study that looked out over the Kaw valley. Rick moved in upstairs, reading books and earning a living by painting houses with Claude. After Rob settled down in the family cabin in the Adirondacks, and Claude went back to graduate school, Rick left for South America on an extended stay, learning Spanish and seeing that continent. He then came back to Lawrence, graduating at long last, in Linguistics and Anthropology, and teaching foreign students at the Applied English Center. Around Christmas, 1980, Rob was married, and after spending time in New York State, Rick flew to Australia and the Far East, planning eventually to teach English in Taiwan, where he had friends.

Laurel, in the summer of 1971, went to Africa on a field trip, sponsored by Ohio State University. When she came back she broke up with the amusing but somewhat tyrannical young man she had fallen in love with as a freshman. That fall she went to the University of Hawaii, Hilo campus, to study marine biology, but transferred to anthropology. Upon graduating she returned to KU, where she met Brian Bauerle, a young social worker. After an intense courtship they were married and moved to Westport, New York, where they bought a house and Brian taught at the Plattsburg branch of the State University. Two years later they returned to Lawrence, where Laurel entered the M.S.W. program. A year after this they separated, dividing their household goods and their Saint Bernards. After Laurel received her degree

she moved back to Westport, where she still had friends, and where she had spent many teenage months with her friend and next door neighbor, Pauline Cerf. For a year and a half she worked in a mental health clinic in Plattsburgh, and then packed to move to Boston to find a new job. Her U-Haul truck with all her belongings - the kitchen middens of her life - was stolen, but she camped out in her unfurnished apartment and began graduate study at Boston University, numbed by the loss but still believing she had been right in seeking a change of scene.

Until she moved to Leisure World in 1975, Evelyn's house on Bannockburn was open to any grandchild who wanted to visit or to go to school out there. Carol spent the most time in that house, even living there with Bob for awhile after they left New York. If it was hard for Grandma to have young people come and go, disrupting her schedule, she rarely let on, but adapted to their wants with remarkable resilience. Grandma Gladys lived on the other side of the city, and- especially in the years before Grandpa Jack died, in 1968- she organized many trips for the visiting grandchildren: to Disneyland, Marineland, Knott's Berry Farm, and other spots, and she sent lavish gifts for Christmas and birthdays. We drove across the Southwest to Los Angeles often.

Tony continued to teach at the University through many ups and downs. In 1976 Barbara went from her jobs to study for a Ph.D in Human Development, but a hearing impairment left her discouraged, fearing she might become deaf in her left ear as she had in her right, and that no-one would employ her.

Tony had been reluctant to visit Los Angeles after his mother's death, except for a brief trip in 1976 to sell the house in Lynwood. At Christmas time of that year the family all came home to Lawrence: Laurel and Brian, Carol and Bob, and baby Anisa - who spent hours jumping in a swing suspended from the rafters. Rick was already there. The following Christmas Laurel and Brian, Rick, Barbara and Tony squeezed themselves, luggage, and gifts into Tony's mid-sized Buick and traveled to Los Angeles to visit the relatives. Once there, they admired the lively toddler, and Bob and Carol, ever generous, helped them to forget the troubles of the trip. Back home, unpacking, Barbara tripped over a cord

and broke her hip. She was on crutches for several weeks, but when she was able to walk again Evelyn, who loved to travel, took her to Hawaii for a holiday.

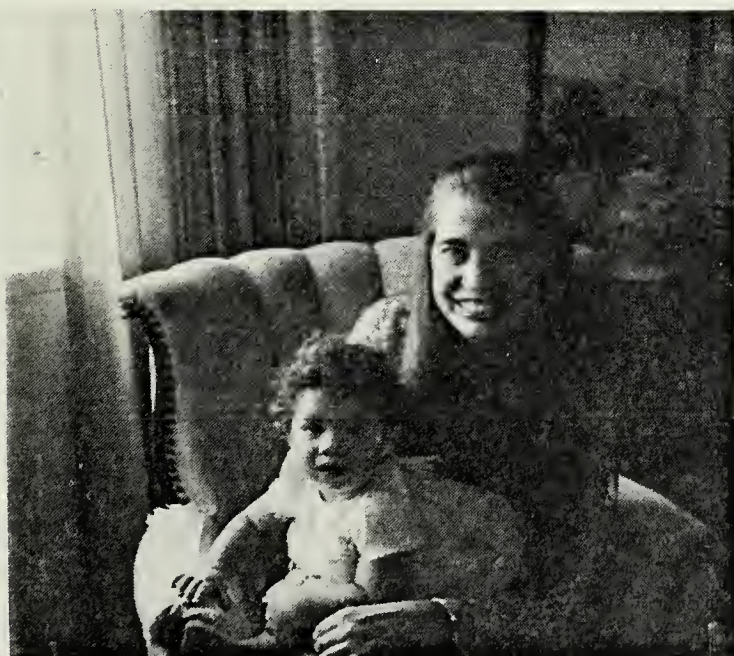
In 1978, Tony went to the University of the Andes, in Venezuela, to teach a summer class. Oswaldo Romero, who had taken his doctorate under Tony, was the chairman there. Barbara went with him, but she could not speak Spanish and Tony was busy. Merida was beautiful, but finally, seeing the relatives in California held more appeal. Laurel had just left Brian, and to get away, she came to stay a short while with Grandma and with Carol. In November Suheila was born. She was fussy, colicky, and sometimes screamed at night while the rest of the family was trying to sleep, giving little hint of her future sunny disposition. Barbara flew out to help Carol and the maid Rosemary keep the household going. The last time she saw Evelyn was during this visit, when she went to San Diego in February, 1979. Seeing how wistful and confused her cheerful and competent mother had become was a source of despair.

On her return Barbara took a job with the Kansas Civil Service as a psychologist at the state prison for men, where she stayed two years. Then a mental health center in north Central Kansas beckoned and she moved into an attic apartment in Concordia, commuting back and forth to Lawrence on Mondays and Fridays, renewing her love affair with the Kansas countryside and learning self-sufficiency.

During this time Barbara and Tony celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary. They had left behind the storms and struggles of the middle years, and entered a calm where each was willing to let the other be, realizing anew that the other was nice to come home to. As Loren Eiseley wrote of his marriage, "We have come all the way."



Barbara Garrison Smith and Laurel Smith



Carol Smith Shahin with Anisa



Eric David Alan Smith



Anisa Shahin



Suheila Shahin

Nancy (Ruth) Garrison

Ruth Eleanor Garrison (later called Nancy Ruth), was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 22, 1920. She lived there until 1931 when she moved to Los Angeles, California with her parents, sister Barbara, brother John Dresser (Jack), and her maternal grandmother. She graduated from Alexander Hamilton High School in 1938, entered UCLA in the fall of that year, and graduated from UCLA with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1942. She returned for graduate work the next year in order to obtain a Kindergarten-Primary Teaching Credential. While she was at UCLA she was affiliated with Alpha Delta Pi Sorority and Beta Sigma Phi, an educational honorary fraternity.

Nancy married Hugh Franklin Sheldon in August of 1943. He was a former classmate at UCLA, and a B-24 pilot in the China-Burma-India theater in World War II. He was killed in an airplane crash near Kunming, China on July 11, 1945. Nancy, who was teaching school in Los Angeles, resigned, and moved to Hawaii to be with her mother-in-law. She worked for the USO as an assistant to the Director, for Prudential Insurance Company in Honolulu, and as a kindergarten teacher at Barber's Point Naval Air Station. In July, 1948 she married George Lant Baker, an industrial engineer with Ewa Plantation Sugar Company on the island of Oahu. They lived at Ewa Plantation with George's daughter Dolores Jean. Nancy taught briefly at Ewa Elementary School until the birth of her first daughter, Monica Lee, in April, 1950. In September, 1951, a second daughter, Barbara Susan, was born, and in June, 1953, their only son was born.

On December 7, 1958, George Baker died after an illness of six months. Nancy and the younger children (Dolores Jean was married in 1957) remained at Ewa until the fall of 1960 when they moved to La Mesa, California next door to her brother Jack and his family. In 1961 she signed a contract to teach first grade in the San Diego Public Schools.

On February 8, 1963, she married John Davis Shacklett, an architect and a native of Tennessee. John adopted Monica, Susan, and David, and Nancy adopted John's children, Jennifer Rose and Jerry Chase. Two additional children of John's were already adults,

John, who was married, and Jim who was about to be married. Neither lived with the new combined family.

The family lived in a Spanish red-tiled home in the middle of an avocado orchard on the slopes of Mt. Helix in La Mesa, until 1969 when John had the opportunity to join the architectural firm of William Blurock and Partners in Newport Beach, California. He eventually became a partner in this firm. Nancy and the youngest three children moved also. Jennifer was working in San Diego, later in Orange County, but did not live in the family's new home in Irvine. Jerry joined the army in 1967 and was serving his country in Vietnam during these years. Nancy took a position as a first grade teacher in the city of Huntington Beach.

Music has always been an avocation with Nancy. She has taught piano lessons, served as accompanist for many persons, directed the choir in her church at Ewa, and was for a time a performing member of the Morning Music Club of Honolulu.

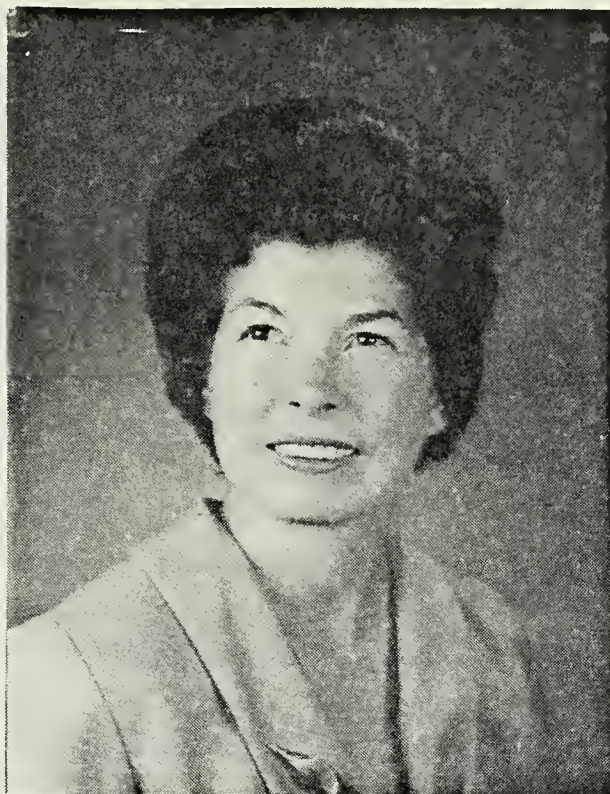
Nancy took early retirement in June, 1976, and John retired early also in December, 1978. They now live in the small town of Alpine, California, about thirty miles inland from San Diego, and about twenty miles from their former home in La Mesa. John continues the practice of architecture on a lesser scale, and Nancy pursues the study of genealogy and serves as president of the local Friends of the Library. Nancy has joined a scholarly and interesting study group and is actively engaged in producing programs for this organization. Both John and Nancy have enjoyed much traveling in the past few "golden years."

Monica Lee Baker

Monica Lee Baker was born on April 17, 1950, in Ewa, Hawaii. She and her younger sister and brother spent part of their childhood surrounded by sugar cane fields at Ewa Plantation, where their father, George Baker, was a mechanical and industrial engineer. After his death on December 7, 1958, the family remained on the plantation for about a year and a half. In September of 1960 his widow, Nancy Garrison Baker, moved with her children to La Mesa, California, in order to be closer to her relatives. She married John D. Shacklett in 1963 and adopted two of his children, Jennifer and Jerry (the other two were grown and lived elsewhere). Mr. Shacklett adopted Monica and her sister Susan and brother David. All the children, however, retained their original names. Monica attended school in La Mesa and graduated from Grossmont High School in 1968. She spent a year at San Diego State College (now San Diego State University), one year at the University of California, Irvine, and two years at Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies, from which she graduated in 1972 with a B.A. in Spanish. For several years, Monica was employed at the offices of Sambo's Restaurants, Inc. where she became a supervisor in the telecommunications department. Later she worked for a medical clinic in Santa Barbara as a receptionist and Spanish interpreter for the doctors. On December 6, 1980 Monica married Thomas Sander in Goleta, California where she and her husband now live.

Monica's husband, Thomas, was born Henn Toomas Sander on May 22, 1948, in Angelholm, Sweden. His parents were Edmund Sander and Eleonore Ots. The Sanders emigrated to New York City in 1951, at which time their child's Christian name was changed to Thomas. After his parents divorced in 1954, Tom remained with his mother, attending first grade in Miami, Florida, and finishing the remainder of his education in New York state, mostly at Copiague and West Islip, both on Long Island. Following graduation from high school in 1966, he attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for one year, studying chemical engineering. In September, 1968 he enlisted in the Air Force and spent fourteen months of his service in the Philippine Islands. After an honorable discharge in September, 1972, he moved to Santa Barbara, California, where he worked for an electron-

ics company and attended Santa Barbara City College for three semesters, studying physics, chemistry, and electronics. Tom was previously married to Christine Mary Organic. There were no children from this marriage. At present Tom is an engineer for a company in Santa Barbara which designs and builds computers for the Navy.



Nancy Garrison Shacklett



Monica and Tom Sander



Susan and Steven Buis with Will and Sara



David and Lori Baker
with Samantha

Barbara Susan Baker Buis

Barbara Susan Baker was born on September 1, 1951 at Ewa Plantation, Hawaii. She spent her early childhood on the plantation. Her father died when she was seven years old, and not long after that her mother moved with Susan, her older sister and her younger brother to La Mesa, California, near Susan's aunt and uncle.

Susan was enrolled at Lemon Avenue Elementary School, and later attended Spring Valley Junior High School. She graduated from Grossmont High School in June, 1969. In the fall she started her freshman year at Whittier College in Whittier, California. She graduated in June, 1973 with a major in history and a Provisional Elementary Teaching Credential.

In December 1973 she was married to Steven Eugene Buis, son of Darwin and Jean Buis of Torrance, California. Steven was born on October 23, 1950 in Fullerton, California. He graduated from Torrance High School in 1968. He attended El Camino College in Torrance, and worked in a furniture store for a short time. He joined the California State Division of Forestry in September 1971 as a firefighter in Yucaipa, California. He transferred to Orange County in June, 1972, working at Skyline, Tustin, and Orange County Airport as an engineer. He moved to Trabuco Canyon in 1975 to pursue his particular interest of brush control. He was made a Captain in the spring of 1977 and is a very strong and efficient fire officer who has the complete confidence of his men.

Susan and Steven have two children, a daughter, Sara Marie, born October 25, 1976, and a son, William Steven, born October 2, 1980. The family lived in Yucaipa from 1976 until 1980. Susan was active in the Presbyterian Nursery School there, first as a volunteer and later as a paid substitute until the birth of her second child, when she again became a full-time homemaker.

Steven transferred to Calaveras County in July, 1980, after Orange County began to provide its own fire protection, separate from the State Division of Forestry. Susan and the children followed after selling their home in Yucaipa. They now live in the beautiful little mountain community of Hathaway Pines, near Murphy's, California, a historic community southeast of Sacramento.

David Lant Baker

David Lant Baker, son of George Lant Baker and Nancy Garrison, was born on a sugar plantation at Ewa, Hawaii on June 8, 1953. David spent his early childhood on the plantation where his father was Industrial Engineer. When he was five, his father died, and a year and a half later his mother moved David and his two older sisters to La Mesa, California. Although the life on the plantation with many friends was idyllic in many ways, the educational opportunities and the employment opportunities seemed better for the family on the "mainland."

The family purchased a Spanish home in an avocado grove adjoining the grove of his uncle, John Garrison, and his family. David spend the next several years enjoying his cousins and aunt and uncle next door and attending school in La Mesa, a small town inland from San Diego.

In 1963 his mother remarried, and David acquired an older brother and sister. Although the event was not without some trauma for the children involved, the families meshed well, and the young people became very fond of each other and became a true family within a relatively short time.

David attended Grossmont High School until his junior year in 1969 at which time the family moved to Orange County. David graduated with academic honors from Mission Viejo High School in 1971. He attended the University of California for two and a half years, leaving in the spring semester of his junior year to become assistant manager of a restaurant in Laguna Beach. For a time he was part owner and later manager of a delicatessen in Lake Elsinore, California. At present he is working in the construction industry in Lake Elsinore.

David married Lori Ann Garner (Smith) on July 11, 1981. Lori was born in Lynwood, California, on October 27, 1958, the daughter of Kent Page Garner and Bonnie Jean Corazza. She grew up in Lake Elsinore where she graduated from Elsinore Union High School. She has a little daughter, Samantha, born on June 18, 1978 during a previous marriage. The happy threesome live in Lake Elsinore.

Chelsea Anne, born 31 July 1982. Beau David born 20 February 1985.

(NGS)

The John Garrison Family

I, John Dresser Garrison, was born on August 9, 1922 at 1557 Redondo Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah. This was the residence of my mother and father and my two sisters Barbara and Nancy (Ruth), who preceded me in birth. This was our residence until the end of August, 1931, when we moved to Los Angeles, and is the center of almost all of our early memories. This home is about four miles southeast of the center of Salt Lake City. In those days the area around the house was sparsely occupied by houses, so there was much open space for children to play and roam.

Among my earliest memories I remember sleeping in a crib in my parents bedroom, where I could hear the rest of the family talking in the living room on the other side of the wall, before I went to sleep. I remember wearing high-top button shoes and rompers (using a button hook to fasten the shoes), and the window seat on the east side of the dining room, where we could look out at the bluebirds and robins, see the sun come up over the Wasatch mountains in the morning, and watch the wind drift the snow during an occasional blizzard. It was from this view that I first realized, probably with the help of my parents, that the sun came up further to the north in summer and further to the south in winter. I remember the pleasure of swinging in the porch swing, usually with someone else, the vegetable garden and strawberry patch on the east side of the house, the workshop in the rear of the garage where my father spent so much time building things, the frost on the window in winter, my first sheepskin coat which was so warm (previously I had just worn a sweater and warm knit hat to keep warm), riding my sled down the hills north of the Garfield Avenue school a few blocks away, and my friends Richard Coleman and Dick Peeples. I also remember playing Kick-the-Can and other games during the warm summer evenings, having Mrs. Butler take care of us while our parents were gone on a trip, our stays in the cabin in Mill Creek Canyon, Porter's Fork during part of the summer, running through the hose spray in our bathing suits on hot days, riding in the streetcars to Sunday school, riding in the old Model-T Ford, which was open

in summer and had rubberized canvas sides with isinglass windows, which were hard to see through, for cold weather, and the great pleasure of getting our first closed car with wind up windows in 1926, a 1926 Chevrolet. It seems that my mother was the one who was the most pleased, as she was also the one most pleased when we had hardwood floors put in the house. I think that being brought up in a family with little extra money and then having little extra money in the early years with my father made her really appreciate these material improvements.

Three of my grandparents were living during my early years. My maternal grandfather, Norman Dresser (Granddad), was the poet of the family, both in personality and in fact. He was somewhat unkempt, but was perhaps the warmest of my grandparents. We always enjoyed immensely the stories he would tell. He was a wanderer and seldom spent much time with us, even though my Grandmother Josephine had a home right across the street. They were quite different kinds, with grandmother being much more organized and having strong ideas of how everything should be done. Grandpa Aaron Garrison was the oldest of the grandparents. He was always old and fragile to us. We mostly remember him when he would come to visit us. He brought us oranges and bags of pennies. Granddad was killed in 1929 at the age of 77 when he was riding his bicycle down to the library one evening. Grandpa Garrison died in Salt Lake City in 1933 at the age of 95. I can remember riding in the car with my father back to Salt Lake when he settled Grandpa's affairs. Grandmother Josephine lived with us almost until her death. She died in 1951 at the age of 96 in a rest home. She had fallen and broken her hip and even tried to end her life unsuccessfully by taking sleeping pills in the year or so prior to her death. She was very personable and her family was very important to her.

Our move to Los Angeles was an abrupt change which I for one was not anxious to make. I had a lot of nice friends, and my world was going well for me. We moved to Los Angeles to be at a lower altitude to help my father's emphysema. My parents wanted to move to San Diego. They had fond memories of that city from their stay there when my father was stationed at Camp

Kearny in 1917, during the first world war, but the educational opportunities beyond high school were limited there.

Our first home in Los Angeles was at 10138 Stilson Street in an area called Palms, about 11 miles west of downtown Los Angeles. This house was rented. It had three bedrooms (as did our home in Salt Lake). It also had a fair amount of open space to the east and south of the house, since the lot was perhaps one-fourth of an acre. My father fixed up a one-room wooden building to the rear of the garage for my grandmother Josephine's sleeping quarters.

While living there I first met my good friend Doug Leavens. Doug remained a good friend until I went into the Air Corps in 1943. After that we had much less in common.

This two year period at Stilson Street saw my interest in reading grow considerably. This was stimulated by the certificates we received at school (Palms Grammar School) for reading 10, 20, or 30 books in a year. My number was usually about 20. I also experienced my first strong earthquake, the March 10, 1933 quake centered in Long Beach. My sisters and I became more aware of the differences in values and upbringing in other families here, as there were a number of "lower class" families near us as well as some fine "middle class" (like us) families.

We moved to 10270 Bannockburn Drive in the summer of 1933. This was about a mile north of the Stilson Street residence in a more elite neighborhood. My parents purchased this home for about \$5000. It was sold in 1975 for about \$73,000. It was here that I first met Herb Wilder, another good friend of this period. He lived across the street.

During my stay in this house (until I went into the service), I had many important growing experiences. I was in the Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts, and Knights of Dunamis. I learned how to be a good student in school. My father developed the work ethic in me by having me help in the garden, in building things around the house, including concrete and masonry work, and carpentry work, and in helping maintain the two rental properties our family had acquired..

There were certain formative experiences which should be

mentioned: I took Christian Science seriously, until I was about 14, when I "grew out of it." I reached puberty very late. My father took me to a doctor to see if anything was wrong with me, I was so late. As a senior in high school I was small, just over 100 pounds, and short, so that few girls had any interest in me. I had skipped one half a year of school in the third grade which made me slightly younger than my classmates, too. Other formative experiences of this time include having a shopping paper route, owning a car, starting college, and working in the summer and fall of 1941 at North American as a magnaflux operator and precision inspector building B-25 bombers and P-51 fighters. When my father died in 1939, I was strongly affected at the time, but my life was too busy to dwell on it. My father served as a role model and contributed greatly to my competence. I had a somewhat stronger emotional bond with my mother. My father did not show his emotions very much, although he did show them a lot when he was angry. Often this was because of something which Barbara did which bothered him, though my parents did some arguing. My father tried rather hard to do the right things for me. He talked me into being a physics major. If I had chosen my major, it probably would have been electrical engineering like my father. When I was born my father was state engineer for the state of Utah. Later, when his health became worse, he studied law and passed the Utah state bar examination, since he felt he could do this type of work more easily with poor health. All his later years he had a great interest in physics and astronomy, and developed a theory of matter which he thought held great promise. He could never interest physicists in his work. I have superficially perused his work. It is in disagreement with current ideas.

I remember driving over to Herb Wilder's in Glendale (they had moved) on December 7, 1941 in the morning and hearing the first reports on my car radio of Pearl Harbor being bombed.

My grown-up period can probably be considered to be started with the major change of going into the Air Corps on March 3, 1943. This was a good broadening experience because of the interaction I had with so many different people, the large number of

places where I was stationed around the U.S., and my finally becoming more strongly involved with women. Success in the service schools I attended was instrumental in my deciding to seek a Ph.D in physics on my return to civilian life.

The early post-war years mainly involved education in physics up to the level of Ph.D. I attended UCLA from February 1946 until June 1948, a continuation of my attendance from September 1940 to February 1943, culminating in a master's degree. I then went to UC Berkeley, completing work on the PhD by September 1953.

Other major changes were also taking place. I married Phyllis Durgy on October 13, 1950. She and I were both residents of International House at Berkeley. During this early post-war period I also became lifelong friends with Dick Diamond and Bob Sullivan.

Phyllis was the second of two children born to Otis Robert and Laura Durgy. She was born on June 1, 1927. Her brother William (Damery), who was three years older, drowned in the English Channel when the ship he was on sank in World War II. She had been one of the "Quiz Kids" and had the opportunity to attend the University of Chicago, on a limited basis, before reaching college age. She studied criminology at UC Berkeley before and somewhat after getting married, until I received an appointment as an instructor at Yale University in September 1953. Phyllis' mother died of burns received in a car accident in 1945. Her father remarried to a woman named Edna. He died of a heart attack in 1947.

One day Phyllis heard from a librarian at the Berkeley public library that children were being brought over from Germany for adoption. She contacted a lawyer in Berkeley who was handling the arrangements at this end, and negotiations were started with a police commissioner in Karlsruhe, who was handling arrangements in Germany. The police commissioner, Herman Koch, immediately sent us a picture of Wolfgang Ewald Linder, suggesting that we adopt him. After some investigation and many further arrangements, Wolfgang arrived at the Los Angeles International Airport around the first of May, 1953. He was blond and cute, and very active at three years and eight months of age. He was

born on September 3, 1949. He spoke southern, baby-talk German. We had lots of practice with the smattering of German language which we knew. Fortunately, by using both German and English words with the same meaning in succession, he quickly learned English. We also called him Jeffrey Wolfgang, making the Jeffrey sound like a complimentary adjective. Later, we dropped the Wolfgang, and he became Jeffrey David Garrison, as it now shows on his birth certificate.

In the first semester of my teaching at Yale, Eric Matthew Garrison was born on December 6, 1953 in Grace New Haven Hospital. He was our baby and boy with the gentle personality. Because of Jeff's strong need for love and appreciation, a rather strong jealousy developed between the two boys. This tapered off during the subsequent years. Jeff was always the quick, alert, fast one with whom Eric could never come close to competing physically. This was basically a physical and personality difference, though the four year difference in age was certainly a big factor. They were roughly the same size during the middle years, with Eric actually getting a slight bit taller than Jeff just before Jeff's puberty. Jeff then became taller, and then Eric later passed him up again.

We spent the summers of 1954-1956 and the fall of 1955 (on leave from Yale) at Brookhaven National Laboratory. We lived on site in the apartments. It was a good place for children to grow up, and a good place for a physicist to work.

We left the east for a position at San Diego State University in September 1956. I was looking for a professional change and a return to the west. I have never regretted coming to San Diego State, and would not trade my position at San Diego State for any other I know. We lived for a year on Siesta Drive in a rented house about a mile south of campus. We then moved to a rented house at 6360 Cleo Street, which we bought about a year later. This home was about one-half mile east of campus.

Jan Evelyn Garrison (middle name for her grandmother) was born on August 3, 1957 in Sharp Hospital. She has always been a pretty child and woman and has always interacted in an interested and understanding way with other people.

In the summer of 1957 I started my consulting work with General Atomic. This work continued until about 1971. This involved primarily analysis and prediction of neutron cross sections of interest for nuclear reactor calculations. The added income from this source certainly helped our living standard.

In the summer of 1960 we moved to 9261 Virginian Lane, La Mesa, about seven miles east of campus. This was a delightful home with many avocado trees, nice view, and plenty of space for the kids to run around. Our dog Hoodoo, that we acquired in 1950, shortly after we were married, also enjoyed the space. She loved to chase sticks and balls, and to swim. She was very much a part of our family.

The same summer my sister Nancy moved next door to us. This was a delightful situation for us. Playmates were readily available, and one home became two. Jan often had a second breakfast down at Aunt Nancy's.

In the summer of 1962, we left for a year's sabbatical leave at Brookhaven National Laboratory. We again lived in an apartment on site, which to us was the most enjoyable way. There was a lot of lawn around the apartments, and it was a pleasant walk from there to work. The laboratory is always a stimulating place to work, with many interesting and talented people and good lectures.

On our return to San Diego, Nancy had married Jack Shacklett. Jack's two youngest children, Jennifer and Jerry, also were living with them, so the area was buzzing with happy children. All was not happy between Phyl and me. We separated in the summer of 1965 and were divorced in August of 1967. Jan and Eric lived with Phyl, while Jeff lived with me. The two years of separation were uncomfortable years for me. The separation and divorce were much harder on the children than I thought it would be. Being physically separated by five or six hundred miles reduced our interaction and made things tougher on them.

Phyllis married Dick Bennett in October of 1967. Dick has a masters degree from the Harvard Business School, and has held administrative type positions. He has four children by his previous marriage, Leslie, who was already married, Lane, Gwen, and Brian. Brian, the youngest, is a year older than Eric, and Jeff and Gwen

were both born in the fall of 1949. Early in their marriage Lane, Gwen and Brian lived with Dick, Phyl, Eric, and Jan, at least part of the time.

I started dating Betty Kvarda in the fall of 1967. We were married on January 17, 1968. We moved into our new home at 5181 College Gardens Court, about one-half mile southwest of campus, with Jeff. Betty is on the faculty of San Diego State University in the Department of Mathematics. Her area of specialization is number theory. Betty attended Bowling Green University, receiving a BA in mathematics. She received an MA in mathematics from Ohio State University in 1956. She taught a year at Ohio State University from 1956 to 1957. She married Bob Kvarda in September of 1957. This was followed by a move to San Diego, where Bob had a job with the navy. Betty was hired by San Diego State in the Mathematics Department in November to replace a faculty member. In September of 1959, Betty and Bob enrolled in doctoral programs at Oregon State University. Betty separated from Bob and returned to San Diego State with her PhD in mathematics in 1962.

Betty was born on July 1, 1932 in Danbury, Ohio near Lakeside. Her parents are Philip and Reva Bernhardt, now living in Lakeside, Ohio. Betty is the oldest of three children born to Phil and Reva. Her sister Phyllis is two years younger, and is married to Richard Glenn. Her brother was born in 1953 and is married to Cheryl Kopp. The Bernhardts are a delightful family who happen to live in a recreational area.

On May 10, 1969, John Christopher Garrison was born in Mercy Hospital. Like all my children, John has always been alert, intelligent and loving. It was apparent at an early age that he had a good sense of humor.

The same day that Betty went to the hospital to give birth to Johnny, Jeff won \$5600 from the radio station KCBQ, and promptly established his independence by moving out. It seems that Jeff always was lucky in winning.

During the summer and fall we initiated an arrangement involving Katheryn Roeder, Don and Ann Cottrell and their new son Lance and our family. Mrs. Roeder, whom the boys and the rest of

us call Nana, took care of Johnny and Lance weekdays while their parents worked. Don is in the Physics Department and Ann in the Sociology Department at San Diego State. Nana took care of the boys until they started full time school at the age of five. They did attend school part time from the age of two. The Cottrells and Roeders remain our very good friends.

Jeff completed high school at Crawford High School and then went to work at many different jobs at service stations, selling plastic pipe, driving trucks, and construction work. After all these jobs gaining experience, he now has a job as a construction foreman. On January 17, 1973, Jeff married Diana Sibbison, whom he met while attending Grossmont High School.

After graduating from Carmel High School, Eric spent the next three years at the University of California at Berkeley. His major at first was forestry. He later changed this to English. Upon leaving the University, he returned to his mother's home in Carmel. He has been working at various jobs around Carmel, but has yet to decide his vocation.

After graduating from Carmel High School, Jan chose not to attend College right away. She has gained experience by working at various jobs including a rather long stint helping run a restaurant-delicatessen in Goleta near the University of California campus there. More recently, she has attended Southern Oregon University in Ashland, College of the Redwoods in Eureka, and Santa Rosa Junior College. These moves have been calculated to keep her close to her friend Brion.

John has attended Jack and Jill preparatory school, Hardy Elementary, and is about to enter Horace Mann Junior High School. Unlike Jeff, Eric, and Jan, who chose to join Boy Scouts and Brownies, John has had his organized activity in Little League.

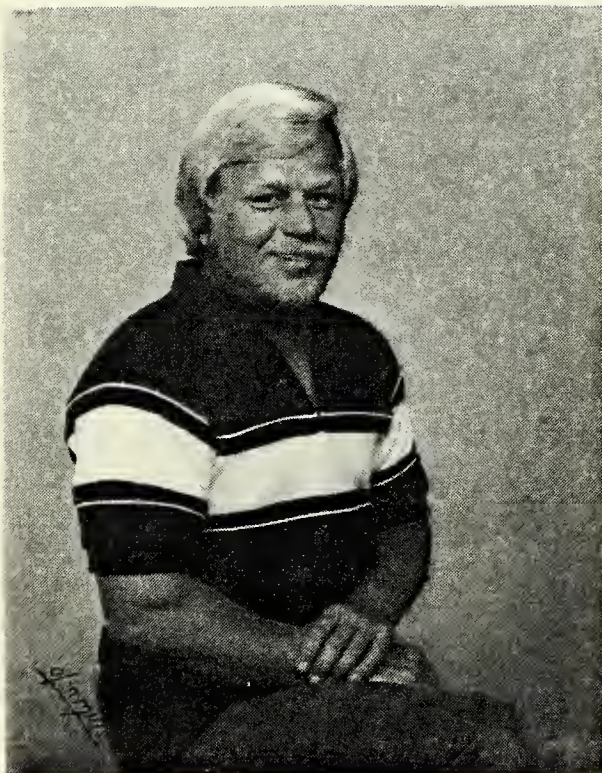
This completes the chronology of my family up to the summer of 1981. This brief summary does not bring out the charming personalities of the individuals involved, nor their various idiosyncrasies. These could best be brought out by relating numerous anecdotes concerning the members of my family. This will not be done here at this time.



John, John Christopher and Betty
Garrison



Jan and Eric
Garrison



Jeffrey David Garrison



Diana Sibbison Garrison

Morgan Garrison

Morgan Garrison, fourth son of George Washington Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born in the Halcott Valley on April 14, 1840. He grew up in that area. He went to Illinois when he was a young man to see if he would care to settle there, but decided to return to Delaware County, New York, where he lived for the rest of his life. He was married on March 24, 1864 to Louisa J. Gunn. In 1866 their daughter Ida was born, and in 1871 a son James was born.

Morgan and Louisa had a farm in the township of Middletown, Delaware County, adjacent to Greene County and the Halcott Valley where he was born. He raised cows, pigs, and chickens, and had an orchard of apple trees. In the early 1900's they ran a boarding house, "Willowmere," for summer visitors from New York City, a common custom at that time. Louisa did all the cooking herself until about two years before they stopped taking boarders (about 1912). Her daughter-in-law Sadie helped with the cleaning, papering and painting, and everyday chores. The young people lived with Morgan and Louisa, and James (Jim) helped his father run the farm.

Morgan built a huge new barn in 1912, still standing today. He was then seventy-two years of age, but with the help of his son continued to run the farm for several more years. After Morgan's death on March 18, 1919, Louisa, James, and Sadie had a small cottage built (1923) on an adjacent site and the three of them lived there. The boarding house was torn down about 1928. The original big house was rented for several summers to a real estate agent in Fleischmanns who rented out rooms with cooking privileges to widows with children who were on welfare. After Louisa died on June 19, 1927, Jim had the house torn down because it needed so much repair.

Morgan and Louisa were members of the Methodist Church at Halcott Center when they first settled on the farm. When his grand-niece visited that church in 1979 she was given an old hymnal dedicated to the memory of Morgan and Louisa. It was the custom in those days to donate a hymnal in memory of those who had passed on. Later they became members of Fleischmanns Methodist Church.

Morgan and Louisa are both buried in Clovesville Cemetery in Fleischmanns, New York.

Ida Garrison Van Valkenburgh

Ida Garrison Van Valkenburgh, the only daughter of Morgan and Louisa Garrison, was born on October 25, 1866. She grew up in Griffins Corners, Delaware County, in the township of Middletown. After Ida finished her education she went, in September, 1890, to Cedarhurst, Long Island, and taught school. She spent every weekend with her aunt and her uncle, Leslie Smith. Vida Smith Parker, their daughter, tells this amusing anecdote about Ida: "Mother said that Ida was slow as molasses in January. Cedarhurst was less than ten miles from Far Rockaway, and the only transportation in those days was horse and wagon, and only one train out every Sunday afternoon which Ida would have to get in order to be at school Monday morning. After dinner Mother would have to keep reminding her of the time or she would miss the train. It was just the same when she was younger. Her father and the rest of the family would all be in the wagon ready for church, waiting for Ida. It would end by her father threatening to leave her." Ida returned to Griffins Corners to teach after one year.

On October 8, 1895 she was married to John Henry Van Valkenburgh, whose family had been among the original settlers of the Halcott Valley. She was Mr. Van Valkenburgh's second wife, his first wife being Sophia Woolheater, who died in 1894. There were two children born to this first marriage, Josiah and Harriet. Harriet died on September 4, 1923. After her marriage Ida lived in Catskill, New York for the rest of her life. She and John Henry had one child, Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh, born on June 19, 1901. She outlived both her husband and son. John Henry died on July 6, 1926 and Morgan DeWitt died in 1934. Ida died five years later on September 19, 1939, at the age of seventy-two.

Her grandson, James Van Valkenburgh, has this to say about her: "We visited her summers at 64 North Street, Catskill, New York. She always had lots of oatmeal ready in the morning for breakfast. Catskill is hilly and we were almost straight up a couple of streets from 'downtown'. She had a lady roomer in the upstairs of her house and they used to communicate by tapping on the steam pipes - they had signal codes. I remember that because the day she died, she let her friend know she was in trouble that way..."

Ida is buried beside her husband at Catskill Rural Cemetery in Jefferson, New York.

Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh

Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh, the only child of John Henry Van Valkenburgh and Ida Garrison, was born on June 19, 1901. He grew up in Catskill, New York, and became a minister in the Congregational church. On October 26, 1929, he married Helen Augusta Pease. Three children were born to this family: James Morgan, Katherine Helen, and Morgan, II. Morgan DeWitt died of pneumonia on May 12, 1934, at the age of thirty-three, leaving his young wife to bring up his children. He died at Greenwich, Connecticut.

After her husband's death, Helen, jointly with her mother and insurance money, built a house in Fairfield, Connecticut. She got a job with the United Congregational church in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Her BS degree was in Religious Education from Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary in New York City. She became a church social worker. After World War II, churches having less funds, and public schools more funds, she became a third grade teacher in the Fairfield Public School system, where she remained until her death on September 6, 1970.

Morgan and Helen are buried at Oaklawn Cemetery in Fairfield, Connecticut.

James Morgan Van Valkenburgh

James is the first son of Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh and Helen Augusta Pease, and the grandson of Ida M. Garrison, the daughter of Morgan Garrison. He was born on October 19, 1930 in Stamford, Connecticut. He lived most of his early life in Fairfield, Connecticut with his mother, brother, and sister, after the early death of his father.

James married Jane Caroline Miles of Devon (Milford), Connecticut on January 28, 1956. They had two children, Betty Jane, born on January 23, 1957 in Milford, Connecticut, and Carol Ann, born March 19, 1958 in Santurce, Puerto Rico.

After being educated at Mount Hermon School, Oakwood School, and Fairfield (Roger Ludlow) High school, James attended the Universities of Maine and Connecticut and did graduate work at Columbia University.

After several youthful jobs he worked for the United States Department of Agriculture in New York, San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Boston as an inspector and more recently as Plant Pathologist in Brownsville, Texas.

Jane has spent most of her married life - as she says- as a "homemaker."

Betty Jane Van Valkenburgh

Betty Jane Van Valkenburgh, first daughter of James Morgan and Helen Miles Van Valkenburgh was born on January 23, 1957, in Milford, Connecticut.

She lives presently in Peabody, Massachusetts.

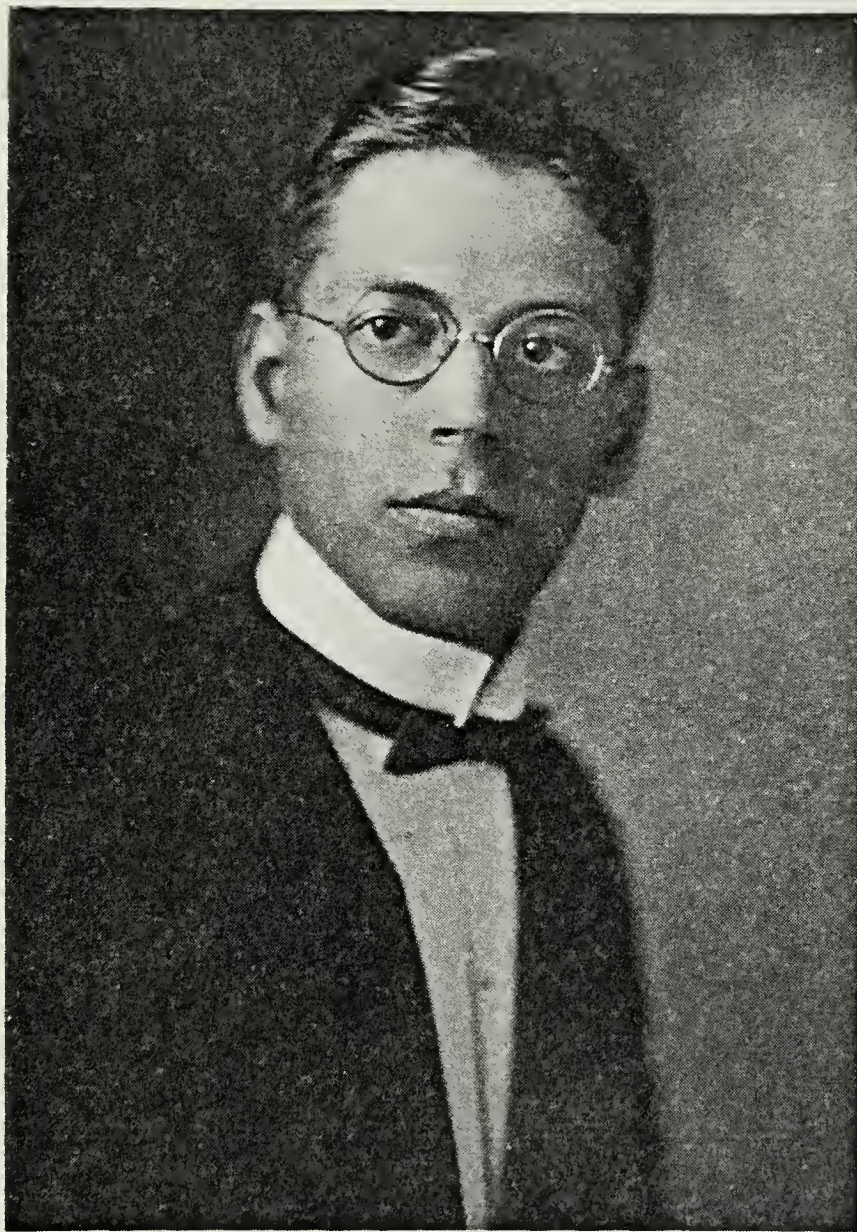
Carol Ann Van Valkenburgh

Carol Ann Van Valkenburgh, second daughter of James and Jane Miles Van Valkenburgh, was born on March 19, 1958 in Santurce, Puerto Rico. She lived for the first two and one half years of her life in Santurce, then in Devon, Connecticut. The family moved to Melrose, Massachusetts when she was about five years old. She attended Melrose schools for eleven years until her father was transferred to Kennedy Airport. Her senior year of school was in Valley Stream, New York, where she was graduated with honors. She was initiated into the National Honor Society and inducted into the Simón Bolívar Chapter of the Spanish Honor Society.

Carol Ann graduated from Northeastern University, Boston, Massachusetts, in June, 1981 with a baccalaureate degree in nursing. She expects to work in a community health setting, and enjoys volunteering in the Melrose Red Cross. She is engaged to be married in a year, and presently lives in her own apartment in Malden, Massachusetts.



Left to Right: Ida M. Garrison, John
Henry Van Valkenburgh (Rear), James
W. Garrison, Sarah Morrison Garrison



The Rev. Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh



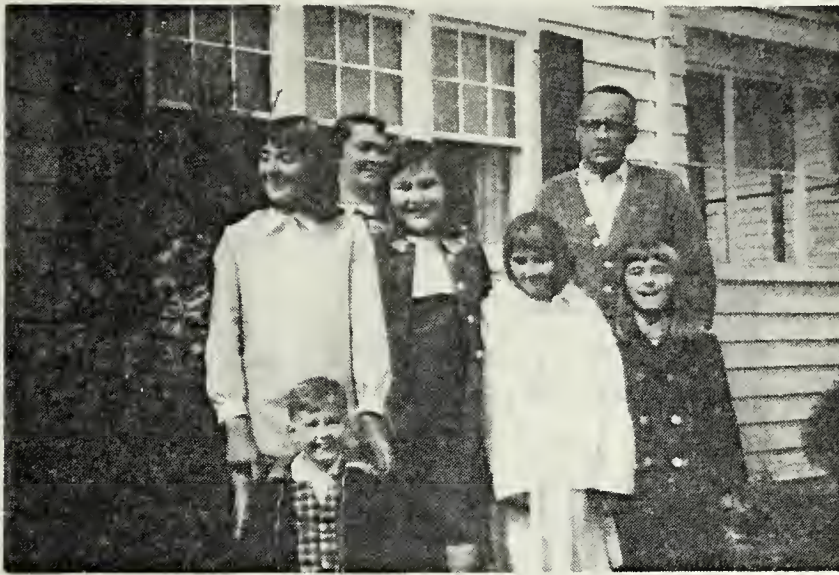
Helen Pease Van Valkenburgh



James Morgan Van Valkenburgh



Jane Miles Van Valkenburgh

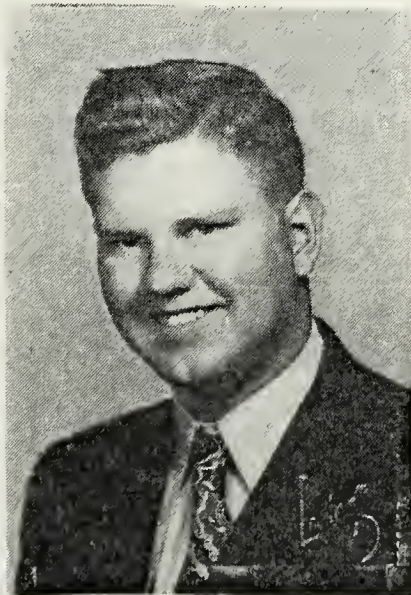


Family of Katherine Van Valkenburgh
and Ted Birkmaier II

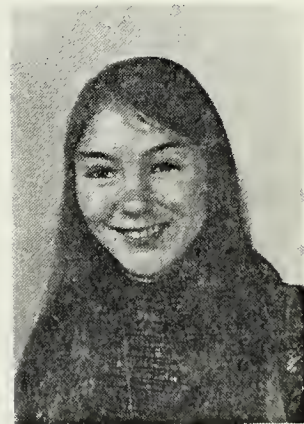
Rear: Katherine and Ted, Center: Left to right
Barbara, Katherine, Cynthia, and Wendy
Front: Artemas Theodore III



Betty Jane
Van Valkenburgh



Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh



Carol Ann
Van Valkenburgh

Katherine Helen Van Valkenburgh, only daughter of Morgan DeWitt Valkenburgh and Helen Augusta Pease, was born on February 14, 1933 in Stamford, Connecticut. After her father's death she moved with her mother and two brothers to Fairfield, Connecticut. She graduated from Roger Ludlowe High School cum laude. She then attended the University of Connecticut for one year and then Wheelock College, Massachusetts for one year.

On June 28, 1952 she married Artemas Theodore Birkmaier II, born on September 3, 1929, and also a Roger Ludlowe graduate. They were married in the First Church of Christ, Fairfield, Connecticut. After their marriage they lived in Paxton, Illinois due to Air Force obligation, and Fairfield, Connecticut for brief periods of time (1952-1955). Milford, Connecticut became home for them for the next ten years (1955-1965). In 1965 the family moved to Oxford, Connecticut, where they still reside.

There are five children in this family, all born at Bridgeport Connecticut. They are:

Barbara Ann, born April 1, 1953. She graduated from Southbury High School, and is now employed at Country Kettle Restaurant, Woodbury, Connecticut. She is unmarried.

Katherine Ann, born October 22, 1955. She graduated from Seymour High School and is employed at United Methodist Convalescent Home, Shelton, Connecticut. She is unmarried.

Cynthia Ann, born July 3, 1957. She graduated from Seymour High School and is employed at Country Tavern, Southbury, Connecticut. She is unmarried.

Wendy Ann, born April 6, 1959. She graduated from Seymour High School and the University of New Haven, Connecticut with a degree in Business Administration. She is unmarried.

Artemas Theodore III, born March 9, 1964. He is a junior at Emmett O'Brien Technical School, studying auto mechanics.

Morgan DeWitt Van Valkenburgh, born in Bridgeport, Connecticut on November 9, 1934. He was brought up by his mother after his father's death, in the family home in Fairfield, Connecticut. He attended Mount Hermon School, a private school in Massachusetts. He never married, but still resides in the family home in Fairfield.

James W. Garrison

James W. (for Washington, but he would never use this name) Garrison, only son of Morgan Garrison and Louisa Gunn, was born on March 2, 1871 at his father's farm in Griffins Corners, New York. He spent his entire life on the farm, working on it with his father, and after Morgan's death managing it himself. In his early manhood he taught school. Later he became interested in the breeding of Jersey cattle and built up a highly productive herd.

On October 26, 1896 he married Sarah Ellen (Sadie) Morrison. The couple had no children, but he took an active interest in his sister Ida's grandchildren. His grand-nephew, James Morgan Van Valkenburgh, has shared some reminiscences: "He was a conservative type guy, and interested in the church and his cows mainly, as I remember. They say that when I was a kid I used to follow him down to the barn imitating his every move - hands clasped behind his back, etc. We went up most every summer before World War II. He used to give my mother ten dollars or so on the sly every so often, as Sadie, his wife, apparently "wouldn't have liked that." He did this because my father had died young and mother was struggling to support us three kids." Jim had some money from inheritances, and thus an income from investments as well as income from the farm. "Mother always said he lost a lot in 1929, but he apparently had some that he didn't lose." Jim and Sadie did lose most of what they had saved. A very good friend of theirs persuaded them to invest their savings in a stock in which the friend was very interested. It went under with no redress. "They lived simply, however, so they did not need much cash anyway. He still had a late 1938 model Buick when he died in 1955. He spent most of his daytime in the barn, and always listened to the news on the radio in the evening in the kitchen.. Sadie was especially straight-laced. You had to mind your manners and keep out of her way in the house, especially in the kitchen. Also you came to meals promptly when called, or you didn't get any... Sadie and Jim believed in going to church on Sunday and doing nothing else. My father once got in trouble with Sadie for picking blackberries on Sunday (Ida got in trouble for eating them).' And Dominoes and Flinch were played at Sadie's. There was not a card in the house.

James was a member of the Fleischmanns church for over sixty years, serving as a trustee and treasurer for a long time. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge of the nearby town of Margaretville, and a member of the Knights of Pythias in Fleischmanns. He also served as commissioner of the local fire district during its entire existence of seventeen years, up to the time of his death. James died of a heart attack at his home on January 27, 1955. He was eighty-three years old.

Sadie survived until February 16, 1970. Her grand-nephew describes movingly her last days: "Sadie was a member of the church choir much of her life. I remember we visited her in a Kingston, New York, nursing home shortly before she died - my mother and my daughter Carol started singing hymns to her. She tried to join in, and you could see she really enjoyed that - quite an emotional experience."

Jim and Sadie are buried in the family plot at Clovesville Cemetery in Fleischmanns, New York.

Monroe Garrison

Monroe Garrison, the fifth son of George Washington Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born in the Halcott Valley in Greene County, New York, on October 14, 1842. He grew up in that area, working as a laborer in his early youth, and later farming. About the time of the Civil War he went to La Salle County, Illinois, where he lived a short time. His brother James lived there and perhaps influenced him to come out to farm in Illinois. Some time after 1867 Monroe moved to Iroquois County where he purchased a farm of 136 acres. In 1869 he married Mary Elizabeth St. John, a native of Dutchess County, New York. They had three children. The first child, Caroline, born in 1845, died in infancy. The second child and only son, Henry Lloyd, was born in 1872, and the third child, Nellie, was born in 1881.

Monroe farmed for a number of years near Wellington, Illinois. He served as Justice of the Peace at one time, and also was very active in the Wellington Methodist Church, serving as Secretary of the Sunday School in 1878, according to old records. In the 1900 census of Iroquois County he is listed as a "landlord," living in the town of Watseka, Illinois, with his wife, son, and daughter. The latter is listed as attending music school.

Monroe died on September 1, 1912, in Wellington, and is buried in Sugar Creek Cemetery in Milford, Illinois. Mary Elizabeth died on March 1, 1936, and is buried in Paris, Kentucky where she had lived with her daughter Nellie.

Nellie Garrison Strickler
and her Family

Nellie May Garrison was the daughter of Monroe Garrison and Elizabeth St. John. She was born on June 3, 1881 in Iroquois County, Illinois. She graduated from Watseka High School in 1899 and later attended music school. She married Herbert Strickler on June 15, 1900 at Wellington, Illinois. Herbert William Strickler, born on June 25, 1880, was the son of William E. and Hannah M. Syphert Strickler. Four children were born to this couple: Marjorie, born on June 21, 1904, Herbert Monroe, born September 18, 1908, Henry Lloyd, born April 26, 1912, and Mary Elizabeth, born on November 13, 1916.

The family lived for a short time in Binghamton, New York, where Mr. Strickler was manager of the Kroehler Manufacturing Company there. About 1932 or 1933 the Stricklers moved to High Point, North Carolina after leaving Binghamton, and later opened a furniture store in Paris, Kentucky. Herbert died on November 16, 1944, and Nellie died on September 5, 1965. More information concerning the Strickler family can be obtained from the Strickler Genealogy, Forerunners, to be found in the Iroquois County Genealogical Society Library in Watseka, Illinois. (Some of the information is not complete, and some of it is incorrect concerning the birthdates of Nelly and Herbert's children, however).

Marjorie, the oldest daughter, married G. Harvey Caughey on August 11, 1926, in Binghamton, New York. Mr. Caughey was born on January 16, 1904. The couple had one child, George H. Caughey, Jr., born on May 5, 1927, in Aurora, Illinois. George Harvey Caughey, Sr., Marjorie's husband, died on February 5, 1935. Marjorie married J. Hayward Sibley on October 5, 1960 at the Presbyterian church in Paris, Kentucky. Mr. Sibley died on May 5, 1972.

George H. Caughey Jr. married Kathleen L. Poor, born May 13, 1926 in Lexington, Kentucky. They live in Birmingham, Alabama. They have two children, Caroline and Julia.

Caroline is married to P.B. Randa. They have two sons, Jeff and Hunter, and live in Birmingham also.

Julia is not married. She graduated from Randolph-Macon College in Lynchburg, Virginia in June, 1981, after studying a year in England. She lives with her parents in Birmingham, Alabama.

Herbert Monroe, the oldest son of Herbert and Nellie Strickler married Lena Belle McDonald. They have three daughters:

Joan, born July 26, 1933 in Danville, Kentucky. She is divorced. Her children are:

MacDonald S. Reed

Steven Reed

Daniel Reed

She lives in Frankfort, Kentucky.

Joyce, born February 5, 1935 in Danville, Kentucky.

She was married to J. Clyde Simmons in 1951 in Danville, Kentucky. They have three children:

Lynn

Becky

Jim

They live in Frankfort, Kentucky.

Judy, born on December 31, 1944 in Danville, Kentucky.

She was married to Ron Hoffman in 1960 in Danville.

They have two daughters:

Amy

Debbie

The family lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

Herbert Monroe died on September 26, 1959.

Henry Lloyd, second son of Herbert and Nellie Strickler married Ruby E. King. They have two daughters:

Sandra K., born January 28, 1940 in Paris, Kentucky.

She lives in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Sylvia, born on September 2, 1937 in Paris, Kentucky.

She is married to E.B. Smith and lives in Mason, Ohio.

Mary Elizabeth, the last child of Herbert and Nellie Strickler is unmarried. She studied voice at the University of Louisville and is a contralto who has sung many places. She manages a furniture and decorating store with her brother Henry. She and her sister Marjorie live together in Paris, Kentucky.

The Henry Lloyd Garrison Family

Henry Lloyd Garrison, son of Monroe Garrison and Mary Elizabeth St. John, was born on October 4, 1872 in Iroquois County, Illinois. Henry became a dentist and practiced in Chicago, Illinois. He married Elizabeth May and the couple had two children, Lester and Monroe. Both men became doctors, the latter an orthopedic surgeon. Henry died about 1958, presumably in Chicago. His son Lester married a Betty Malo (?) and practiced medicine until he had a stroke and was unable to continue. He was on the staffs of several big hospitals in Chicago. Monroe and his brother have both passed away. Monroe's widow, Ruth Garrison, still lives in Chicago at this time.



Henry Lloyd Garrison



Nellie Garrison Strickler



W. Earl's Photographic Studio,

GRIFFIN CORNERS
& FLEISCHMANN'S, N. Y.

Julia Garrison Brown



W. Earl's Photographic Studio,

GRIFFIN CORNERS
& FLEISCHMANN'S, N. Y.

Solomon C. Brown

Julia Garrison Brown

Julia Garrison, the second daughter of George Washington Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born in a log house on a farm in the Bedell Valley (Halcott) in Greene County, New York, on May 11, 1846. She married Solomon Brown, a stonemason*, in September of 1864, and the couple had eight children: Ina, George, Rosa, Angie, Rutherford, Henry, Vernon, and James. Julia lived most of her life in Fleischmanns, New York. For a few years after she and Solomon were married, they lived in Ashland, New York, not far from the Halcott area where she was born. For a short time she lived in Poughkeepsie, New York. After her husband Solomon died there in 1907 she moved back to Fleischmanns near her brother Morgan, sister Mehettable, and her daughter Rosa. For a few years she rented an upstairs apartment in the home of her sister Hettie (Mehettable), and her husband Angelo Cole. In 1920 she went to live with her daughter Rosa and family, who had a dry goods store in the village. The family lived upstairs.

Julia was well loved by all. "Grandma Brown", as she was known to all the village. In 1934 Julia's nephew Lloyd Garrison visited Aunt Julia to talk of old times, and they spent one morning boiling a gallon of maple syrup for him to take home to his children as a treat, in the form of maple sugar cakes.

Julia was the last survivor of George and Mary Ann's children. She died on February 19, 1936 at her daughter Rosa's home. She is buried in Clovesville Cemetery in Fleischmanns beside her husband.

* Solomon laid the cornerstone of the Fleischmanns Methodist Church.

Descendants of
Julia Garrison Brown and Solomon Brown

Ina Brown, daughter of Julia Garrison and Solomon Brown, was born on September 23, 1866 at Halcott, Greene County, New York. She married Charles M. Goes. The couple had two children, Earl and Pearl. She was a member of the Baptist church. She died on January 19, 1920, in Poughkeepsie, New York, and was buried at South Jewett, New York.

Earl B., married _____, and had a son, Francis. He lived in White Plains or Poughkeepsie. No other information.

Pearl, married Clayton Merwin, had a child Beatrice. All are deceased. She is buried in Middletown, New York.

George B. Brown, son of Julia Garrison Brown and Solomon Brown, was born in 1869 in Griffins Corners. In his early years he taught school at Fleischmanns Heights, Jewett Center, Westkill, and later in the state of Illinois. In 1894 he married Margaret Murray of New York City. They had one child who died in infancy. In October 1898 they moved to Champaign, Illinois, where he was superintendent of the dairy barns of the University of Illinois for over twenty years. In 1933 they moved to Portsmouth, Virginia where he was superintendent of the Pine Grove Dairy Farms. He died in Portsmouth on October 1, 1937. His wife died on April 12, 1944. Both are buried in Clovesville Cemetery, Fleischmanns, N.Y.

Rosa Brown, daughter of Solomon Brown and Julia Garrison, was born in Ashland, New York, on December 17, 1874. She was a teacher in the public schools of Middletown before her marriage. She taught in District #2 and #8. She was married to Carsten Haderup in March 1895, in Margaretville, New York. Mr. Haderup was a native of Denmark, born on July 24, 1854 in Schlesivig-Holstein. He was converted to the Lutheran church, which he joined in his native city. Rosa and Carl had a family of five children: Angie Christina, named for her aunt and her father's mother, Julia Marguerite, Peter Carsten, Glenn Solomon, and Phyllis Lynette (sometimes called Phyllis Minna). Rosa and Carl ran a drygoods store in Fleischmanns for many years. The business on Main Street opened in 1895.

A new building was constructed in 1913. The business continued until Rosa's death in 1964. Rosa was a fifty year member of Belle-Ayre Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, and a member of the Methodist church of Fleischmanns. She died in Poughkeepsie on



Rosa Brown Haderup

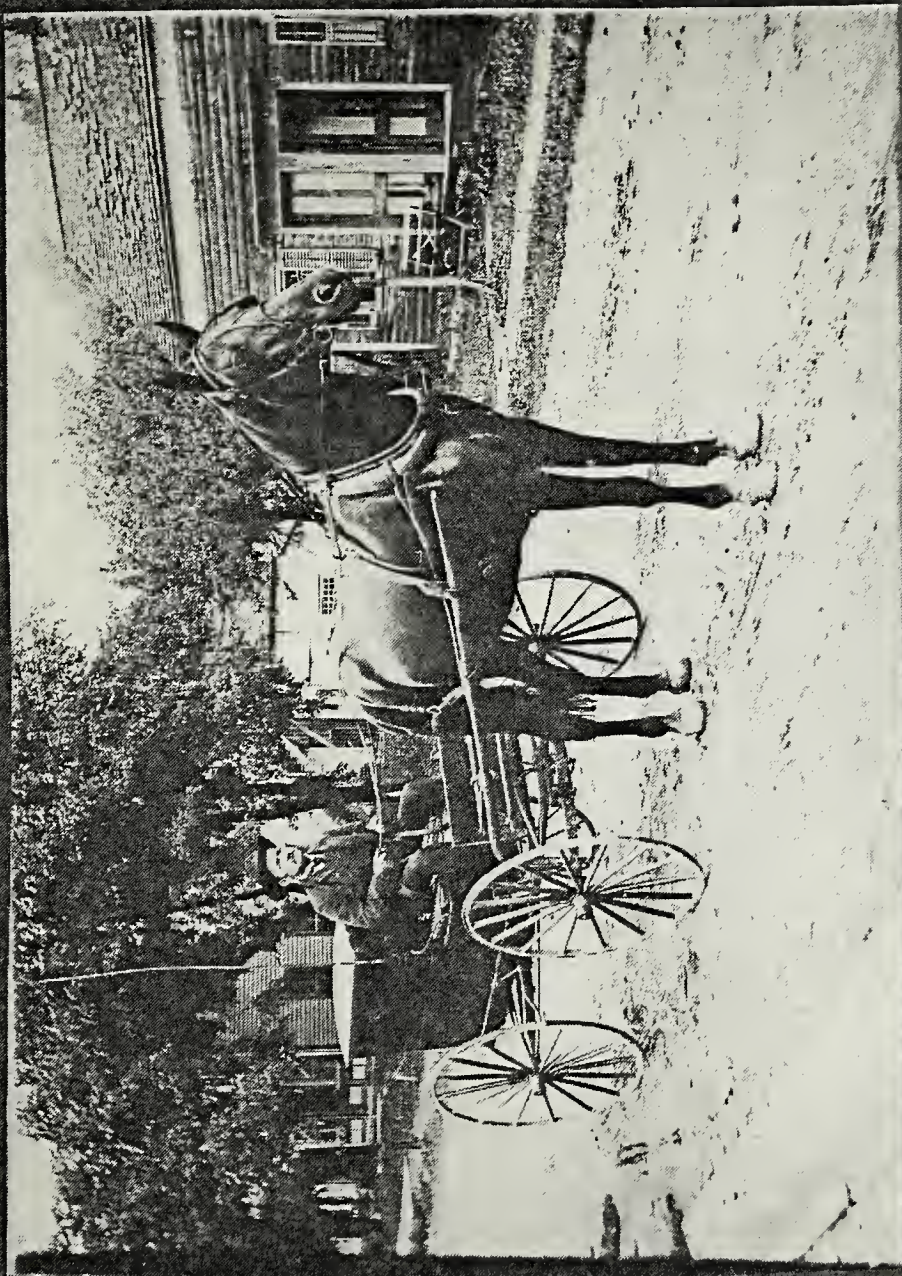
THE OFFICE OF
Chas. V. Bookhout,
School Commissioner Second District.
DELAWARE COUNTY.

Barbury, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1891

Miss Brown:

You have taken care of
our best district schools. and for
the sake of the school and for ^{the sake of} your
own reputation you want to labor
to make your administration a
success.

Yours truly
Chas. V. Bookhout



Carl Haderup and his horse Nellie, about 1900. The house in the background is that of Aunt Sally Garrison, and was just across the street from the Haderup Dry Goods store in Fleischmanns.

November 27, 1964. She had retired from the business shortly before that and had moved to Poughkeepsie near her daughter Julia. She was 89 when she died. She is buried in Clovesville Cemetery.

Her husband Carl came to this country in 1883, arriving in Philadelphia. He came to Halcott Center the same year. Before operating his dry-goods firm in Fleischmanns he sold dry goods, laces, materials, etc. from a horse and buggy throughout the area. He died on November 12, 1919 while waiting on a customer in his store. He was a member of the Masonic Order and of the Knights of Pythias. He is buried at Clovesville Cemetery.

Descendants of

Carl Haderup and Rosa Brown Haderup

Angie Christina Haderup was born on November 12, 1897, in Fleischmanns (then called Griffins Corners), New York, the first child in this family. She was named Angie for Rosa's sister, and Christina for her German grandmother on her father's side. In 1900 her little sister Julia Marguerite was born, and in 1901 her brother Carsten was born. As Christina was growing up she learned to help in her parents' dry-goods store as well as to care for her little brothers and sisters. The next two children were Glenn, born in 1910, and Phyllis, born in 1914. Christina recalls going to school, and then coming home to help in the store. She would have her schoolbooks spread on the counter, and frequently would care for little Glenn or Phyllis in a baby carriage at the same time.

When she was seven or eight she had the dread disease scarlet fever and was not expected to live. Her grandmother Julia cared for her at this time. The two of them stayed in one room in the house, away from other family members. Food was left outside the door for them, and the dishes and silverware boiled before anyone else touched them. This selfless act on the part of Grandma Brown saved the little girl, and probably those of others in the family.

Christina attended elementary school on Old Halcott Road in Fleischmanns, and also went to high school in Fleischmanns. She was a bright child and a good student. She went to Albany for her

college education, and graduated from the New York State College for teachers in 1919 with a certificate to teach high school. Her major was Latin, with minors in math and German. She also studied philosophy and English literature. She later studied at Columbia University. In 1945 Christina received a Masters degree in Latin from New York State College for Teachers.

The Bachelors degree and diploma received in 1919 read "qualified to teach in the schools of New York state for life," no restrictions. Her teaching career can best be told in her own words: "In that day, 1919, especially in a small high school, you taught anything you could read from a book - seven periods a day, seven different classes, one free period. So I have taught Latin I,II,III,IV, Algebra I,II, Plane Geometry, Plane and Spherical Geometry, Business Arithmetic, Elementary Business Training, Civics and Citizenship, Vocational Guidance, Ancient History, and European History. When I taught for the last ten years in Kingston City High School, one year I had the bottom group, (in High who could not add 2+2 or read and write), and the high group in math (three years done in two years). The bottom group I had for math, all grades at one, English, and Citizenship. I wrote a syllabus on Safety Education. The English was only to teach them to write a decent letter of application, a thankyou note, an invitation, etc., and to read books from the third grade level through sixth. Also taught spelling and how to construct a decent sentence. In English they loved to have me read to them, so I read some classics to them. I loved teaching, when pupils behaved and respected their teachers, and I am proud that I was a good teacher."

When Christina's father died in 1919 she had just started teaching away from home in Jefferson, New York. In 1921 she returned to Fleischmanns. Her mother needed her to help with the store and the younger children. In 1924 Christina was married to Sydney Flisser, a native of New York City, whose parents both came as Jewish immigrants from central Europe. They had met in Albany, New York. The couple lived in Albany for a year but then returned again to Fleischmanns. The two of them had an apartment on the third floor of the building which housed the Haderup store. Sydney had a printing business and Christina

taught high school in her home town for twenty-two years. She had her brother Glenn and sister Phyllis as pupils, the children of all of her friends, and during World War II had the two oldest of her sister Julia's children. Many nights found her tutoring and helping students who were having difficulty with their studies. In addition she helped to secure accreditation for Fleischmanns High School. She worked very hard to obtain equipment for various departments.

She retired in 1955 after teaching ten years in Kingston, then moved to Florida with her husband where she taught one more year, and tutored for several years after that. Together with her early teaching this added up to thirty-six years.

She and Sydney lived in North Miami Beach until his death in May, 1979. Christina now lives at Biscayne Methodist Home West in Hialeah, Florida, near Miami and Tamarac where her sister Julia lives.

* * * * *

A note from the author of this volume: - When my cousin Rosanne and I were in the Catskills in 1978, just a mention of Christina's name was an "Open Sesame" to everything. Much of the population of Fleischmanns-Halcott area remember her with respect and affection, and her friends and pupils number in the hundreds.

Julia Marguerite Haderup, second daughter of Carsten Haderup and Rosa Brown, was born on January 3, 1900 in Fleischmanns, New York. She grew up in Fleischmanns and attended elementary and high school there. After high school she took a business course in Albany, graduating in June of 1919. She was married to Christian Noll in Arkville shortly afterward. Christian was a plumber. Five children were born to this family:

Rose Carolyn, born on October 16, 1925. She graduated from Syracuse University in 1947 and worked for one year at Vassar College as assistant to the head of the psychology department. She was married to James McGovern on January 29, 1949. Mr. McGovern is a construction engineer, and was active in the Poughkeepsie Chamber of Commerce during the years the couple lived in that city. He was employed at the IBM plant in Kingston, New York for some time. The family has lived in Saratoga, California for many years. Rose Carolyn died in May, 1981. The children in this family are as follows:

Margaret Susan "Sutzi" born on April 11, 1949. Married December 8, 1972 to Ronald Avila. Divorced, resumed maiden name.

James Jr. born on December 6, 1952. He married Kathryn on December 31, 1972. The children in this family are:

Patti Maureen born August 11, 1973

Shawn Patrick born August 28, 1974

Rebecca Ailene born December 15, 197-.

James is a Captain in the Air Force, stationed in Texas.

John Thomas born February 23, 1954. He married Deborah Moorehead on September 3, 1977. No children.

Mary Christina born October 12, 1955. She married Donald R. Foge. The children in this family are

Richard born September 9, 1977

Stephen James born May 30, 1979

Mary Christina has since been divorced and has resumed

her maiden name.

Martha Ann "Duzie" born September 11, 1960. Unmarried.
Christian J. Noll Jr born October 30, 1926. He was in the service from 1943 until 1947. He attended college all of his years in service, at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, Dartmouth University, and Tufts in Boston. He went to Vassar College one semester (waiting to get into overcrowded St. Lawrence). He graduated from St. Lawrence University and went with IBM in January, 1949. He was sent to Harvard University by IBM. He became personnel director for IBM World Trade in Japan and the South Pacific and travels a great deal. He enjoys golf and his work. He was married to Sarah Jane Billing on February 25, 1948. The children of this marriage are:

Sally Ann born on September 8, 1948. She married Bruce Bernard but has been divorced. No children.

Christian III born May 24, 1952. He married Susan Hamre on June 22, 1974. They live in Miami Beach, where Christian is involved in banking. They have one child, Christian IV, born on March 16, 1980.

Karen Lynn (now known as Sarah), was born November 10, 1955. She married Eitan Stanger of Israel on May 5, 1976. She met Mr. Stanger in Israel while studying and living in a kibbutz. They live in Israel with their son Tomer, born on January 3, 1980 in Israel.

Elizabeth Jean, second daughter of Julia Marguerite and Christian Noll, was born on December 23, 1927. She graduated from St. Francis Nursing School and Catholic University in Washington D.C. Her hobbies are knitting and doing for others. She married Lawrence McEnroe on November 4, 1950. The couple have since been divorced. There were five children born in this family:

Rosanna Lynn born August 14, 1951. She married Mark Hamm. They are the parents of two children: Jason, born on March 5, 1977, and Jennifer, born on October 26, 1979.

Lawrence McEnroe Jr. born on March 31, 1955. He is a First Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps, presently stationed at El Toro Marine Base in Santa Ana, California. He is unmarried.

Phyllis Lynette born On January 29, 1957, unmarried.

Diane Theresa born on October 3, 1958, unmarried.

Brian Joseph born on December 25, 1965, unmarried.

Patricia Ann, third daughter of Julia Marguerite and Christian Noll, was born on August 6, 1929 in Poughkeepsie, New York. She married Vincent Francis Mullen (born March 12, 1924 in Poughkeepsie) on November 22, 1951, at Holy Trinity Church in Poughkeepsie. She graduated from the State University of New York at New Paltz, New York, in January 1951 with a B.S. degree in elementary teaching. She taught in the elementary grades for ten years. She now does substitute teaching. Her husband is retired from the postal service. There are four children in this family:

Edward Vincent born on August 7, 1954 in Poughkeepsie. He graduated cum laude from Marist College, Poughkeepsie in 1975 with a degree in Business Management. Edward has a position with IBM in Poughkeepsie.

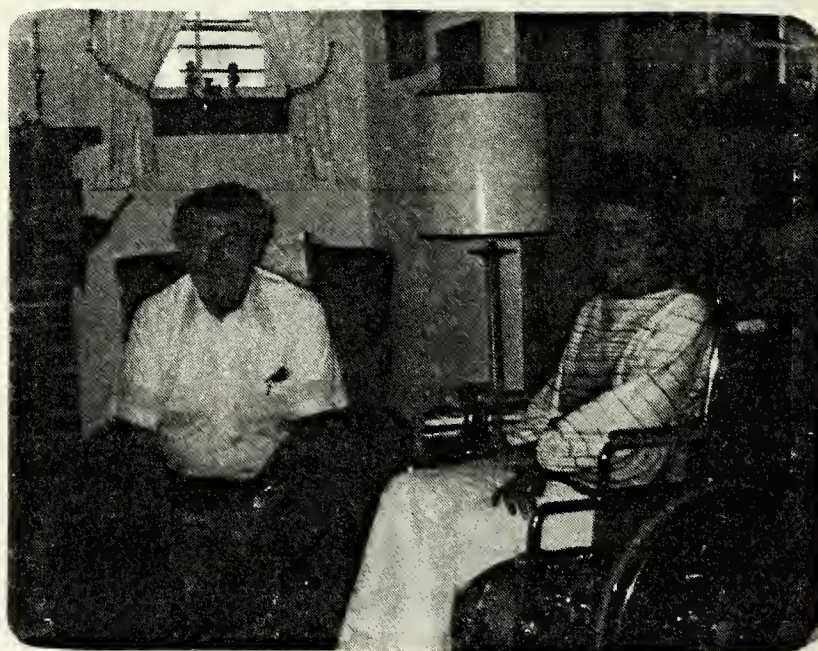
Michael Patrick was born March 17, 1956, in Poughkeepsie. He graduated Summa cum laude in December, 1976 from Union College, Schenectady, New York, with a B.S. degree in Computer Science. Michael is associated with IBM in Poughkeepsie and is working towards his Master's degree in Computer Science.

Carol Ann was born July 1, 1958 in Poughkeepsie. She graduated Magna cum laude (and was valedictorian of her graduating class) in May 1979 from Russell Sage College, Troy, New York. She received a B.S. degree in biology in the field of Medical Technology. Carol is studying for her Master's degree in Micro-Biology at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.

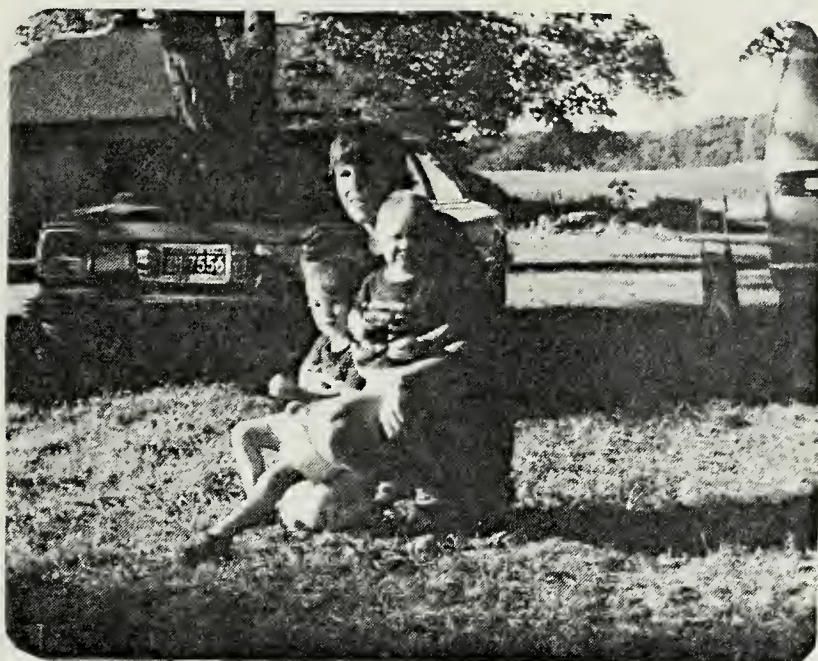
Mary Ann was born on November 29, 1962 in Poughkeepsie. She is attending Siena College, Loudonville, New York,



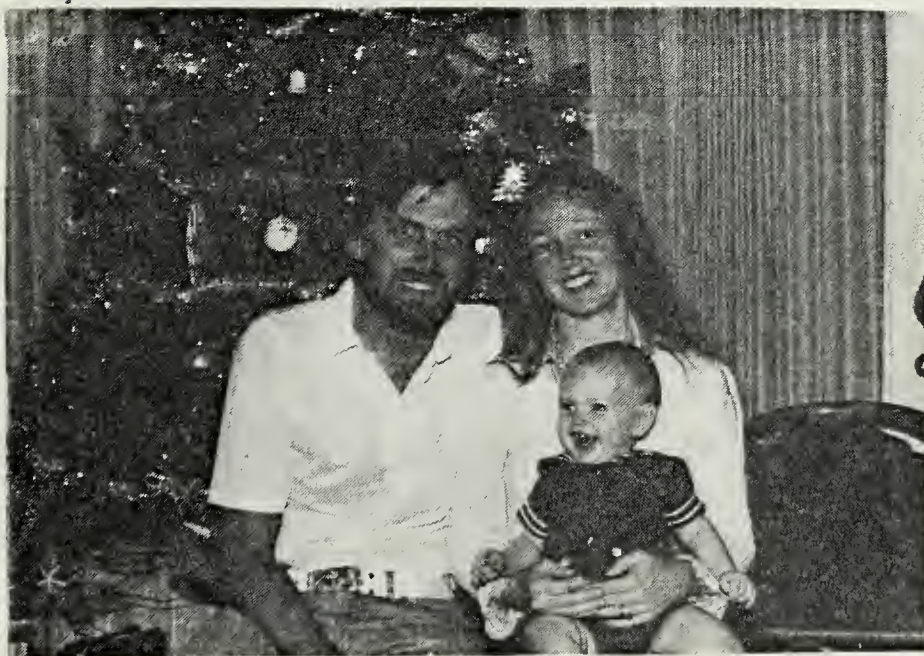
Chris and Julie Noll



James and Rose Carolyn McGovern



Mary Christina McGovern
Richard, Stephen



Christian III and Susan
with Christian IV

30 Years for Noll: A Career on Two Continents

"One of my greatest satisfactions," says Chris Noll of his three decades with IBM, "has been in finding and developing good people."

A native of Poughkeepsie, Noll joined the company there in January 1948. He was hired as a technical engineer, and later moved into administrative and management positions at the Poughkeepsie development lab.

His interest in personnel, acquired as Poughkeepsie's engineering recruiting manager, and the prospect of international assignments prompted Noll to join World Trade in 1962 as recruiting manager at WTC's New York headquarters. A year later, he transferred to Tokyo as personnel director for WTC's Asia/Pacific area.

"Those were exciting days for me," he recalls. "Our business in Asia was growing rapidly and we were devising new programs in personnel . . . and seeing, first-hand, immediate results at the country level."

Following a four-year assignment back in New York as WTC personnel relations director, Noll returned to Tokyo in 1972 where he served as director of personnel and staff services at the then Asia/Pacific headquarters.

Last year, Noll became director of personnel operations -- Far East. In this position, he coordinates personnel programs in 14 countries. Says Noll: "The Far East has always been a stimulating area for me. And

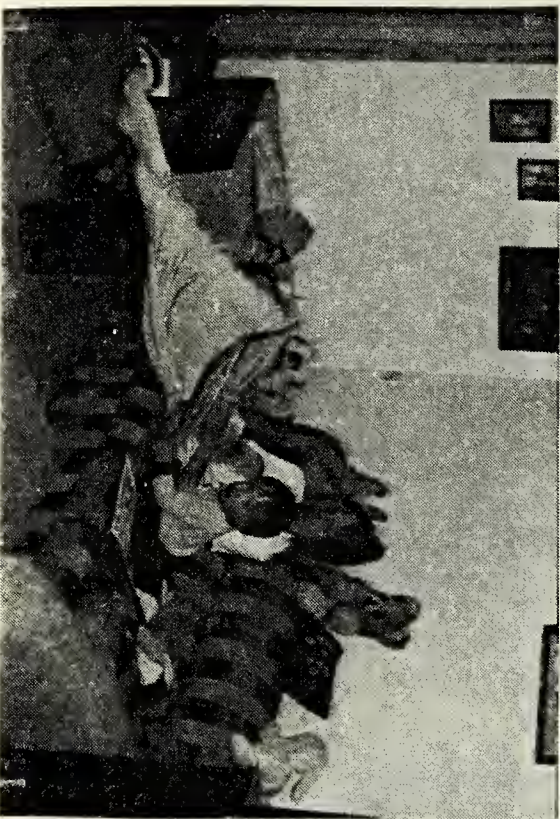


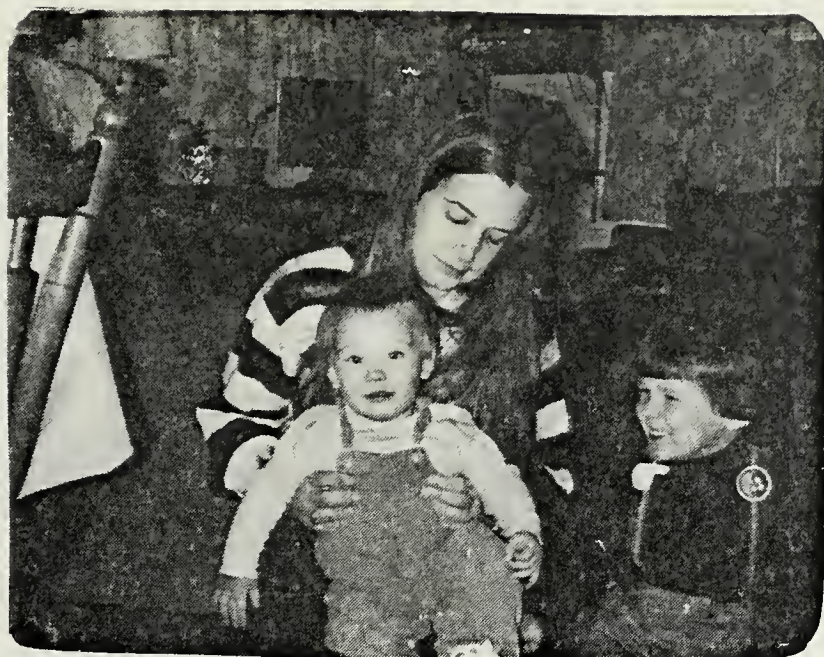
the challenge today remains the same -- hiring and developing the best people for tomorrow."

Chris Noll Jr.

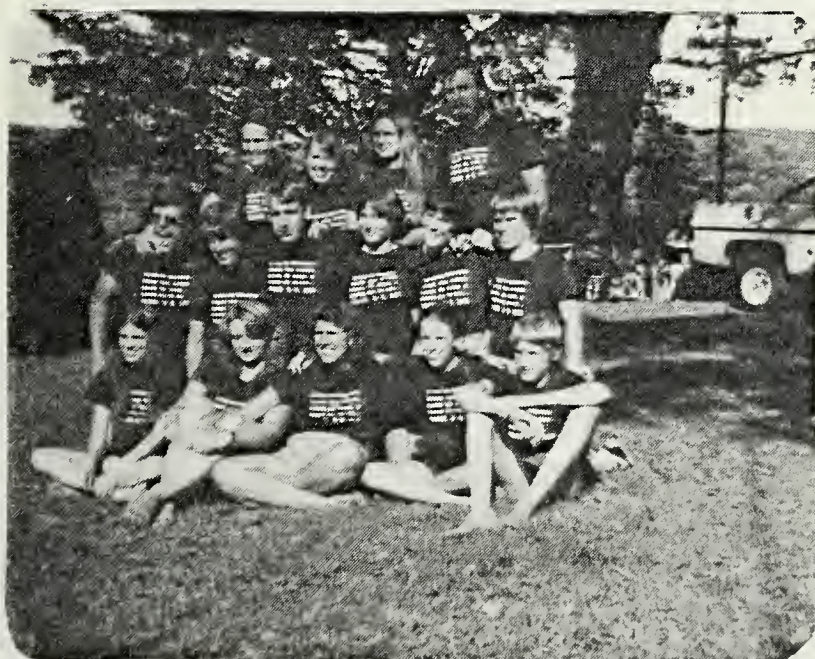
Karen Noll (Sarah) Stanger

← with son, Tomer Stanger





Rosanna McEnroe Hamm
with Jennifer and Jason



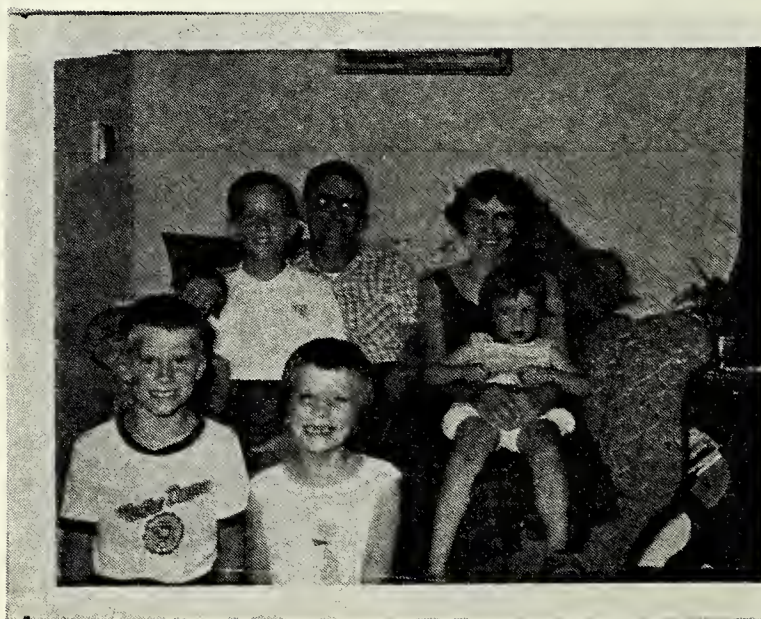
Grandchildren of Julie and Chris Noll, 1980 -
Back row, left to right: Sally Noll, Sutzi McGovern, Rosanna
McEnroe Hamm, Chris Noll III. Second row: John (Jack) McGovern,
Edward Mullen, Larry McEnroe Jr., Karen Stanger, Chris McGovern,
Michael Mullen, Front row: Carol Mullen, Diane McEnroe, Duzie
McGovern, Marianne Mullen, Brian McEnroe



Christina and Sydney
Flisser



Nan and Glenn Haderup



Left to right, front: Michael, Carol Ann,
Rear: Edward, Vincent, Patricia, Mary Ann Mullen



Phyllis Haderup Mueller

majoring in political science.

Mary, the last child of Julia and Christian Noll, was born on July 10, 1931 and died the same day.

Julia and Christian Noll lived for many years in Poughkeepsie but now live in a beautiful retirement community in Tamarac, Florida.

Peter Carsten, the first son of Rosa Brown and Carsten Haderup, was born on September 16, 1901 in Fleischmanns, New York. Carsten, as he was known, never married and lived most of his life in Fleischmanns. He assisted his mother in the operation of the Haderup Dry Goods store. In December 1964 when the business was sold because of his mother's failing health, he and his mother moved to Poughkeepsie near his sister Julia. He died there in February 1967. He is buried in Clovesville cemetery, Fleischmanns.

Glenn Solomon, second son of Rosa Brown and Carsten Haderup, was born on August 24, 1910 in Fleischmanns. He married Elsie Anna (Nan) McClure on November 25, 1954. The couple had no children. Glenn graduated from Cornell University in 1933. He was a forest surveyor in the Catskill and Adirondack mountains for thirty-five years. He was with the environmental conservation department of the state. He was a member of the Oasis Shrine Temple in Hendersonville, North Carolina, past master of the Fish House Lodge 298, past high priest of the Royal Arch Masons, Margaretville chapter, past commander of Holy Cross No. 51 Knights Templar, Gloversville, New York, and a member of Johnstown Council No. 72 and past patron of Juanita Chapter 246, Order of the Eastern Star. He was a former Boy Scout leader in Fleischmanns and a member of Hendersonville First United Methodist Church. Glenn died on September 9, 1981 from cancer. He is buried in Oakdale cemetery, Hendersonville, North Carolina, where his wife still lives.

Phyllis Lynette (Minna), last child of Carsten Haderup and Rosa Brown, was born January 26, 1914. She married Edward Mueller. They had no children, and she died tragically as a young woman in an automobile accident.

Angie Brown, daughter of Solomon Brown and Julia Garrison, was born in Ashland, New York. She was never very strong or healthy, and she died as a girl in 1903 in Fleischmanns, New York. She apparently was a lovely and well-loved young woman, and was mourned greatly. Her little book of autographs, filled in the years 1883 to 1886, remains.

Rutherford Brown, son of Solomon and Julia, was born at Ashland on April 15, 1878. When he was a small child his parents returned to Halcott and later Griffins Corners, where he lived most of his life. He lived in Illinois for ten years where he taught school and was employed in the University of Illinois dairy department. He returned to Fleischmanns in 1919 to assist his sister Rosa after the death of her husband. Rutherford lived with Rosa and her family for several years in the 1920's. He was married to Orpha Weeks, daughter of Henry W. Weeks and Iza Dora Morrison. Orpha Weeks was born on November 20, 1880. She was married previously and had a son Harold Griffin. Rutherford was clerk and tax collector for the village of Fleischmanns for fifteen years beginning in 1930. He was a printer and conducted a job printing office also. He was a member of the Methodist church board for many years, and treasurer of the Clovesville cemetery association since its incorporation in 1925. His wife was the librarian at the public library in Fleischmanns for nearly twenty years. Rutherford died on September 19, 1945 at the home of his sister Rosa, and is buried in Clovesville cemetery.

Henry Brown, third son of Solomon and Julia, was born about 1880. He married Maude Mercer. They had five children: Horace, William Newell, George, Paul, and Ella Jean.

Horace married Isabel _____. They had a son Donald.

William Newell married Mabel Hunt. They had children,

Robert, Kenneth, and Betty.

George married Laura _____. They had two boys.

Paul married _____ Taylor. They had two boys, Paul Jr. and Taylor, and a girl, name unknown.

Ella Jean, married, but to whom or when is not known.

Henry married again, this time Golda Capwell. There were four children born in this marriage: Gloria, Bertrand, Audrey,

and Aleeta.

Gloria married Henry G. Appel. Their children were Henry Jr., born in 1948, Richard, born in 1952, Carolyn, born in 1954, and Thomas, born in 1960.

Henry Jr. married first Gloria Clark, by whom he had two children, Diana and Richard. He is presently married to Michelle Collins.

Burtrand is not married.

Audrey married Arthur Ehrhardt, and has two children, Arthur Jr., and Deborah.

Aleeta married Harry Bevers and has two children, Susan, and Barbara, who married William Rakaska. Barbara has two sons, William Jr. and Ronald.

Vernon Brown, fourth son of Solomon and Julia married Bertha Davis. The children of this marriage are as follows: Edward George, who married ZonaLingh. They have no children.

Vernon E., who married first Marguerite Bracy and had a child Richard, married second Alice Eland, and had a son Vernon III.

Herbert R., deceased, married first Gertrude Weston, and second Herminia Garcia. Herbert and Gertrude had seven children, Jacquelyn, Robert (deceased), Nancy, Kathryn, Phillip, and Phyllis +(?). No children were born in the second marriage.

Robert Emerson married first Vera Hall. David and Dorothy were born to this marriage. He married second Katheryn _____. A son Russell was born to in this marriage.

Miriam married first Arthur Roach. She and Arthur had two children. Miriam married a second time, to whom is not known, and there were no children. She married a third time a Mr. Bergstrom and had two children by him.

Ellis, married a Betty _____ and a Barbara _____. He had children, William, Valerie, and Richard by Betty. Stanley, last child of Vernon and Bertha Davis, married Carol Gregerson and had children Daniel and Thomas.

James Garrison Brown, the last son of Solomon and Julia was born on April 11, 1887, in Griffins Corners. He became a printer at the age of sixteen. In 1909 he moved to Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, where he worked for the local paper. He was married to Lillian Broyles (born December 29, 1889). He died on September 4, 1933 after a three year illness, and he is buried at Eastlawn cemetery in Champaign-Urbana. He and his wife were parents of the following children:

Bertha, born September 2, 1910, died September 29, 1915.

James G. Brown Jr., who was married at one time but later divorced. He was born on June 12, 1913 and died on May 31, 1974. He died of cancer.

Claude H. was born on September 24, 1915. He died of cancer on June 12, 1963. He had a daughter by a first marriage, Ellen, born on June 18, 1947. She was married to a Mr. Jackson and has two daughters, Julie, born on November 18, 1967, and Jennifer, born on September 6, 1974. The family lives in Arizona. Claude later married Julia Johnson. Doris Mae, the last child of James Garrison Brown and Lillian Broyles, was born on November 30, 1918. She is not married.

Henry W. Garrison

Henry W. Garrison was born on February 28, 1849 in Halcott. He was the last son of Mary Ann and George Garrison. He spent his early years in Halcott Center and Griffins Corners. He moved to Middletown in 1873 and was agent and operator at Griffins Station until 1876. He graduated from the New York Homeopathic Medical College in 1878, practiced a short time in Griffins Corners, and moved to New York City sometime before 1888.

He married Rachel Gunn, a sister of Louis Gunn, Morgan Garrison's wife. Rachel was five years older than Henry. She was a dressmaker to wealthy people, and on return trips home to Griffins Corners all the women in the family and neighborhood flocked to her to have gowns made. Rachel died about 1922.

Today not much is known of this man, as he and his wife had no children. The last reference concerning him, other than his obituary notice, is that Lloyd Garrison, his nephew, spent his last night on United States soil in 1918 at Henry's house before going overseas in World War I.

Henry died on July 22, 1929, and he and his wife are both buried in Clovesville Cemetery in Fleischmanns.

Mehettable (Hetty) Garrison

Mehettable Garrison was born on September 28, 1851, in the Halcott Valley. She lived in that area most of her life. She married Angelo Cole on December 1, 1886. Hettie, as she was known, and Angelo, a farmer, had two children, a son

Loren, born in 1889, and who died on February 10, 1892.

He is buried in Upper Redkill cemetery.

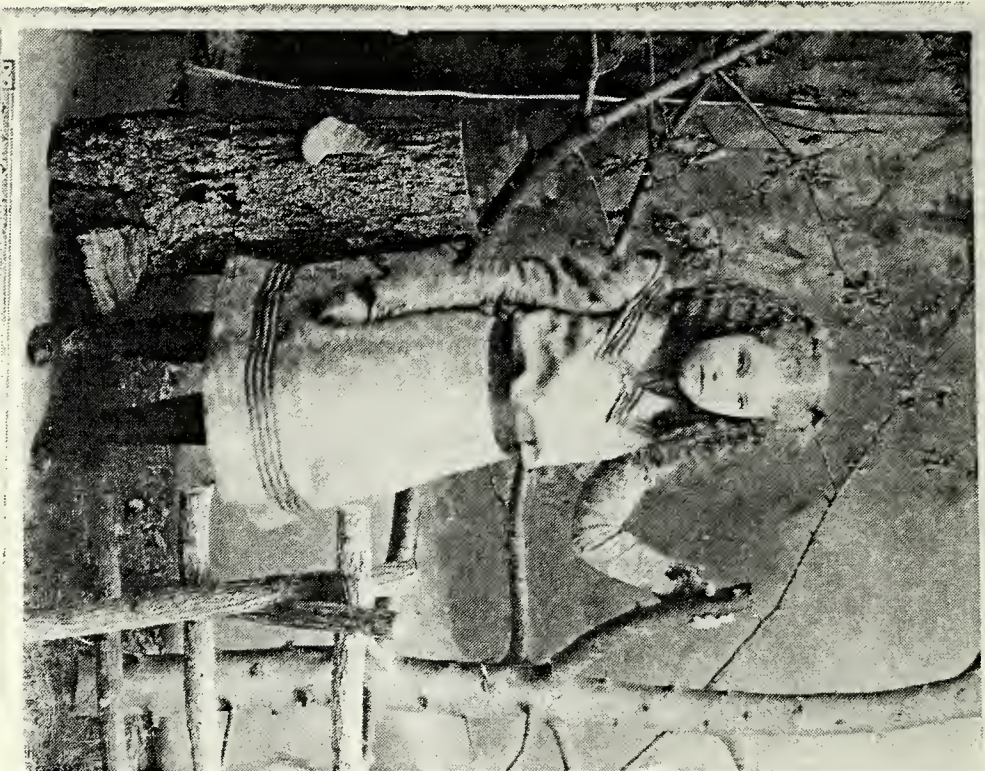
Pearl, a daughter born on November 6, 1894. The daughter, "a tall dark girl," never married. She taught school for some years. She lived many years, apparently happily, in the Binghamton State Hospital in New York. She had voluntarily gone there after being greatly concerned with mental problems which constantly plagued her. She died on October 3, 1977, from a stroke, just before her eighty-third birthday.

Angelo and Hetty lived in the old Garrison homestead in the Halcott Valley for about fifty years. They took care of George and Selenier. They moved into town (Griffins Corners) from the old homestead, bringing George and Selenier with them some time in the 1890's. Angelo built a home on Upper Main Street. It was here that George, and presumably Selenier, died. Angelo died in Kingston City, New York, some time after 1937. Hettie Garrison Cole died on July 22, 1925. She and Angelo are buried in Clovesville cemetery in Fleischmanns.

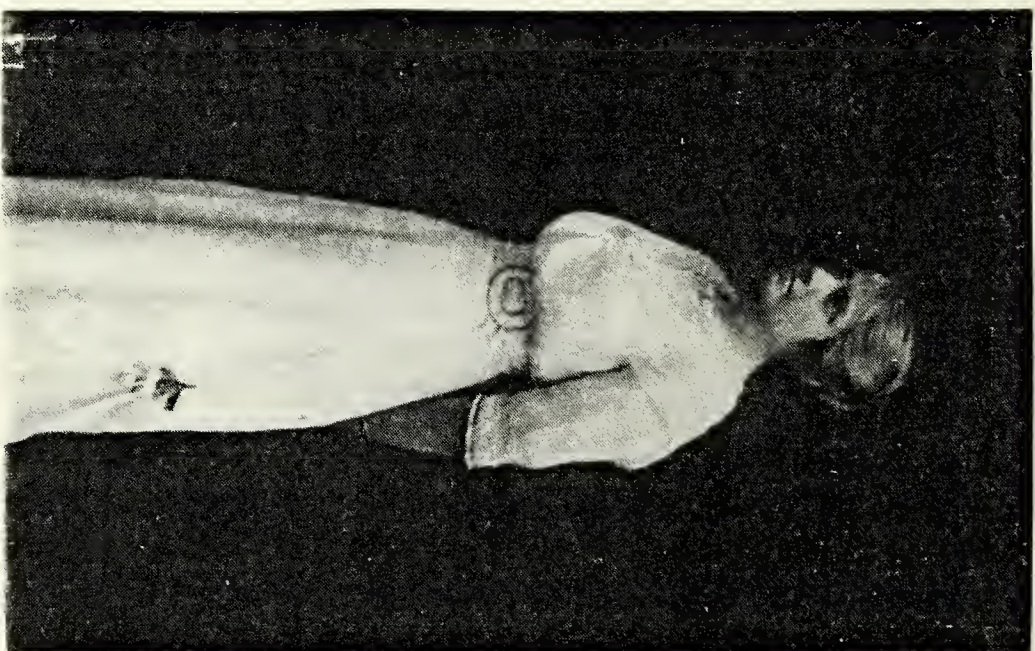
Mary Ann (Matie) Garrison

Mary Ann Garrison, the last child of George Garrison and Mary Ann Hallock, was born on October 7, 1853 in Halcott. Her mother died less than three weeks after she was born, and she was raised by Selenier Todd, George's second wife.

She married Willis Keator, date unknown. They had no children. She died on May 10, 1879, at the age of twenty five. She is buried next to her father and mothers in Upper Redkill Cemetery.



Pearl Cole



Angie Christina Haderup Flisser
about 1918



Aunt Ina Brown Goes

Ina Brown Goes



Uncle Charles Goes

Charles Goes



George Brown



Kingston, N.Y.

George Brown



*James Henry
Rutherford
Brown Brothers*

Sons of Julia Garrison Brown
and Solomon Brown



Andes and Margaretville,

NEW YORK.

Carman,

Angelo Cole

Angelo Cole



Andes and Margaretville,

NEW YORK.

Carman,

Margaret Garrison Cole

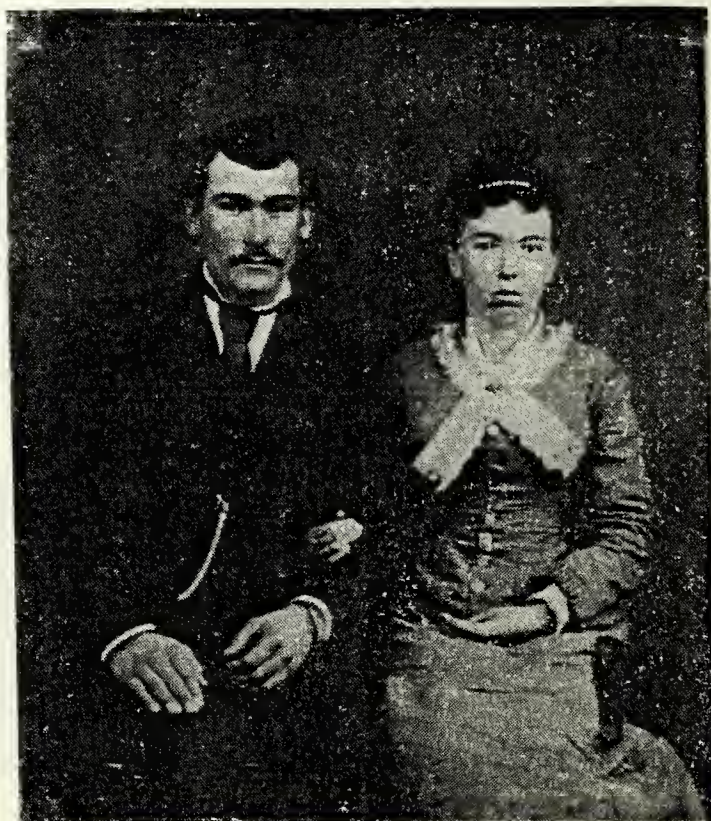
Mehettable Garrison Cole



Main Street, Fleischmanns, about 1925. On left:
Drug Store, Bank, Solomon's, Haderup's



Loren Cole



Willis Keator and Mary Ann Garrison

This ends the story of James Garrison and his descendants to the year 1981. Much more is waiting to be written in the lives of the descendants now living, and some events have transpired since the narrative was begun.

I hope you have enjoyed reading about your ancestors and relatives. I have tried to avoid mistakes, but if any are present, as I am sure there are, I hope you will accept my sincere apologies.

List of References

1. _____. "The Name and Family of Garrison". Media Research Bureau, Washington D.C.
2. _____. American Biography, a New Cyclopedia. vol. 4, Advisory Board of the American Historical Society, Inc., New York, 1923.
3. Cutter, William Richard, A.M.. Genealogical and Family History of Central New York, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, 1912.
4. Meyers, Carol M.. "Early New York State Census Records. 1663-1772," R.A.M. Publishers. Gardena, Calif., 1965
5. The University of the State of New York, Division of Archives and History. Ecclesiastical Records, State of New York. vol. 1, Albany, New York.
6. Pearson, Johathan. Early Records of the City and County of Albany and Colony of Rensselaerswyk. vol. 3 (Notarial Papers 1 & 2, 1660-1696), The University of the State of New York, 1918.
7. Lawrence, Ruth, Editor. Colonial Families of America, vol 4, National Genealogical Society, 1964.
8. Ruttenber, E.M., and Clark, L.H. History of Orange County, New York, Everts & Peck, Publishers, Philadelphia, 1881.
9. Letter from Genevieve Judd to Christina Flisser, 1955.
10. Clint, Florence. A Guide to Genealogical Records of Luzerne County, Pa. Keyline Publishers, Elizabeth, Colo. 1972.
11. Tiffany, Lena O. Borden. "The Old Stone Schoolhouse." (Fleischmanns Library, New York).
12. Lockhart, Warren E. (Editor). "Centennial, 1872-1972, Wellington Community, Lovejoy and Prairie Green Township." Souvenir Book Committee, 1972.
13. Goodwin, Maud Wilder. The Dutch and English on the Hudson, A Chronicle of Colonial New York. Yale University Press, 1919.
14. Ellis, Frost, Syrett, and Carman. A History of New York State . Published in cooperation with the New York Historical Association, Cornell University Press, 1967.
15. Spaulding, E. Wilder. New York in the Critical Period, 1783-

1789. New York Historical Association Series, Columbia University Press, 1932.
16. Peck, George D. Wyoming County, Its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. Harper Bros. New York, 1872.
 17. _____. "Wyoming County Facts." Wyoming County Agricultural Extension Service, Tunkhannock, Pa.
 18. _____. History of Luzerne, Lackawanna and Wyoming Counties W.W. Munsell, Publishers, New York 1880.
 19. Pearce, Stuart. Annals of Luzerne County. J.P. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, P. 1860.
 20. _____. "Pennsylvania's Susquehanna." Tunkhannock Public Library, Tunkhannock, Pa. 1950.
 21. Whyte, Wm. E. The Centennial Chronology of the County of Luzerne 1776-1876. D.R. Huntington Publishers, Pittston, P. 1886.
 22. Vedder, J. Van Vechten, County Historian. History of Greene County, New York, 1651-1880, vol. 1, 1927.
 23. Northern Catskills Review, October 13, 1976.
 24. _____. History of Greene County, New York, with Biographical Sketches of its Prominent Men. J.B. Beers & Co. N.Y. 1884.
 25. Monroe, John D. Chapters in the History of Delaware County, New York. Delaware County Historical Association, 1949.
 26. _____. Illustrated History of Delaware County. W.W. Munsell, Publishers, New York, 1880.
 27. Griffin, Irma Mae. The History of the Town of Roxbury. Roxbury, New York, 1974.
 28. _____. "Halcott Valley, 1851-1976". Published by the Town of Halcott, 1976.
 29. Redlands Citrograph, Dec. 10, 1887, June 6, 1891, Feb. 27, 1892, Mar. 12, 1892, Apr. 9, 1892, Aug. 13, 1892, May 16, 1894.
 30. Murray, David (Editor). Delaware County New York, History of the Century, 1797-1897. Wm. Clark, Publishers, Delhi, N.Y. 1898.
 31. Moore, Ralph & Virginia, "Iroquois County, Original Land Purchases - 1831-1882.". A Research Project of the Iroquois County Historical Society, Watseka, Illinois, 1977.

32. Dowling, John. "History of Iroquois County." Board of Supervisors, Publishers, 1968.
33. Beckwith, H.W. History of Iroquois County. H.H. Hill and Company, Publishers, 1880.
34. Howard, Robert P. Illinois, A History of the Prairie State. Wm. B. Erdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1972.
35. Milford Herald, Apr. 27, 1905.

* * * * *

Many census records, both federal and state, were consulted for this book, as well as land and probate records. However, since they are cited in the text, I am not listing them here.

INDEX

-A-

ADAMS, Cynthia Walgren, 89
 ANDERSON, Arthur C. 84
 ANDERSON, Arthur Hugh, 87
 ANDERSON, Donald Bruce, 85,
 ANDERSON, JoEllen Rys, 85
 ANDERSON, Lianne Scher, 86
 ANDERSON, Lloyd Garrison, 85
 ANDERSON, Margaret (Soriano), 86
 ANDERSON, Morgan Kelly, 85
 ANDERSON, Paul Evans, 86
 ANDERSON, Penny Perham, 85
 ANDERSON, Peter Rys, 85
 ANDERSON, Rosanna Garrison,
 78-84
 ANDERSON, Sarah Jaime, 86
 ANDERSON, Timothy Michael, 85
 APPEL, Burtrand, 150
 APPEL, Carolyn, 150
 APPEL, Diana, 150
 APPEL, Gloria, 150
 APPEL, Gloria Clark, 150
 APPEL, Henry G., 150
 APPEL, Henry Jr., 150
 APPEL, Richard, 150
 APPEL, Thomas, 150
 AVERY, Burton, 13
 AVERY, Donald, 13
 AVERY, Douglas, 13
 AVERY, Francis, 13
 AVERY, Harry, 13
 AVERY, Helen Plautz, 13
 AVERY, Kenneth, 13
 AVERY, Mildred Matthews, 13
 AVERY, Sophina Tubbs, 13

-B-

BAKER, David Lant, 112, 117
 BAKER, George Lant, 112

BAKER, Lori Garner (Smith), 117
 BAKER, Samantha, 117
 BEVERS, Aleeta Brown, 150
 BEVERS, Harry, 150
 BEVERS, Susan, 150
 BIRKMAIER, A. Theodore II, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Artemas T. III, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Barbara Ann, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Cynthia Ann, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Katherine Van
 Valkenburgh, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Katherine Ann, 132
 BIRKMAIER, Wendy Ann, 132
 BROWN, Alice Eland, 150
 BROWN, Angie, 139, 149
 BROWN, Barbara, 150
 BROWN, Bertha, 151
 BROWN, Bertha Davis, 150
 BROWN, Betty, 149, 150
 BROWN, Carol Gregerson
 BROWN, Claude H., 151
 BROWN, Daniel, 150
 BROWN, David, 150
 BROWN, Donald, 149
 BROWN, Doris Mae, 151
 BROWN, Dorothy, 150
 BROWN, Edward George, 150
 BROWN, Ella Jean, 149
 BROWN, Ellis, 150
 BROWN, George, 149,
 BROWN, George B., 140
 BROWN, Gertrude Weston, 150
 BROWN, Golda Capwell, 149
 BROWN, Henry, 139
 BROWN, Henry, 149
 BROWN, Herbert R. 150
 BROWN, Herminia Garcia, 150

BROWN, Horace, 149
 BROWN, Isabel, 149
 BROWN, Jacquelyn, 150
 BROWN, James Garrison, 139, 151
 BROWN, James Garrison Jr., 151
 BROWN, Julia Garrison, 139
 BROWN, Julia Johnson, 151
 BROWN, Katheryn, 150
 BROWN, Katheryn, 150
 BROWN, Kenneth, 149
 BROWN, Laura, 149
 BROWN, Lillian Broyles, 151
 BROWN, Mabel Hunt, 149
 BROWN, Margaret Murray, 140
 BROWN, Marguerite Bracy, 150
 BROWN, Maud Mercer, 149
 BROWN, Nancy, 150
 BROWN, Orpha Weeks, 149
 BROWN, Paul, 149
 BROWN, Paul Jr. 149
 BROWN, Phillip, 150
 BROWN, Phyllis, 150
 BROWN, Richard, 150
 BROWN, Robert, 149
 BROWN, Robert, 150
 BROWN, Robert Emerson, 150
 BROWN, Russell, 150
 BROWN, Rutherford, 139, 149
 BROWN, Solomon, 139
 BROWN, Stanley, 150
 BROWN, Taylor, 149
 BROWN, Thomas, 150
 BROWN, Valerie, 150
 BROWN, Vera Hill, 150
 BROWN, Vernon, 139, 150
 BROWN, Vernon E. Jr. 150
 BROWN, Vernon III, 150
 BROWN, William Newell, 149

BROWN, William, 150
 BROWN, Zona Lingle, 150
 BURROUGHS, John, 64
 BUIS, Barbara Susan Baker, 116
 BUIS, Sara Marie, 116
 BUIS, Steven Eugene, 116
 BUIS, William Steven, 116
 -C-
 CAUGHEY, George H., 136
 CAUGHEY, George H. Jr, 136
 CAUGHEY, Kathleen Poor, 136
 CAUGHEY, Julia, 136
 COLE, Angelo, 152, 153
 COLE, Loren, 152
 COLE, Mehettable Garrison, 152, 153
 COLE, Pearl, 152
 CRAWFORD, Adeline Judd, 35
 CRAWFORD, Charles, 35
 CRAWFORD, Jack, 35
 CRAWFORD, William, 35

-D-
 DE LORIA, Christopher Aaron, 90
 DOOLITTLE, Ada Jenkins, 12, 13
 DOOLITTLE, George, 12, 13
 DOOLITTLE, George Jr., 13
 DOOLITTLE, Gretchen, 13
 DOOLITTLE, Muriel, 13
 DOOLITTLE, Robert, 13
 DOOLITTLE, Virginia, 13

-E-
 EHRHARDT, Arthur, 150
 EHRHARDT, Arthur Jr., 150
 EHRHARDT, Audrey, 150
 EHRHARDT, Deborah, 150
 EICHENBERG, Eva Jenkins, 13

-F-
 FLISSER, Christina Haderup, 140,
 142-144

FLISSER, Sydney, 143

FOGE, Richard, 145

FOGE, Stephen James, 145

-G-

GARRISON, Aaron (1), 7, 27

GARRISON, Aaron (2), 23, 24, 27
64-74, 83, 96, 119

GARRISON, Abraham, 7,9

GARRISON, Avi E., 15

GARRISON, Betty Bernhardt, 125-126

GARRISON, Betty Malo, 138

GARRISON, Bertha, 65,67,75,95

GARRISON, Catherine, 15

GARRISON, Catherine de Romagnac,6

GARRISON, Clarisa, 15

GARRISON, Clarrinse,15

GARRISON, David, 7, 8

GARRISON, David, 9, 15, 16

GARRISON, Earl, 37,38,61-13

GARRISON, Edna Putt, 71, 88

GARRISON, Elbert, 66,71,88,95

GARRISON, Elizabeth May, 138

GARRISON, Ella Thier, 8,23,27

GARRISON, Eric M. 123,124,126

GARRISON, Eudora Bond, 88,89

GARRISON, Evelyn Dresser, 94,96
111

GARRISON, Everett F., 88,89,91

GARRISON, Ezekiel, 9, 11, 20

GARRISON, Florence M. 15

GARRISON, George W., 8,9,20-29

GARRISON, Grace Bindeman, 77-83

GARRISON, Henry Lloyd, 135,138

GARRISON, Henry W. 23, 24, 152

GARRISON, Herman, 65, 75-83, 95

GARRISON, Hezekiah, 8

GARRISON, Isaac, 5, 6, 8

GARRISON, Jacob, 7

GARRISON, Jacquetta, 90

GARRISON, James (1), 7,8,9,20,27

GARRISON, James (2), 21,24, -
37-62

GARRISON, James W., 127,133,
134

GARRISON, Jan E. 123,124,126

GARRISON, Janet Nielson, 91

GARRISON, Jeffrey, 122,123,
124,126

GARRISON, Jerusha,37,38,60-62

GARRISON, John (1) 7, 27

GARRISON, John C., 125-126

GARRISON, John D. 79,94,107,
118-126

GARRISON, Joseph, 7, 27

GARRISON, Juliana, 15

GARRISON, Kelly, 91

GARRISON, Kitty D., 15

GARRISON, Lester, 138

GARRISON, Lewis, 7, 27

GARRISON, Lloyd, 69,70,79,80,
83,93-96, 102, 139

GARRISON, Lori Rae, 90

GARRISON, Louisa Gunn, 127

GARRISON, Mary, 9

GARRISON, Mary St. John, 135

GARRISON, Mehetttable, 11

GARRISON, Monroe, 23,24,37,
66, 135

GARRISON, Monroe (2), 138

GARRISON, Morgan, 23,24,127

GARRISON, Peggy (De Loria), 90

GARRISON, Percy E. 71,88,89

GARRISON, Phyllys Durgy
(Bennett), 107, 122, 124

GARRISON, Rachel, 9, 11
 GARRISON, Richard E., 88,89,91
 GARRISON, Robert Aaron, 88,90
 GARRISON, Rosanna Kelly, 64-71,
 GARRISON, Ruth, 138
 GARRISON, Sarah Morrison, 127,
 133, 134
 GARRISON, Selenier Todd, 24-29
 GARRISON, Steven Charles, 90
 GARRISON, Walter H., 15
 GARRISON, Willie (Wilson) 65,66
 GARRISON, William S., 15
 GOES, Charles, 140
 GOES, Earl, 140
 GOES, Francis, 140
 GOES, Ina Brown, 140

-H-

HADERUP, Carsten (Carl) 140,141
 HADERUP, Elsie Anna McClure, 148
 HADERUP, Glenn, 140, 141, 148
 HADERUP, Peter Carsten, 140,148
 HADERUP, Rosa Brown, 139,140
 HALLOCK, Joseph, 20
 HALLOCK, Peter, 20
 HALLOCK, Sarah, 20
 HALLOCK, Zebulon
 HAMM, Mark, 146
 HAMM, Jennifer, 146
 HAMM, Rosanna McEnroe, 146
 HITT, Albert, 12
 HITT, Albert Jr., 12
 HITT, Blanche, 12
 HITT, Florence, 12
 HITT, (Mrs. Garb Field), 12
 HITT, George, 12
 HITT, Grace Ballard, 12
 HITT, Orson, 12
 HOFFMAN, Amy, 137

HOFFMAN, Debbie, 137
 HOFFMAN, Judy, 137
 HOFFMAN, Ron, 137
 HROMADKA, Benjamin, 36
 HROMADKA, Donald, 36.
 HROMADKA, Elizabeth, 36
 HROMADKA, Enid, 36
 HROMADKA, Ethel Judd, 35, 36
 HUNTLEY, Angeline, 12
 HUNTLEY, Avi, 12
 HUNTLEY, Ellif A., 12
 HUNTLEY, Emma, 12
 HUNTLEY, George, 12
 HUNTLEY, James, 12
 HUNTLEY, Myrtle, 12
 HUNTLEY, Sherman, 12
 HUNTWORK, Patricia Walgren, 8,9

-J-

JACKSON, Ellen Brown, 151
 JACKSON, Jennifer, 151
 JACKSON, Julie, 151
 JENKINS, Alonzo, 12
 JENKINS, Angeline, 13
 JENKINS, Anson, 14,
 JENKINS, David, 12
 JENKINS, Rgbert, 12
 JENKINS, Elmer, 12
 JENKINS, Emma, 12
 JENKINS, Emmons, 13
 JENKINS, Emory, 14
 JENKINS, George, 12
 JENKINS, James, 12
 JENKINS, James, Jr., 12
 JENKINS, Mary, 12
 JENKINS, Mary Garrison, 12
 JENKINS, Mary Reynolds, 12
 JENKINS, Nathan, 13
 JENKINS, Sally Slawson, 12

JONES, Clifford, 92
JONES, Helen Garrison, 92

JUDD, Aaron Monroe, 35

JUDD, Allie Cooper, 35

JUDD, Ava, 35

JUDD, Charles, 35

JUDD, Genevieve Caroline, 35

JUDD, Gordon, 35

JUDD, Hulet Demas, 35

JUDD, James Garrison, 35

JUDD, Lillian, 35

JUDD, Nellie, 35

-K-

KEATOR, Mary Ann Garrison, 153

KEATOR, Willis, 153

KELLY, Crosby, 12

KELLY, Edmund, 12

KELLY, Emerson, 12

KELLY, Etta Hitt, 12

KELLY, Martin, 64

KELLY, Ezekiel C. 64

-M-

McENROE, Brian Joseph, 147

McENROE, Diane Theresa, 147

McENROE, Elizabeth Noll, 146

McENROE, Lawrence Jr. 146

McENROE, Phyllis Lynett, 147

McGOVERN, Deborah Moorhead, 145

McGOVERN, James, 145

McGOVERN, James Jr., 145

McGOVERN, John Thomas, 145

McGOVERN, Kathryn, 145

McGOVERN, Margaret Susan, 145

McGOVERN, Martha Ann, 146

McGOVERN, Mary Christina (Foge) 145

McGOVERN, Rebecca Ailene, 145

McGOVERN, Rose Carolyn Noll, 145

McGOVERN, Patti Maureen, 145

McGOVERN, Shawn Patrick, 145

MERWIN, Beatrice, 140

MERWIN, Clayton, 140

MERWIN, Pearl, 140

MUELLER, Edward, 148

MUELLER, Phyllis Haderup, 140,
144, 148

MULLEN, Carol Ann, 147

MULLEN, Edward Vincent, 147

MULLEN, Mary Ann, 147

MULLEN, Michael Patrick, 147

MULLEN, Patrician Noll, 147

MULLEN, Vincent Francis, 147

-N-

NEWCOMB, Edna Doolittle, 13

NOLL, Christian, 145

NOLL, Christian Jr. 146

NOLL, Christian III, 146

NOLL, Christian IV, 146

NOLL, Julia Haderup, 145

NOLL, Mary, 148

NOLL, Sally Ann, 146

NOLL, Sarah Billing, 146

NOLL, Susan Hamre, 146

-R-

RAKASKA, Barbara Appel, 150

RAKASKA, Ronald, 150

RAKASKA, William, 150

RAKASKA, William Jr., 150

RANDA, Caroline Caughey, 136

RANDA, Hunter, 136

RANDA, Jeff, 136

RANDA, P.B., 136

REED, Daniel, 137

REED, Joan Strickler, 137

REED, MacDonald S. 137

REED, Steven, 137
ROACH, Arthur, 150
ROACH, Miriam Brown, 150,
RUBOTTOM, Mary E. Judd, 35

-S-

SANDER, Monica Baker, 112, 114
SANDER, Thomas, 114,115
SCHINDLER, Joan Hitt, 12
SHACKLETT, Jennifer (Lewis) 112
SHACKLETT, Jerry C. 112
SHACKLETT, James T. 113
SHACKLETT, John Davis, 112
SHACKLETT, John David, 113
SHACKLETT, Nancy Garrison, 94,
97, 112, 113
SHAHIN, Anisa, 107
SHAHIN, Carol Smith, 104, 106
107,110
SHAHIN, Robert, 107, 110
SHAHIN, Suheila, 107, 108
SIBLEY, J. Hayward, 136
SIBLEY, Marjorie Strickler, 136
SIMMONS, Becky, 137
SIMMONS, Jim, 137
SIMMONS, Joyce Strickler, 137
SIMMONS, J. Clyde, 137
SIMMONS, Lynn, 137
SMITH, Anthony J. 103-106,
108, 110
SMITH, Barbara Garrison, 94, .
96-111
SMITH, Dorothy Wolfe, 13
SMITH, E.B., 13
SMITH, Eric David Alan, 105,
108,109,110
SMITH, Laurel, 106,108,109,110
SMITH, Sylvia Strickler, 137

SORIANO, Arthur Anders, 86
STANGER, Eitan, 146
STANGER, Karen Lynn (Sarah) Noll
146

STANGER, Tomer, 146
STEVENS, Mary Kelly, 12
STRICKLER, Henry Lloyd, 137
STRICKLER, Herbert, 136
STRICKLER, Herbert Monroe, 137
STRICKLER, Lena McDonald, 137
STRICKLER, Mary Elizabeth, 136,
137
STRICKLER, Nellie Garrison, 135,
136
STRICKLER, Ruby King, 137
STRICKLER, Sandra K. 137

-T-

TOMASQUISKI, Janet Walgren, 89
TUBBS, Ella Jenkins, 13
TUBBS, Henry, 13

-V-

VAN KUREN, Leona, 13
VAN KUREN, Myra Jenkins, 13
VAN KUREN, Victor, 13
VAN STEENBERG, Albert, 13
VAN STEENBERG, Edward, 13
VAN STEENBERG, Grant, 13
VAN STEENBERG, Lucinda.Jenkins, 13
VAN VALKENBURGH, Betty Ann, 130,
131
VAN VALKENBURGH, Carol Ann, 130
131
VAN VALKENBURGH, Harriet, 128
VAN VALKENBURGH, Helen Pease, 129
VAN VALKENBURGH, Ida Garrison, 128
VAN VALKENBURGH, James Morgan, 129
130

VAN VALKENBURGH, Jane Miles, 130
VAN VALKENBURGH, John Henry, 128
VAN VALKENBURGH, Josiah, 128
VAN VALKENBURGH, Morgan DeWitt,
128, 129
VAN VALKENBURGH, Morgan DeWitt II,
132

-W-

WALGREN, Catherin, 89
WALGREN, David, 89
WALGREN, Helen Garrison, 88, 89
WALGREN, Paul, 89
WALGREN, Paul Jr., 89
WALGREN, Richard, 89
WALKER, Cheryl Walgren, 89
WARDLE, Barbara, Walgren, 89
WIKLE, Rebecca Walgren, 89
WOLFE, Mary Jenkins, 13
WOLFE, Donald, 13

4519/50











0119408